THE

VICTIM

OF

MAGICAL DELUSION;

OR,

THE MYSTERY

OF THE

REVOLUTION OF P——L:

A MAGICO-POLITICAL TALE.

FOUNDED ON HISTORICAL FACTS, AND TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF

CAJETAN TSCHINK.

By P. WILL.

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PREFACE

OF THE

TRANSLATOR.

THE ſources from which we derive the knowledge of what is good and true, originate from Senſation, Experience, Reflection, Reaſoning, and from the genuine accounts we receive of the obſervations and the experience of others; and we cannot miſs the road leading to the Sanctuary of Truth, if we make a proper uſe of *all* theſe different Sources of Knowledge. If we, however, conceive an excluſive attachment to *one* of them, and for inſtance, confine ourſelves merely to ſenſation and experience, if we deſire to *ſee* and to *feel* thoſe things which cannot be perceived by the ſenſes, but are known to us only through the medium of our underſtanding; if we, for example, are not ſatisfied with what the contemplation of nature, and the goſpel teach us of God, but deſire to have an immediate, and phyſical communion with the

inviſible; we then cannot avoid the deviations of fanaticiſm, and are eaſily led to confound our *feelings* and *ideas* with external effects; the effects of our ſoul with effects produced by ſuperior beings; we believe that we ſee, hear, and perceive what exiſts no where but in our imagination; we ſtray from ourſelves and from the objects around us, to a world of ideas which is the workmanſhip of our fancy, and are miſled by the vivacity and ſtrength of our feelings, and miſtake for *reality*, what is merely *ideal*. Thus we dream while we are awake, and ſooner or later, find ourſelves woefully deceived. All pretended apparitions, every imaginary communion with ſuperior beings, the belief in witches, ſorcerers, and in the ſecret power of magical ſpells, owe their exiſtence to this ſpecies of fanaticiſm, which always has given ample ſcope for preying on the weakneſs and ignorance of the ſenſitive and credulous; to thoſe who, by their ſuperior power of reaſoning, by a more intimate knowledge of nature, and the human heart, have been able to avail themſelves of the predominant propenſity to the wonderful, which exerciſes an almoſt uncontrouled ſway over people who in their ſearch of Truth and Knowledge, are guided only by their ſenſes, and by experience,

perience, which commonly are chosen by those who are addicted to laziness, and indolence, destitute of a proper knowledge of Nature and Religion, disinclined to, or incapable of thinking and investigating, ruled by wild, irregular passions, and endowed with a lively and prolific imagination.

This has been the chief reason that the numberless horde of impostors, who at all times have invaded the kingdom of truth and human felicity, have found it very easy to succeed in their attempts when playing off their fanatical engines for the sake of lucre or ambition, or with the view of carrying some political end. This sort of fanaticism and fanatical illusion, has never been more predominant in civilized Europe, than in the middle century, and raged with unabated fury till the immortal Wickliff, Luther, and their fellow labourers began to combat the prevailing religious errors, and restored reason, that overflowing source of knowledge and happiness, to her sacred rights. We should however, be mistaken if we were to imagine, that since the reformation, fanaticism has entirely lost its powerful influence on the human mind, for alas! modern history furnishes us with but too many facts which serve to

prove undeniably, that this baneful foe to human happineſs ſtill counts many votaries.

Germany is one of thoſe countries in which this monſter lately has again erected his horrid creſt, and one of her moſt powerful Princes has, of late, convinced the world, that even the palaces of the great, where unbelief generally is carreſſed moſt fervently, are not inacceſſible to fanaticiſm's powerful charms.

The Prince whom I am ſpeaking of has either been deceived by himſelf, or has been deceived by his courtiers, to ſuch a degree that he firmly believes he ſhall be capable of extending one time the ſway of his ſceptre to the kingdom of ſpirits; and, as it has been loudly and *creditably* reported all over Germany, believed, ſome years ago, that he has raiſed up the ſpirit of his illuſtrious predeceſſor, and forced that man at whoſe nod half Europe trembled, to bow ſubmiſſively to the magic wand of a man whom *all Europe deſpiſes*. How deſtructive this deviation of his weak mind has proved to the wellfare of his ſubjects is but too well known to thoſe who are no ſtrangers to modern hiſtory. I need but to ſay, that he of late has created a religious tribunal in his dominions, which bears but too much ſimilarity to the Inquiſition of Spain,

Spain, and the readers of these pages will require no farther proofs of the baneful consequences which have originated from his errors.

This fact, equally disgraceful to the high personage in question, as it is of public notoriety in Germany, has roused some men of learning and public spirit to vindicate the sacred rights of reason, and to prove in a palpable manner that many extraordinary phenomena which, to the uninformed, appear to originate from supernatural causes, either may be contrived by means of natural magic, or arise from the wild irregular flights of a heated and disordered imagination and a weak understanding. That this was Mr. Tschink's view when he published the Ghostseer, is evident from every page of his beautiful work, and that he has executed his plan in a masterly manner, has been acknowledged by all the friends of reason in Germany, where it has been received with the greatest applause, and, as it is hoped, not without benefit. That the latter may also be the case in this country, is the most ardent wish of the Translator, who owes so many blessings of his life, so many serene and happy days to this country, that it would be ungrateful in him if he patiently could behold the rapid strides

which

which the fanatic belief in the wonderful, makes in a country which has proved so blissful to him, without endeavouring to combat, at least with borrowed arms, the increasing propensity to whatever is uncommon and *appears* to be supernatural. That he, by introducing the present work to the English public, does not enter the list with a phantom of his imagination, is but too evident, witness the great notice which has lately been taken of Mr. Brothers, and the following advertisement, which among others of the same tenour, appears so frequently in the daily papers, that it would be impossible for the advertisers to defray the expences of advertising, if they did not succeed in their attempts to delude weak minds:

"It has been allowed in former times as well as "in these, that there is a peculiar destiny pre- "siding over the life and fortune of every human "being; to discover which, and to avert ill fate, "Mrs. Williams has her whole life studied the "Occult Sciences; she has conversed with "the most learned astronomers of almost every "country, and added their lucubrations to her "own; she has the honour of being patronized "and visited by ladies of the highest distinction, to

"whom

" whom ſhe has foretold the moſt important events
" of the preſent aera, &c. &c. &c."

The Tranſlator has nothing to add, but to apologize for the foreign idoms which may perhaps occur to the diſcerning eyes of the keen-ſighted critic, and hopes that his labour will contribute, at leaſt ſomething to the deſtruction of fanaticiſm in this country.

P. WILL.

THE

THE

VICTIM

OF

MAGICAL DELUSION.

LETTER TO THE MARQUIS OF F---

THE king is informed of every thing; our plan is diſcovered: I have been betrayed, and am now in cloſe confinement. Here I am ſitting between impenetrable walls, and writing to you, alas! perhaps the laſt lines which you ever will receive from your hapleſs friend.

I apply to you, becauſe I know your heart. You never have denied me a reaſonable prayer, and you certainly will not refuſe the laſt. Save what is moſt dear to me, ſave my honor. My journal

is in your poſſeſſion; it contains the moſt important part of the hiſtory of my life. You may add what is wanting, and publiſh the whole.

I am not afraid to loſe my life, but the idea of loſing my honor drives me to diſtraction and madneſs. A dreadful proſpect of futurity opens to my view; I behold my name branded with ignominy in the annals of my country, obliterated all the great and good actions I have performed; I behold myſelf ranked among criminals by poſterity—You—you only can prevent it—and I am ſure you will ſave my honor by publiſhing my hiſtory in a ſimple and artleſs manner. The world will be made acquainted with the ſecret ſprings of my actions, the enormous, unrivalled impoſition by which I have been deluded; poſterity will do me juſtice, and many a feeling ſoul will drop a tear of pity when my misfortunes ſhall be known.

But alas! the fetters that ſhackle my hands prevent me from writing any longer. The blood you ſee on this paper flows from my lacerated arm. Nevertheleſs I am taking up the pen once more, in

in order to pray heaven to bleſs you, and to bid you an eternal adieu; for a dreadful preſentiment tells me that I ſhall ſee you no more.

P. S. The gaoler would not promiſe to deliver this letter for leſs than 200 dobras (642 Livres ſterling;) give it him from the money which you have in hand; the reſt keep as a legacy from your

Unfortunate Friend,

MIGUEL.

MEMOIRS

OF

*MIGUEL DUKE DE CA*I*A.*

I WAS 23 years old when my father, a grandee of P—l, ſent me abroad under the tuition of Antonio, Count de ***, a man whoſe philoſophical turn of mind and diſintereſted love for me had gained him my affection and eſteem. We directed our courſe to ***. The nights being fine, we took advantage of that opportunity, and purſued our journey without ſtopping. We were not above two days journey from that town, when a terrible thunder ſtorm overtook us in the night, which obliged us to ſtop at the next village. The inn being very indifferent, we apprehended it would afford us but poor accommodation, and reſolved to beg the prieſt of the village to give us a night's lodging. Our attempt ſucceeded; we were received kindly and fared well.

well. The prieſt informed us, during ſupper, that there was an old deſolated caſtle in the village, which was reported to be the reſidence of evil ſpirits, who would ſuffer no human being to inhabit it. Having always had an ardent propenſity for adventures of that nature, I begged him to give me a lanthorn, intending to pay a viſit to thoſe miſanthropic beings; and in ſpite of our hoſt's theological and my tutor's philoſophical remonſtrances, inſiſted upon ſpending the night at the caſtle, in the company of the latter, and to try whether the airy lords of the manor would not prove more hoſpitable to me. At length they yielded to my impatient deſire of being acquainted with theſe dreadful beings, and my ſervant, along with the man of our hoſt, was ordered to follow me to the caſtle with beds and candles.

I led the way, carrying a lanthorn. On our arrival at the ancient fabric we perceived, cloſe to the entrance, a ſtair-caſe, which we aſcended. A ſpacious hall preſented itſelf to our view at the top of it; the walls were decorated with ſome

worm-eaten half decayed pictures, and on both ſides of the hall were doors which led to the apartments. Having examined them, we made choice of that which was to the left, becauſe it was neareſt to the ſtair-caſe. Our beds were laid on the floor, and two candles placed on an old worm-eaten table. As ſoon as I had ſent away my ſervant, whoſe whole frame quivered with fear of ghoſts and hobgoblins, with the reſt of our kind hoſt, I bolted the door carefully, putting a loaded piſtol on each ſide of my couch; my tutor unſheathed his ſword, and thus armed, we went to reſt. Having diſcourſed a little while on indifferent ſubjects, he fell aſleep, overcome by the infirmities of his advanced age, and the fatigues of our journey.

It was however quite the reverſe with me: I was lying on my couch, ſleepleſs, and full of expectation of the things which were to come; I turned myſelf from one ſide to the other, but in vain! my imagination began to work and my blood to ferment. At length I got up and opened the window. The clock of the church ſteeple was juſt tolling eleven. Impene-

trable

trable darkneſs veiled every object around; the vivid lightning affording me only now and then a peep at the fields ſurrounding the caſtle: no ſound was heard, but the diſtant rolling of the thunder, and the doleful dirge of the ſolitary owl. A ſtrange ſenſation, which I cannot deſcribe, thrilled my whole frame. I ſhut the window, and went to the bed of my tutor, who was faſt aſleep. As I was thus ſtanding by his bed-ſide, I heard ſomething ruſtle before the door. I ſtarted, ran towards it, but found it ſtrongly bolted. The chilly vapours of the night, I had inhaled at the window, had left behind a very diſagreeable ſenſation, accompanied by a kind of ſhivering, and I laid myſelf down again. A little while after the harbinger of reſt touched my eyes with his leaden wand, and I was ſoon faſt aſleep. However I awoke juſt when the clock was ſtriking twelve, and the laſt ſound had ſcarcely reached my ears, when a dreadful noiſe aroſe which ſeemed to approach our room.

At length ſomebody knocked at our door. I got up without uttering a word,

and took hold of my piſtols. After a long pauſe, it knocked a ſecond time. I aſked my tutor in a whiſper, whether he had heard it? but received no anſwer. Now it knocked a third time; the door burſt open with a thundering noiſe, and a frightful figure entered the room, directing its courſe towards me. Two fiery eyes, darting flaſhes of lightning at me, a voice like the roaring of a lion, joined with the claſhing of chains, which the tall emaciated figure wore, would have been ſufficient to diſmay courage itſelf. However I was not yet entirely diſpirited, and juſt going to fire a piſtol at it, when my tutor ſuddenly ſtarted up, aiming a thruſt againſt the ſpectre, which I thought would pin it to the wall; but it turned round, without having received the leaſt hurt, collared my poor companion, and daſhed him againſt the floor with ſo much force, that I thought he muſt have expired on the ſpot. Seeing this, all my remaining courage fled, and my piſtols dropped to the ground. The ſpectre extinguiſhed the candle and began to vent his whole fury againſt me, beating me unmercifully. His

appearance

appearance in the dark made my blood run chill, and every hair ſtand on end, his whole body ſeeming to be encaſed in fire. At the ſame time a moſt tremendous noiſe aroſe over our room, doleful groans and lamentations aſſailed my ear, and I ſwooned away.

The ſpectre had retired, and the candles were burning again, when I recovered the uſe of my ſenſes. Although I had been handled ſo roughly, that I ſcarcely could move, yet I endeavoured to creep to the ſpot where my tutor was ſtretched out, to all appearance, a lifeleſs corpſe. Good God! how I was ſhocked, when I ſaw him as pale as aſhes and disfigured with blood. After many fruitleſs endeavours to recall him to life, I ſucceeded at laſt. He ſpoke little, and what he ſaid was hardly audible. I intended to watch by his bed ſide, till the dawn of day ſhould enable us to leave that reſidence of horror; however I found it impoſſible; I grew ſo faint, that I was obliged to lie down after I had bolted the door.

I now began to muſe on the apparition, and when reaſon began to recover her

ſway, I was aſhamed of my cowardly behaviour, and determined to follow the ſpectre if it ſhould appear once more, which it ſoon did. The groans and lamentations and the thundering noiſe over our head were renewed; the door was burſt open, and I treated as cruelly as on the firſt viſit of the ſpectre. However I preſerved my whole recollection, and when my terrible viſitor retired, purſued him on tip-toe, armed with ſword and piſtol, which I could do ſo much eaſier, as the gloomy light it emitted ſhowed me the way. Fortunately my griſly conductor did not look back. He deſcended the ſtaircaſe and entered a long vaulted paſſage, but had not advanced ſix ſteps when he ſuddenly diſappeared, leaving me behind in the dark. I was ſtruck with dumb aſtoniſhment, being not able to comprehend what could have become of him. Imagine my ſituation! what could I do in an unknown dangerous place, ſurrounded with impenetrable darkneſs and deſerted by my conductor? However, I ſoon reſolved to advance boldly, and without much

much hesitation endeavoured to reach the bottom of the passage; but how great was my terror, when the floor suddenly gave way beneath my feet, and I sunk down into a deep vault. My pistol went off with a tremendous noise, and I found that I was lying on a heap of hay and straw. Before I could get upon my legs, four masked men in black appeared with torches in their hands, calling to me in a thundering accent, how I dared to intrude where no visitors were admitted? At the same time they laid hold of me, and dragged me forcibly after them. Having passed many subterranean passages and concealed staircases, my conductor stopped suddenly and pulled a bell. In an instant a massy folding door burst open, and I entered a hall, illuminated by a number of torches, where I beheld at a long table twelve masked persons, the deportment of whom bespoke the superiority of their rank.

He who was seated at the head of the table, addressed me with a commanding voice: "Unhappy wretch! what has tempted thee to visit this castle? Couldst thou

" not think that thy rashness will cost thee " thy life? Make thy peace with God, for " thou must die without mercy!" " How, " —I replied—die? Well, then I vow, " my death shall cost you dear!" So saying, I grasped my sword; however they told me to desist from such childish pranks, and disarmed and carried me to a dark chamber.

The horrid spectre of a violent death stared me in the face, and a chilly tremor shook my whole frame. But what affected me more than the impending loss of my life, was the idea of what would be the fate of my beloved tutor, the guardian angel of my juvenile days, my second father, and more than friend, whom I had hurried into the gulph of destruction, through my heedless temerity. I was going to curse my fatal curiosity, and to give vent to loud lamentations, when I accidently saw a glimmering of light, peeping through a crack in the door of my prison; putting my ear close to it, I heard how they were consulting what was to be done with the prisoner.

Some

Some were of opinion, it would be beſt to diſpatch me without ceremony; however one of the dread aſſembly, more humane than the reſt, propoſed to examine me ſtrictly, before ſentence ſhould be pronounced againſt me. His advice was adopted, and I ſummoned to appear before the awful aſſembly. "What has brought "you to this caſtle?" their chief began— "concealing the truth will avail you "nothing; however, a ſincere confeſſion "may perhaps ſave your life. For what "reaſon did you come to the caſtle?

"I have been tempted by curioſity," I replied; "having been told, that bad "ſpirits reſided here, I was deſirous to "get acquainted with them."

"Who has told you ſo?"

"The prieſt of the village, who will "confirm the truth of my aſſertion, if you "will queſtion him."

"Who are you, and where do you "come from?"

"I am the only ſon of a rich grandee. "Do you hear! the *only* ſon. If you are "no ſtrangers to pity, conſider, what a "deadly

" deadly wound you will inflict upon the " heart of my father by aſſaſſinating me."

" Where do you come from?"

" From Eſtremadura, my native town."

" Whither did you mean to travel?"

" I was going to viſit the principal " towns of Europe."

" Where did you intend to ſtop firſt?"

I named the town.

" What is your name?"

When I pronounced my name, he ſtarted up, but inſtantly retook his ſeat.

" What is your name?" he inquired once more.

I repeated it.

" And who is your companion?" enquired another, whom I knew, by his figure and voice, to be the ſame perſon who had acted the ghoſt.

" My companion is my tutor."

" Bring him hither!" ſaid the firſt to two of his companions.

I then was re-conducted to my priſon, and ere long heard the voice of my fellow adventurer, who was aſked the ſame queſtions which had been put to me, and returned

turned the ſame anſwers. He was ordered to retire, and a long conſultation began; it was however carried on in ſo low an accent, that I could hear nothing diſtinctly.

After a few minutes, we were ſummoned again to appear before the dreadful council, and heard, to our unſpeakable joy, that we ſhould be ſet at liberty, if we would ſwear a ſolemn oath, never to reveal what we had ſeen and heard, and to relate a fictitious tale of horror to our hoſt. This done, we were re-conducted by four perſons to the paſſage, where we were left to ourſelves.

"How fortunate it was (ſaid my tutor, "when our conductors had left us,) that "you did not ſwerve from truth when "you was examined; a ſingle falſehood "would have coſt us our life. Your vera-"city has ſaved us."

"If I am not miſtaken, we alſo owe "ſomething to my name."

"To your name?"

"Certainly! for when I pronounced "it, I perceived, that my examinator was

"ſeized

" ſeized with a ſudden emotion. He " ſtarted up and aſked me twice. I plainly " perceived that it produced a ſtrong " effect on his mind."

" You may be right (ſaid my tutor) but " however that may be, we ought to thank " Providence for our happy deliverance."

I begged his pardon for having endangered his life, and cauſed him ſo many cruel blows through my youthful raſhneſs and diſobedience; however he aſſured me, that he was not in the leaſt angry with me, and that he felt no pain at all, except a ſlight head-ache.

I found myſelf much worſe, all my limbs being thrilled with excruciating pains, as if broken on the wheel.

We arrived mechanically at the parſonage, but would not make the leaſt diſturbance, the day beginning juſt to dawn, and laid ourſelves down upon the graſs, beneath a ſpreading oak, diſcourſing on the events of the preceding night.

We beguiled two hours with confidential talk, before any body in the parſonage was ſtirring. As ſoon as we perceived that

that the people of our kind hoſt were riſen, we went to bid a good morning to the hoſpitable prieſt, and related as much of our nocturnal adventure as we could without violating our promiſe. The worthy eccleſiaſtic bleſſed and croſſed himſelf when he heard our narrative of the events of that fatal night, which we took care to repreſent with additional horrors. After breakfaſt we thanked him for his hoſpitality, making him a preſent for the beds we had left at the caſtle, and continued our journey, which we commenced as cheerful as it could be expected, conſidering the poignant pain I ſtill felt in every part of my body, and the head-ache of my tutor.

We met with no farther adventure on the firſt day, but at the cloſe of the ſecond were ſurpriſed by a very odd incident. Within two hours diſtance from the town, whither we were travelling, we ſaw a lame beggar coming directly towards us from a wood which we were paſſing. He called to the coachman to ſtop a little; however, he did not mind it, but drove on. In leſs than

than a few minutes the beggar was at the window of our coach, entreating my tutor to give him fomething. We ordered the coachman to ftop, at the fame time ftaring at each other with aftoniſhment, becauſe the beggar was dreſſed in a moſt whimſical manner. His motley coat was compoſed of numberleſs rags which ſcarcely kept together; his waiſtcoat, which reached down to his knees, was of blue ſatin and richly embroidered; and the remaining part of his body was naked. His ſnow-white beard, floating down his breaſt, contraſted ſtrangely with his black hair, and yet we did not laugh, nor dared to queſtion him about his ſtrange appearance, for although he looked extremely tragi-comical, yet he had ſomething in his countenance which commanded reſpect. My tutor pulled his purſe, offering him ſome pieces of ſilver coin:—"Silver and gold I do not want," was his anſwer, "but be ſo kind as to give me your ſhoes and ſtockings." "Strange being," ſaid my tutor ſmiling, and ordered the ſervant to give him ſome out of our travelling trunk.

trunk. "No!" replied the beggar, "I want the ſhoes and ſtockings you wear." "Has there ever been heard any thing of that kind?" ſaid my tutor to me. "Be gone, "inſolent wretch! do you mean to make "your game of us?" The beggar ſtuck cloſe to the coach window, exclaiming, "and if you kill me, my lord, I will not "leave you before you have granted my prayer." This inſolent obſtinacy raiſed the anger of my companion, and thinking to frighten him away, he took one of his piſtols, offering to ſhoot him. "Fire at "me," ſaid he fearleſs, "if you are mean "enough to ſhed the blood of a fellow "creature for the ſake of a paltry pair of "ſhoes and ſtockings." My tutor ſtared at him. "If thou art determined to "have my ſhoes and ſtockings, then no "choice is left me, but to grant thy pray-"ers." So ſaying, he began to pull them off. The beggar ſeeing this, came to the other ſide of the coach, and begged very humbly to have my breeches and coat. "Indeed! this is too bad!" I exclaimed; "go out of my ſight, elſe I will chaſtiſe

"thee

" thee for thy infolence." He ſtared at me awhile, with dreadful looks, and then raiſed a laugh which frightened me.— " How will this end?" ſaid my tutor to me, ordering the coachman to drive on. However the horſes had not advanced three ſteps, when the beggar ſallied forth, and brought one of them to the ground by a violent ſtroke with one of his crutches. My tutor grew pale. " I " am ſorry," ſaid the beggar, after a ſhort pauſe, " that you force me by your ob- " ſtinacy to act thus; be ſo kind to " give me what I have deſired, and then " you may drive on in peace." I pulled off my coat and breeches, and having taken the money out of the latter, gave him what he deſired, my tutor doing the ſame. While we were putting on other cloaths, he ſtood ſilently by the coach, and when we had done, addreſſed us in the following manner: " Since you have been ſo " kind to me, gentlemen, I will return " your kindneſs, and warn you not to " ſtop at the hotel of * * * (here he " deſcribed it to us) on your arrival at " the

" the town, and then I beg the favour " of you to meet me here next Friday " againſt ſun-ſet." So ſaying, he bowed and left us, diſappearing in the adjacent wood.

Meanwhile our horſe had recovered, and we continued our journey with all poſſible ſpeed, leſt a new adventure might interrupt us once more. " What do you " think of that ſtrange being?" ſaid I, after a long ſilence which had reigned in our carriage. " I do not know what to " think of him," he replied, " he either " muſt be——but, pray, have you taken " the money out of your breeches? 300 " ducats and two rings ſet with diamonds, " would indeed have been a fine gift!" So ſaying, I put my hand mechanically in my pocket, but how great was my terror, when I found the apprehenſion of my tutor verified. " What is the matter?" ſaid he with marks of aſtoniſhment. " All " is gone!" I exclaimed, in a rueful accent. " Gone! impoſſible!" He ordered the coachman to ſtop, and aſſiſted me in ſearching my pockets. " Pray get

" up

" up a little, if you pleaſe!" I got up, but all my ſearches were fruitleſs; we drove back to the ſpot where we had been ſtopped, but neither ring nor money could be found. " Very ſtrange!" exclaimed my tutor, as we returned; " are you ſure " you have taken it out of the pocket?" " As ſure as I am alive! this is more " than pocket picking, it muſt be ſorcery, " I ſhould think, if any thing of that " kind was poſſible."

" The appearance of the fellow was at " leaſt ſtrange enough," my tutor replied, " and there certainly exiſts a kind of ſor- " cery which, indeed, ſurpaſſes the com- " prehenſion of one who is not let into " the myſtery. But however that be, the " the ſorcerer with whom we have been " engaged, ſeems at leaſt to be a good " ſort of a fellow, conſidering the civil " manner with which he has demanded our " wearing apparel. And then you muſt " conſider that he has appointed us to " meet him here next Friday; what view " could he have had but to return what " he has taken from us?"

" Vain

"Vain hope!"

"Not ſo vain as you think. Did he "not ſay himſelf that he wants neither "ſilver nor gold?"

"Mere pretext! why has he then pil-"fered my money?"

"For fun, and to laugh at our expence, "and perhaps to puniſh us a little for "having refuſed at firſt to grant his pray-"er. And even if my argument ſhould "prove erroneous, you cannot but con-"feſs, that a man in whoſe power we were, "has behaved very handſome, ſince he "has been ſatisfied with your purſe and "not alſo taken our papers."

"Pray be ſo kind as to look after "them!"

He put his hand into his pocket, but the word he was going to utter died on his lips. After a long pauſe of horror, he ſaid with a forced equanimity, pale and trembling;" "No! Mr. Sorcerer, you have carried your ſport too far!"

"What is the matter?" ſaid I, frightened.

"O that I could keep it from your "knowledge! the papers are gone!"

"Gone?"

"Gone?" I exclaimed, ſtarting up from my ſeat. "Pray examine your pockets!"

He ſearched, but could find nothing, except his purſe with 40 ducats. This was now all our remaining wealth; and yet we were glad that we had not loſt this little ſum too.

This new accident gave riſe to ſo many remarks, conſultations and ſchemes, that we entered the gate of the town before we had time to fix where we ſhould ſtay the night. The coachman ſtopped. "Where are we?" I exclaimed. He named the very hotel, againſt which the beggar had warned us. "Go on coachman!" exclaimed my tutor. "My lord!" he replied, "it is the beſt in the whole town." "Let "us ſtay here," ſaid I, "who would mind "what ſuch a raſcal ſays?" "As you like" my tutor replied. We got out of the coach, and ordered the waiter to ſhew us to a good apartment.

We got an excellent room on the firſt floor, ordered our ſupper, and went early to bed.

Having

Having ſlept ſome hours, I awoke ſuddenly, and felt as if ſomebody was ſtopping my mouth and noſe. I panted for breath, and inhaled a ſuffocating ſmoke, which made me jump out of the bed. The night-lamp was extinguiſhed, and I perceived a faint griſly glimmer in my room; at the ſame time a confuſed noiſe from the ſtreet aſſailed my ears, and the bells were ringing. I hurried to the window and was almoſt petrified by the dreadful ſight my eyes beheld; exclaiming in an accent of horror and deſpair, "Fire! fire!" my ſervant and tutor ſtarted up at the ſame time. The whole houſe was in a flame, and every means of effecting our eſcape ſeemed to be cut off; the univerſal conſternation of the people of the houſe having prevented them from rouſing us. We hurried on our cloaths, took up our trunk, and ſaved ourſelves with much difficulty, half naked and terribly ſinged.

The ſpectators raiſed a loud ſhout as we were ruſhing through the flames, and now we perceived firſt the whole extent of the dangers which had ſurrounded us.

Having recovered a little from my ſudden terror, I recollected that I had left behind a picture of my deceaſed mother, which was ſet with diamonds. This loſs was inſupportable to me, and I was going to return in order to ſave it. "Whither are "you going?" my tutor exclaimed. I told it him. "Are you mad?" ſaid he, keeping me back by the arm. "Will you "wantonly ruſh into the arms of death?" I abandoned my raſh deſign with great reluctance, and looked at the dreadful ſpectacle which was diſplaying before our eyes. Before eight minutes were elapſed, I ſaw ſomebody getting out of our window, and throwing himſelf down through the flames. That action excited univerſal aſtoniſhment. "Who is that man?" every body exclaimed, crowding around the man to ſee him. This action ſtruck me and my tutor particularly, becauſe he had got out of our window, and we were making many vague conjectures, when ſomebody took me ſuddenly by the hand. Looking up, I ſtarted back, ſeized with aſtoniſhment, when I ſaw the beggar ſtanding before me without

without crutches, clad in a garment of coarſe cloth, his white beard ſinged, and his hair concealed under a monk's hood. He looked at me with great ſerioufneſs, and aſked, "Why did you not follow my "advice? have I not deſired you not to "ſtop at this hotel? Here is what you "wanted." It was the picture of my mother! I ſcarcely could believe my eyes, and gazed at it with aſtoniſhment for ſome moments. "Stop!" I exclaimed at length, ſtretching out my arm—"What do you "want?" a ſtranger ſaid, whom I had taken hold of. Perceiving my miſtake, I enquired all around what was become of the man who had given me that picture; but all my enquiries were fruitleſs. He was gone, and no one knew whither. I looked around as far as I could ſee, aſſiſted by the light which the fire was ſpreading over a great extent of ground; but he was no where to be ſeen. "Come," ſaid I to my tutor, "we will go in ſearch of him." "In ſuch a crowd?" he replied. "Do "you think you will be able to find him "among ſuch a throng of people? Let

" us rather go with our trunk to another " hotel, for I can no longer ſtand this " ſhocking ſight." I eaſily conſented to his propoſal.

It ſtruck four o'clock before we could find another lodging. My tutor was meaſuring the room with haſty ſtrides, and I looking out of the window, loſt in profound meditation. At length I broke the ſilence. " What a ſtrange being is this," ſaid I, " who has begged alms on the " road, refuſed to accept money, and de- " manded part of our wearing-apparel, " who has ſtruck to the ground one of our " horſes, pretended to want neither ſil- " ver nor gold, and has robbed us in a " moſt myſterious manner; who has " warned us againſt an hotel where we " almoſt had found our grave in the " flames; who hovers around us like our " guardian-angel, and goes through the " fire to fetch me the picture of my mo- " ther."

" Do not aſk me," my tutor replied, " time, perhaps, will unfold the myſtery; " mean-while be on your guard againſt " that

" that man." So ſaying, he wiſhed me a good night and went to bed. I followed his example, but could not get rid of the idea of that ſtrange extraordinary being. He had made ſo deep an impreſſion upon me, that he haunted me in my dreams, and was the firſt object of my meditations when I awoke.

The firſt viſit I intended to pay in the forenoon, was to Count San**, an intimate friend of my father. The latter having given me ſome oral commiſſions of great importance concerning the Count, I haſtened as much as poſſible to acquit myſelf of my truſt. However, I came too late, for when I wanted to be admitted to him, I was informed that he had died ſuddenly, two hours before. Surprized at this unexpected news, I went home to inform my father of it by a letter; the anſwer to which is extraordinary enough to deſerve a place in my memoirs. The following is a faithful copy of this ſingular letter.

" Peace be with Count San * *'s ſoul! " Although you have ſent me the earlieſt " information of his death, my dear ſon, " yet it was nothing new to me when I " received it. You ſcarcely will credit " it, if I tell you that his death was made " known to me as ſoon as he expired; and " you will be ſurpriſed when I name you " the meſſenger that brought me that in- " telligence. It was the deceaſed him- " ſelf, who informed me of his death. " Whatever your ideas may be when you " read this, do not doubt the veracity of " your father. I have ſeen him, face to " face, and with this hand which guides " my pen, have I preſſed his clay cold " hand for the laſt time. Let me tell " you how it happened.

" I was very uneaſy in the night of the " tenth of this month, which, as your let- " ter tells me, was the day when my " friend died. I awoke ſeveral times, " and always thought I heard ſomebody " groan. I did not mind it, and yet felt " my ſpirits very low. A terrible blow " againſt my door frightened me out of

" my

" my ſleep at ſix o'clock, but I ſaw no-
" body. Two minutes after, it was re-
" peated, and thinking it was my valet
" who had to tell me ſomething very
" important, I exclaimed, Come in!
" when, to my utter aſtoniſhment, Count
" San** entered my room with ſlow and
" ſolemn ſteps. His face was deadly wan,
" his look like that of a dying man,
" ghaſtly ſtaring. He came to my bed,
" preſſed my hand ſilently and went away.
" 'Friend!' I exclaimed, 'is this your
" laſt farewell on this ſide the grave?'
" He turned round, nodded with his head,
" and diſappeared. 'I thank thee!' I
" exclaimed, 'thou haſt kept thy pro-
" miſe. Oftentimes haſt thou maintain-
" ed, that friendſhip laſts beyond the
" grave, and that the icy hand of death
" cannot diſſolve her holy bonds. Thou
" haſt given me a proof of it, which I never
" ſhall forget. Peace! peace be with
" thy ſoul, my faithful friend.'

" Since that time, life has no charms
" for me. The only object which ſtill
" joins me to it, art thou, my ſon! Be

" wiſe and virtuous, and never let me
" hear that thou haſt ſtrayed from the path
" of religion and honeſty. It certainly
" would hurry to the grave thy affec-
" tionate

" FATHER."

This letter ſurpriſed me to the utmoſt degree, becauſe I had always known my father to be of a philoſophic turn of mind, and nothing leſs than a credulous fanatic. I ſhewed it to my tutor, and begged him to give me his opinion upon it. He returned it me with the following words: " The
" moſt important part of the letter is its
" concluſion, which you ought never to
" forget; of the reſt (added he ſmiling,)
" you may think what you—*can*."

Perceiving, that regard for my father would not ſuffer him to give his opinion on that ſtrange incident, I dropped the ſubject. However, I was not ſatisfied, and utterly unable to ſolve the riddle. But let us return to my own concerns.

Friday came, and when the ſun began to ſet, I rode with my tutor to the ſpot where

where we were to meet the myſterious beggar. We were well provided with arms, and waited with impatience the arrival of that ſtrange being. He came from the adjacent wood at the appointed hour, and in the ſame odd dreſs in which we had ſeen him firſt, beckoning to us to follow him. My tutor ſeemed to heſitate. —"Let us follow him, ſaid I, we are "three againſt one, and well armed; "what have we to fear?" He beckoned a ſecond time.—"But if he ſhould be a "villain," my tutor replied, "do you "know how many of his aſſociates may be "concealed behind the buſhes?" "Never mind, we ſhall find work enough "for them!" He beckoned a third time. "Come, come!" ſaid I, pulling my tutor after me, who ſeemed to follow reluctantly.

When he ſaw us advance, he went deeper into the wood. He uttered not a word, but looking back now and then, gave us a ſignal with his hand to follow him. The farther we advanced, the more he quickened his ſteps. What at firſt

ſight had appeared to us to be a ſmall wood, extended itſelf by degrees into an immenſe foreſt, which grew more and more impenetrable and intricate. We obſerved, that he did not walk in a ſtraight line, but in a ſerpentine direction. The darkneſs encreaſed when we had walked about half an hour. My tutor ſtopped ſuddenly. "Stay!" he exclaimed, "ſtay, good friend, and tell us what "thou wanteſt; we ſhall not proceed "any farther!" However, he went on without returning an anſwer, beckoning at the ſame time to us to follow him. "No! no!" I exclaimed, "thou ſhalt "not eſcape us," offering to run after him. "Stay, for God's ſake, ſtay!" ſaid my tutor; keeping me back, "conſider "that we are in his power!" "What!" exclaimed I, "ſhould this fellow play the "fool with me?" So ſaying, I diſengaged myſelf and flew after him. When I was nearly come up with him, and ſtretching out my hand to take hold of his tattered garments, he threw down his crutches and coat, and began to run with the

the fleetneſs of a hunted deer. I alſo ran as faſt as it was in my power, but ſoon perceived that he ſurpaſſed me very much in nimbleneſs. He poſſeſſed a wonderful dexterity in getting through the buſhes and underwood, which impeded my courſe every moment. Oftentimes, when I fancied I had overtaken him, he diſappeared ſuddenly, and having ſearched for him in vain a conſiderable time, he ſhewed himſelf again at a great diſtance on the oppoſite ſide. Now we had reached an open ſpot, and looking back after my companions, whom I had entirely forgotten in the heat of the race, I ſaw my old tutor, who with my ſervant had attempted in vain to follow me, ſtretching out his hands to me, and was juſt going to return, when my man ſuddenly fell down, without being able to get upon his legs again. Seeing this, I darted to the place where he was ſtruggling to get up, and was only one ſtep diſtant from him, when he ſtarted up, and threw himſelf into the adjacent buſhes. I purſued him with the impetuoſity of an huntſ-

man, who thinks to be ſure of his game, which I thought was my caſe, becauſe the beggar was almoſt within the reach of my hand, and hobbled very much ſince his fall. However, I found myſelf utterly diſappointed. I loſt ſuddenly ſight of him, and forcing my way through the buſhes, ſaw him ſitting on the graſs at a great diſtance. He offered not to ſtir till I was only three paces diſtant from it, when he once more got up, purſuing the race through the foreſt with incredible velocity, ſtill hobbling very much. It now began to grow extremely dark, and looking back, I could ſee none of my companions. I ſhouted, and my ſervant anſwered me at a great diſtance. Firmly reſolved to return, and to find out my fellow-adventurers, I directed my looks once more to the ſpot where I had loſt ſight of the beggar. Imagine my aſtoniſhment, when I ſaw him in a dazzling mantle hanging on a tree, and ſtruggling violently. This ſight, though it had ſurpriſed me very much at firſt, prompted me at laſt to make another attempt. However,

ever, it miſcarried like the former ones. He had diſengaged himſelf before I could come up with him, and began again to run. But now he could not eſcape me ſo eaſily, his fiery mantle ſerving me as a guide. I had indeed taken hold of him ſeveral times, however, he always effected his eſcape with wonderful facility, and at laſt diſappeared with his mantle. I waited a long time, flattering myſelf to ſee him once more—however I waited in vain.

The darkneſs of the night ſwayed all around, the faint rays of the moon peeping only now and then through the thick branches of the trees, which rather encreaſed than diminiſhed the gloomineſs of the ſcene. I had been hurried along as if in a trance, and now firſt recovered again the proper uſe of my reaſon. "Where "am I?" was my firſt word, "What "have I done?" However, the hope that my companions could not be far off, gave me ſome comfort. I went back, ſhouting and hallowing as loud as I could, but no anſwer was returned. I heard nothing

nothing except the hollow echo of my own words.—I ſhuddered with dreadful apprehenſions. "Gracious heaven!" I exclaimed; "without a companion, without "a guide in this dreary ſolitude!" and threw myſelf upon the ground.

I had not been long in this alarming ſituation, when ſomething ruſtled behind me. I ſtarted up and unſheathed my ſword. "Who is there?" I exclaimed; but it was nothing but the ruſtling of the wind in the leaves of the buſhes. Ere long a ſtorm ſeemed to be riſing. The wind began to roar, and the antient oaks to ſhake violently. "Fool that I was!" I exclaimed "to ſuffer myſelf to be en-"ſnared in ſo ſilly a manner!" My words died away in the ſtorm, which began to encreaſe every moment. The ruſtling of the leaves, the cracking of the trees, and the howling of the wind compoſed a diſmal horrid noiſe. The light of the moon diſappeared entirely, and the impenetrable darkneſs of night ſurrounded me with all its horrors.

Overcome

Overcome by fatigue, I laid myſelf down once more; but was ſo reſtleſs and uneaſy, that I ſoon got up again, walking ſlowly onwards. The branches of the trees were conſtantly beating in my face; I ſtumbled every moment, and ſeveral times came to the ground. I was ſeized with additional terror, when I at once heard a howling and roaring around me, which was entirely different from that of the ſtorm, and made me apprehend the approach of wild beaſts. I gave myſelf up for loſt, ſtaggering onward with the agony of a dying perſon, and at length came to an open ſpot, where I ſaw light at a diſtance. I recovered a little from my apprehenſions, and reſolved to advance towards it. Ere long I perceived that the howling and roaring purſued me, and began to run with ſo much velocity, that I ſcarcely touched the ground. The ſtorm continued to rage with unabated fury. My eyes were conſtantly directed to the ſpot where the light came from, and when I had nearly reached it, I fell ſuddenly to the ground. I hurried

ried up with the haſte of one who is purſued by a robber with a naked ſword, and having advanced a few ſteps, found myſelf at the gate of a caſtle. However, I perceived at the ſame time to my greateſt terror, that the howling and roaring was coming nearer and nearer, and fancied I ſaw ſome wild beaſts not far off. I knocked violently at the caſtle gate. "Who is there?" ſomebody, whom I could not ſee, ſnarled with a rough voice from above. "For God's ſake," exclaimed I, "open "quickly the gate to a man who has loſt "his way in the foreſt, and is purſued by wild beaſts!" No anſwer was returned. My agony increaſed with every moment. At length the gate was opened. The entrance was as ſtill and gloomy as the grave. I groped my way through the dark. "Come!" ſaid the ſame voice I had heard before, and at the ſame time a hand, cold as ice, pulled me along. I ſhuddered violently, and was going to retire, when the gate was ſhut after me, with a thundering noiſe.

Perceiving

Perceiving that my retreat was cut off, I bade defiance to my fate, and reſolved to meet the worſt as a man. The icy hand was drawn back, when I had advanced a few ſteps. I ſtopped, to wait till it ſhould again lay hold of me and lead me farther; but I waited in vain. "Good friend!" ſaid I, at length, "will you conduct me "to the maſter of the houſe?"—But no anſwer enſued. I groped around, expecting to find my guide, whom I fancied to be near me, but he was gone. Although I liſtened with the greateſt attention, yet I could not hear the moſt diſtant ſound, not a foot-ſtep through the whole building. Not a ſingle ray of light broke through the diſmal darkneſs which ſurrounded me, and I proceeded with extended arms. Having advanced about thirty ſteps, I felt ſome reſiſtance; I examined with my hand, but it ſuddenly ſtarted back; I attempted once more to ſtretch out my hand, and ſtaggered back, when like the firſt time, I felt a heap of ſkulls and bones. Horror and a chilly tremor, ſhook my whole frame. I was almoſt petrified.

trified. The awful ſtillneſs which ſurrounded me was ſtill uninterrupted.

I was fixed to the ground, wildly ſtaring through the impenetrable darkneſs. At length I heard a hollow broken ſound, at a great diſtance. I liſtened attentively. After a long pauſe, it vibrated in my ear a ſecond time. The idea that I had nothing more to loſe, and that every means of effecting my eſcape from that reſidence of horror were cut off, entirely ſubdued my fear, and prompted me to follow that ſound. I ſtaggered with fearful ſteps along the wall, which led me to a ſtaircaſe. Having deſcended five ſteps, I heard a doleful groan, not far diſtant. I advanced ſlowly, and with the utmoſt circumſpection, muſing on my aukward ſituation, when at once I felt my paſſage obſtructed by a door, which I opened without difficulty. The room to which it led, was alſo a reſidence of darkneſs and diſmal ſilence. I hallowed, but no anſwer was returned, and I reſolved to enter it boldly. Fortunately I examined the entrance with my foot, before I proceeded,

ceeded, and found with unſpeakable horror, that it was bottomleſs. The hollow diſmal ſound ſtruck my ear again, from a ſmall diſtance. I ſhuddered violently, and ſtaggered onward. Every thing was lonely and ſilent all around. I came to a ſecond ſtair caſe, aſcended ſeven ſteps, and then deſcended as many, when my eyes ſuddenly beheld a faint glimmer of light, which ſeemed to emerge from below, at a great diſtance. Coming nearer, I obſerved that I was ſtanding on the brink of a deep abyſs, from which the glimmer broke forth. An old half rotten ſtaircaſe led down. I reſolved to riſk every thing, and pulling off my ſhoes in order to avoid making a noiſe, began to deſcend. When I came to the eighth ſtep, I heard the hollow ſound again: I ſtopped a minute, and then went on with returning courage. When I had reached the middle, the light ſuddenly diſappeared, and impenetrable darkneſs ſurrounded me once more. I ſtopped and began to conſider what I ſhould do, when a ſtone got looſe beneath my feet, rolling down with a terrible noiſe againſt

againſt the door of the vault. "Who diſturbs my reſt?" the hollow, well known voice exclaimed. Terror ſealed my lips, and I was rivetted to the ground in dread expectation. The door of the vault opened ſlowly, and a pale white figure appeared, with a candle in one hand. It advanced two ſteps, lifted up one hand in a menacing manner, and diſappeared. My ſenſes were left in anxious dread, my blood congealed within my veins.

I do not know how I got up the ſteps. Having recovered a little the uſe of my ſenſes, I perceived that I was on a way quite different from that which I came, and arrived at the bottom of a ſpiral ſtaircaſe. I had reached the ſecond partition, when I puſhed againſt a window with my right hand, ſhivering the glaſs-pane in a thouſand pieces. "Who is there?" a rough voice exclaimed. At the ſame time I heard ſome perſon open a door, and was juſt going to anſwer, when a moſt alarming diſcourſe filled me with new apprehenſions. "Have you ſharpened the knife?" one of the talkers aſked. "Yes, it is

"bright

"bright and ſharp," replied another voice, "his blood ſhall flow abundantly." With theſe words the door burſt open. Horror and deſpair winged my ſteps. I flew down the ſtaircaſe, when I was ſuddenly ſtopt by the ice-cold hand which I had felt on my entrance in that abode of terror. My ſenſes fled, and I dropped down.

When I opened my eyes, I found myſelf in a ſplendid room, and a girl with two ſervants were ſitting by my bed-ſide, chafing my temples. "Where am I?" were the firſt ſounds I uttered. They aſſured me I was in good hands, and on my farther inquiries to whom the houſe belonged, I was informed it was the property of the Counteſs of Darbis, who would be glad to ſee me the next morning. An excellent ſupper was ſoon after placed on the table, and the ſervants retired when I had finiſhed my meal.

When left to myſelf, I began to muſe on the adventures of that eventful and alarming evening. A thouſand ideas crowded upon my imagination, and I could

could not find a clue to extricate myſelf from the mazes of wonder and aſtoniſhment in which I was loſt. "In whoſe "power am I at preſent? what will be"come of me?" Theſe, and ſimilar ideas, lay heavy on my heart. I was impatient to have the myſtery of my ſituation unfolded, and yet dreaded that period. Hope and fear crowded alternately upon my ſoul, and thus I fell at length aſleep, overcome by fatigue of body and mind.

I awoke at ten o'clock in the morning, and after breakfaſt, was uſhered in to the lady of the caſtle. Where ſhall I find words to deſcribe the ſenſations which violently thrilled every nerve of mine, when I beheld my hoſteſs?—I will faithfully relate what I ſaw and heard.

I was conducted through three apartments to a cloſet, in which a lady dreſſed in black, with a veil of the ſame colour, was ſeated on a ſofa. She roſe when I entered the cloſet, courteſied very civilly, and then retook her ſeat, unveiling her face. The word I was going to utter died on my lips. I never have ſeen a counte-

nance

nance more ſtriking and enchanting than her's. So much gentleneſs and expreſſion, ſo much beauty and grandeur I never beheld in a female face. A melancholy trait, which mingled with the brilliancy of her exquiſite charms, gave her beauty additional attractive power. But I bluſh at the weak picture I have drawn, and candidly confeſs, that it is far beneath the unparallelled original. After a long pauſe of wonder and aſtoniſhment, I ſaid ſomething in a faltering accent, which was to be an excuſe for my intruding viſit. She could not but obſerve the confuſion in which the ſight of her had thrown me; however, ſhe bade me welcome to her caſtle, in very good French, and begged me to be ſeated.

Her kindneſs diſpelled my perplexity, and gave me new courage. I related my adventures candidly. She was ſeized with aſtoniſhment, and could not comprehend the myſtery of my rencontre with the beggar. I confeſſed that I alſo could not unfold it, when her valet entered the room with

with a ſmall box and a letter, which he gave to the lady.

" When has this letter been brought ?" ſhe aſked her ſervant. " Juſt now," he replied. " Sir, will you be ſo kind as " to tell me your name ?" I did it without heſitation. She gave me the box, and I was ſtruck with aſtoniſhment when I opened it. The 300 ducats, the two diamond rings, and the papers which my tutor had miſſed, were incloſed in it. The lady ſeeing my aſtoniſhment, ſmiled and gave me the letter. Its purport ran as follows :

" My Lady,

" The contents of the box which you " will receive along with this letter, are " the property of the young nobleman " who came laſt night to your caſtle. I " beg you will be ſo kind to deliver it " to him, if his name is Miguel de Vil- " la**l."

" Wonderful !" exclaimed I, " my name " has as yet been a ſecret in this country, " how can he have found it out ?"

" You ſee," the lady replied, " that

" you are in the power of a man whom " you cannot eſcape.—Who has brought " the letter ?"

The valet ſmiled. " I never have ſeen " a dreſs ſo whimſical as that of the meſ- " ſenger." Imagine to yourſelf, my lady, a man with a motley coat compoſed of a thouſand rags, a beautiful ſatin waiſtcoat richly embroidered, a ſnow-white beard, black hair—

" Make haſte, my friend, make haſte to " ſtop him!" I exclaimed, " don't let " him go.—Where is he?—I will ſee " him."

" It is too late, my Lord! he went away " as ſoon as he had delivered the box and " the letter."

The Counteſs ordered her ſervant to purſue him without delay, and to bring him back if poſſible. The valet promiſed to do his utmoſt, and ruſhed out of the apartment.

" My Lady!" ſaid I, ſqueezing the hand of my charming hoſteſs, " I would give " any thing if I could ſpeak with that " man. O! if you could procure me that " happineſs!"

Drawing her hand back, she replied smiling, "and what would you give, my "Lord?"

"My God! the most valuable trinket I "have in my possession!" So saying, I took out one of the diamond rings. The Countess started. "How dear must that "man be to you, if you can resolve to "make him such a sacrifice!"

"I candidly confess, my Lady, that "my curiosity has the greater share in it, "for incertitude is the most painful thing. "The mystery must be dissolved, even if "it should cost me ever so much."

"What strange beings you men are! "you accuse our sex of curiosity, and "you yourselves cannot resist the charms "of that enchantress."

"I cannot but confess, my lady, that I "always have been extremely fond of "every thing mysterious and uncommon. "(She started.) Perhaps I shall render "myself ridiculous in your eyes by that "confession; however this weakness is so "strongly interwoven with my nature, "that I find it impossible to get rid of it."

"Why

"Why ridiculous? I rather am con-
"vinced, that the deſire for uncommon
"and adventurous events has produced
"men of the firſt greatneſs; I am con-
"vinced, that without a certain degree
"of enthuſiaſm no great memorable action
"can be performed."

"Do you know, my Lady, that by your
"kind defence of my turn of mind, you
"are diſplaying your own merits?"

"How do you mean that?"

"What elſe, but a fondneſs for what is
"uncommon and extraordinary, could
"have prompted ſo charming a lady, who
"would be the pride of the moſt elegant
"circles, to withdraw from the great
"world, where ſhe would be the object of
"univerſal admiration, to ſhut herſelf up
"in a ſolitary caſtle, and to reſign her
"claim to the pleaſures of life?"

"Alas! the pleaſures of life have no
"charms for me," ſhe replied with emotion.
My Lady—

"Every ſenſe for pleaſure is dead
"within me ſince Count William has
"been ſnatched away from my boſom

"in the prime of life—(here a pearly "tear ſtole from her large blue eye)—he "has taken with him to the grave what-"ever could have made life dear to "me."

When the ſweet mourner was thus lamenting her unhappy fate, a terrible noiſe aroſe in the caſtle, the door of our apartment opened, and three ſtout fellows brought the beggar tied with cords into the cloſet.

"What crime have I committed (he "exclaimed with a terrible look as he "entered the apartment) that you ſuffer "me to be treated in ſo cruel a man-"ner?"

"This has been done againſt my will," ſaid I, terrified.

"My Lord," ſaid one of the fellows who guarded him, "we could not bring "him hither by other means; he refuſed "to follow us to the caſtle, and defended "himſelf ſo furiouſly that we were ne-"ceſſitated to tie him."

While the ſervant was ſpeaking, the ſtranger diſengaged himſelf from the graſps of

of his guard, tore the cords aſunder, threw one of his keepers to the ground, and ruſhed into the adjoining room.

"There he will not eſcape us," ſaid "the Counteſs as I was flying after him, "fear nothing, the room is well ſecured."

He had bolted the door from within. I burſt it violently open, looking eagerly around, but it was empty. "Where "can he be?" I exclaimed, examining every corner with anxious looks. However all my ſearches were fruitleſs, not a ſingle trace of the ſtranger was ſeen. I was ſtruck with dumb aſtoniſhment, gazing wildly at the company.

A ſcream of the Counteſs rouſed me from my aſtoniſhment. She was as pale as aſhes, and ſunk lifeleſs in my arms.

This accident would certainly have alarmed me very much at any other time; but at preſent the ſtranger engaged my whole attention, and made me regardleſs to any other object. When I recovered the uſe of my ſenſes, and the Counteſs from her fainting fit, we were ſtaring at each other with ſilent wonder for ſome

minutes. At length she ordered her people to retire.

"Was it a dream or an apparition?" she exclaimed when left to ourselves.

"It was no dream, my Lady!"

"Then the stranger has really disap-
"peared?"

"So it seems."

She shuddered violently.

"Gracious Heaven! how is it possible?" she resumed, after a long pause of horror.

"But pray, my Lady, is there no se-
"cret side door, through which the stran-
"ger could have effected his escape?"

"I am sure there is none!" At the same time she led me to every part of the room; but after the strictest search no secret door could be found. The windows were strongly grated with massy iron bars, he could not of course have escaped that way; he could not be concealed in the room, for there was no furniture in it, except some chairs and tables and a sofa.

"I must confess (said I after a short
"pause, during which she viewed me from
"top

"top to toe) now I alſo do not know "what to think."

The Counteſs grew more and more gloomy and ſerious. She ſeemed to revolve ſomething important in her mind, and after ſome minutes of ſpeechleſs meditation, fell on her knees folding her hands.

Every ſenſe of mine was loſt in anxious expectation and aſtoniſhment. "Unknown, myſterious being!" ſhe exclaimed, with evident marks of ſolemn awe, "if thou art ſtill hovering around "us, inviſible to mortal eyes, O! then "hear the prayers of an unhappy woman! "To thee, at whoſe dread command obey "the ſecret powers of nature, I addreſs "myſelf, for mortal men cannot alleviate "my ſufferings. If thou canſt open the "iron gates of death, and recall to life "his victims, then let me ſee once more "a beloved huſband, who has been torn "from my arms in a horrid cruel manner, that I may preſs him once more to "my faithful heart, and bid him a laſt "farewell!"

I was thrilled with ſtrange ſenſations at this prayer.

The Counteſs ſtill was kneeling, with folded hands, and ſeemed violently agitated. Tears of anguiſh bedewed her lovely face, and ſhe reſumed groaning: "O! if my lamentations and ſighs can "reach thy ear, if the ſufferings of a hap-"leſs being can move thy heart with pity, "let me behold once more the darling "of my heart. I do not requeſt the in-"exorable fate to grant me the bliſs of "having my dear unhappy William reſ-"tored for ever to theſe arms. All that "I dare to wiſh, is to have the ſad plea-"ſure of ſeeing him once more, and to "bid him a laſt adieu."

Here tears and heavy ſighs prevented her from praying any longer, when ſuddenly a voice was heard: "*Thou ſhalt meet him here once more, after three days, at the hour of midnight.* I inſtantly knew the voice of the ſtranger, and looked anxiouſly around with awful dread, but could ſee nothing. A chilly ſweat bedewed my face; a cold tremor ſeized my frame with icy fangs.

The

The Counteſs ſtared wildly at me, for ſome minutes, and at once ſtarted ſuddenly up, graſping my hand as if in a trance. "Do you hear?" exclaimed ſhe, with a dreadful joy. "Do you hear? I ſhall "ſee him again. My prayers are heard. "I ſhall preſs my William once more to "this fond boſom, ſhall hear once more "the harmony of his voice. O! happy, "happy, wiſhed for meeting!" Then ſhe began to meaſure the room with haſty ſtrides, exclaiming ever and anon, "I "ſhall ſee once more my dear, my adored "Lord, and bid him an eternal adieu."

My feelings almoſt overpowered me; I could not ſtand any longer that affecting ſcene, and left the room. She was cloſe at my heels, and conjured me to keep the ſtricteſt ſecrecy, and not to drop a word about the appointed meeting in the preſence of her ſervants, which I readily promiſed. "This day," added ſhe "ſhall "be a day of rejoicing. Excuſe the "violence of my emotions—I cannot "check the powerful effects of ſenſations "which I have long been a ſtranger to.

" —Will you be ſo kind to ſhare with me " the joys of this day?" " I am very ſor- " ry," I replied, " that it is not in my " power to accept your kind offer; but you " know, my Lady, that my worthy tutor " is ſtill ignorant of my fate; and you can " eaſily think that the good old man will " expect my return with painful anxiety." She could not conteſt the juſtneſs of my remark; inſiſted however upon my ſtaying dinner. No other choice was left me, but to accept her preſſing invitation. The dinner was excellent, and the Counteſs ſo lively and good humoured, that the ſervants were ſurpriſed, and began to whiſper their remarks in each other's ear.

Dinner being over, ſhe diſmiſſed me, but not before I had ſolemnly promiſed to return with my tutor in three days, if not ſooner. However, I did not leave the houſe before I had cleared up my whole myſterious adventure of the preceding night. The ice-cold hand—the ſkulls and bones—the ſpectre, and every thing that had filled me with ſo much terror, I found now ſo natural, that I bluſhed at my childiſh

childiſh fears. The cold hand belonged to the phlegmatic porter, and perhaps it appeared then colder to me than it really was, becauſe I was very much heated. He had drawn his hand ſuddenly back, becauſe I trembled violently, and ſtruggled to diſengage myſelf. He had not anſwered my queſtion, becauſe I had aſked it with a faltering voice, and left me to light the candle which the wind had extinguiſhed. My ſtaggering ſteps had led me to a remote part of the houſe, where the Counteſs had erected a kind of mauſoleum to her deceaſed Lord; and my hand had touched the ſkulls and human bones it was decorated with. The groans and ſighs, which I had heard, came from an old poor woman, who had a violent tooth-ache. When the ſtone rolled down, ſhe went out of the cellar, where ſhe was ſuffered to lie, to ſee who was there; ſhe threatened me with her hand, and went back, becauſe ſhe miſtook me for one of the ſervants, and fancied the ſtone had been thrown down on purpoſe to frighten her. The door which had led me to the bottom-

leſs room, belonged to an old cellar, where the ſteps had been deſtroyed by the ravages of time, and which the ſervants had left open out of careleſſneſs. The room on the ſpiral ſtaircaſe, where I had broken the glaſs-pane, was inhabited by the cook and butler. Their diſcourſe, part of which I had overheard, concerned a hog, which was to be killed the next day. When I was hurrying down the ſtaircaſe, the porter received me in his arms, being afraid I might tumble down, and carried me, during my ſwoon, to the apartment where I recovered the uſe of my ſenſes. I was aſhamed that this accidental concurrence of circumſtances, which if coolly conſidered, were nothing leſs than alarming, could have rendered me ſo ridiculouſly fearful, and cowardly, and took a firm reſolution to act with more reflection in future. "This adventure," ſaid I to myſelf, "ſhall teach me to bridle my impetuous "imagination, to examine every thing "uncommon by the torch of reaſon, and "thus to guard my underſtanding againſt "the dangerous deluſions of a lively, "impetuous fancy."

I gave

I gave a ducat to the ſervant of the Counteſs, who had been ſent with me to ſhow me the way, for his trouble, as I pretended; however my real view was to bribe him to a confeſſion, my curioſity of receiving a ſatisfactory information of the circumſtances, and the life of the Counteſs, being harrowed up to the utmoſt degree; but I was very much diſappointed.

"All that I know of my Lady (ſaid "he) is very little, becauſe I have not "been long in her ſervice. She came "about three months ago to this caſtle, "with an old gentleman whom ſhe called "uncle, and a ſervant, who departed as "ſoon as ſhe was properly ſettled. She "leads a very retired and blameleſs life, "is ſaid to have been married in her nine-"teenth year to an amiable nobleman, "who three years after his marriage had "been aſſaſſinated, nobody knows by "whom? She has lamented her poor "Lord theſe two years, and never re-"ceives company. No one can tell "where ſhe comes from; ſhe is ſuppoſed "to be very rich, and of a great and no-

ble

" ble family. Many people think that the " name by which she goes is fictitious."

I asked him whether he knew nothing further of her?

" Not a syllable (answered he, after a " short silence) except that she is the best " lady on earth, has an excellent heart, " and performs many charitable deeds in " secret. She sends, for instance, every " week one of us in disguise to town, to " inquire for people who have been re- " duced by unmerited misfortunes, and " to administer relief to them. But we " must carefully conceal from those ob- " jects of her benevolence the name of " their benefactress, if we will not be dis- " missed her service.

" Excellent woman!" exclaimed I, and was just going to give vent to the feelings of my heart, when the servant directed my attention to two people who were walking towards us. We had not advanced fifty steps, when I knew them to be my tutor and my servant.

I flew on the wings of impatience and joy to meet them, and pressed my old go-

vernor with as much rapture to my heart as if I had not ſeen him many years. The firſt emotions of joy being over, I ſent the ſervant of the Counteſs back, and ordered my valet to follow him at a diſtance. Then I related to my tutor at large, the adventures I had met with ſince our ſeparation. His countenance beſpoke alternately anxiety, joy and aſtoniſhment, while I was relating my extraordinary tale, at the concluſion of which he preſſed me to his boſom with a father's tenderneſs, exclaiming with tears of pleaſure in his eyes. "Thank "God! thank God! that you are reſtored "to me!—But ought I not to chide you "a little (added he ſmiling) for all the un-"eaſineſs and ſorrow I have ſuffered on "your account. The danger in which "my life has been I will not mention, for "that you could not foreſee." "Your life "in danger?" I exclaimed, terrified. "The ſervant can witneſs it!" he replied, calling our man. Now I firſt perceived that the poor fellow was very much wounded in his face. "For heaven's ſake! what "has happened?" "Let me tell you

"the

" the ſtory from the beginning," ſaid my tutor.

" I was running after you yeſterday, " as long as my legs would carry me, but " when I ſunk to the ground, over- " powered by fatigue, I ordered the ſervant " to follow you. He returned when it " was waxing dark, with the intelligence " that he had loſt ſight of you, and not " been able to trace you out. Not " knowing our way back, we were obliged " to reſolve to ſleep in the foreſt. We " laid ourſelves down beneath an ancient " oak, and ſoon fell aſleep in ſpite of the " roaring tempeſt." I interrupted him: " have you alſo heard the roaring and " howling of wild beaſts?"

" We heard the roaring of the ſtorm " and the croaking of the raven, but no " ſound of wild beaſts. Have you " heard any thing Petro?"

The ſervant denied it, and I begged my tutor to proceed, not without ſome marks of aſtoniſhment. Having viewed me a while with examining looks, he continued his narrative.

" The

" The dawn of morn was breaking
" through the clouds, when I awakened
" the ſervant. I was determined to go
" in ſearch of you, happen what would.
" Having advanced about half a mile,
" two ruffians ruſhed out of a thicket,
" and ſoon were joined by four more.
" We were ſurrounded in a moment.
" Their countenance betokened thirſt for
" blood and murder, and their daggers
" were unſheathed in a twinkling of an
" eye. ' Here is money, I exclaimed,
" ' Spare our life.' ' Down with the
" raſcals!' exclaimed their ſavage-look-
" ing leader, ſnatching the purſe from
" my hand, and at the ſame time attack-
" ed me with his ruffian band in a moſt
" furious manner. The daggers of our
" aggreſſor were chiefly pointed at me.
" I defended myſelf with unſpeakable fu-
" ry; however, my rage would have
" availed me very little againſt the united
" ſtrength of ſix ſtout fellows who fought
" with undaunted ardour, if Pietro had
" not ſupported me ſo bravely. His
" zeal in ſaving my life made him forget

" his

" his own defence, witneſs theſe wounds.
" Yet we certainly ſhould have been
" overpowered at laſt, if heaven had not
" ſent a third perſon to our aſſiſtance. And
" who do you think it was?—The whim-
" ſical beggar was that guardian-angel."

Aſtoniſhment and wonder did not ſuffer me to utter a ſingle word, and my tutor reſumed:

" He ſtood ſuddenly before us, as if
" fallen from the clouds, and to him I
" certainly owe the preſervation of my
" life, for he warded off the ſtroke of a
" poniard which would have pierced my
" heart. The ruffians no ſooner ſaw him,
" when they flung down their poniards
" and ran howling away. 'Now you
" may return to the town, without fear,
" (ſaid he) you are ſafe.' He then left
" us ſuddenly before we could utter a
" word. We returned to town; how-
" ever, the idea of the dangers which might
" threaten your life haunted me every
" where, and I reſolved to go once more
" in ſearch of you. Pietro reminded me
" of the danger in which I had been this
" morning,

" morning, and entreated me to let him " go alone; however, anxiety for you " did not suffer me to stay behind, and I " am rejoiced that nothing could per- " suade me to listen to his prayers, for " I should then not have had the pleasure " of pressing you to my bosom so soon."

" Dearest, best of men!" He stopped my mouth, and would not suffer me to go on. " No praise! no thanks!" said he, " I have followed the impulse of my " heart, and am amply rewarded for it by " your safety. But do you know, that " this accident has cost us the rest of our " wealth."

" Did I not tell you, that the stranger " has returned me every thing?" So saying, I gave him the box.

" Every thing?" he replied, after he had inspected it. " Is not one of the dia- " mond rings missing?"

" That I have given to the Countess."

He started back, seized with astonishment.

" I have told you, that I promised " in a fit of enthusiasm, to give her the " ring,

" ring, if she could procure me an in-
" terview with the mysterious beggar;
" she sent her people after him; he ap-
" peared and the ring was gone."

" What an enormous extravagance!—
" And she accepted it?'

" She refused it at first, and even seem-
" ed offended at my offer; however, my
" pride being wounded, I pressed her so
" long and so ardently, 'till she at length
" yielded to my importunate prayers."
" Well then," said she, " I will accept
" the ring, and wear it in memory of the
" man who has been the chief means to
" afford me an opportunity of satisfying
" the most ardent desire of my heart."

My tutor shook his head. " I almost
" should suspect," said he smiling, " that
" pride has had the smallest share in this
" gift. What does your heart say to
" that?"

" Indeed! I do not comprehend you."

" Not? Why then, do you blush?"

" My Lord! pray look at that strange
" man yonder!" my servant exclaimed suddenly, pointing at a man who at some distance

diſtance was walking up and down with haſty ſtrides between two rows of trees—now proſtrated himſelf to the ground, and now jumped up again, walking to and fro. The ſpot where we were was in a remote part of the ſuburbs. The ſun was deſcending behind the diſtant mountains. We ſtopped and looked at that ſtrange ſpectacle. At length we advanced nearer with gentle ſteps. He proſtrated himſelf again, beating the ground three times. "Give me back the dead, I muſt ſpeak to her!" he exclaimed. On taking a nearer view of that man, I beheld a living ſkeleton with an aſh-pale face and ſtaring looks, who haſtily ſtarted up when he perceived us.

"What are you doing here, good "friend?" my tutor enquired. He ſtared wildly at us, and after a pauſe of dumb agony, exclaimed at laſt with a deep groan: "O that eternity keeps her booty ſo "faſt!" "Let us be gone (my tutor whiſ-"pered in my ear) the fellow ſeems to be "out of his wits." We went.

Twilight was juſt ſetting in, and we had not proceeded twelve ſteps, when we heard

heard ſomebody exclaiming behind us: "Come up, barbarous mother! come up "from Beelzebub's realms, aſſume the form "in which I ſaw thee laſt! come up! I "only want to ſpeak a few words to thee, "and then thou mayſt return again to "Hell!"

We ſtopped, ſeized with aſtoniſhment.

"This is a ſtrange conjuration, (ſaid my tutor) let us return."

He had not pronounced the laſt word when a man paſſed us, walking with haſty ſteps towards the conjuror, and enquiring with apparent anxiety: "Have you ſeen her?"—"No, no, no!" the conjuror exclaimed, and tore his hair. When we came up with them, my tutor aſked what they were doing there. "Shall I tell it?" ſaid the conjuror whom we had ſeen firſt, to his companion, who, after a few moment's conſideration, told him he might do it, and left us.

"That man, my moſt intimate friend, "has had the misfortune to be married to "a woman who was a pattern of wicked-"neſs; horror and indignation would ſeize "you,

"you, if I were to relate ſome of her vil-
"lanies. However, fate ordained that
"ſhe ſhould be her own executioner. She
"hanged herſelf ſome days ago, while my
"friend was gone out, and concluded her
"life with a moſt horrid deed. The only
"object which reconciled my friend to
"his adverſe fortune, the only comfort of
"his life, was a little girl who was entire-
"ly the reverſe of her mother. The lat-
"ter knew that he doated on the child,
"and was determined to ſtrike his heart
"a deadly wound. The unhappy child
"has not been ſeen ſince her unnatural
"mother's death. Whether ſhe is yet
"alive, or has been made away with by
"the infernal woman, is an impenetrable
"myſtery; all our enquiries have been
"fruitleſs; not even a veſtige of the lit-
"tle girl has been traced out as yet, and
"my friend begins to deſpair."

"But, pray Sir, what is the meaning of
"the conjuration you was juſt now per-
"forming, (aſked his comrade, who had
"joined us) and why did you conjure her
"here?"

"Having

"Having made away with herſelf," he replied, "ſhe could not be interred in the "church-yard, and has been buried "here. I was going to raiſe up her ſpirit, "to learn what was become of my daugh- "ter."

"I pity you, poor man, but if you "fancy a conjuration will procure you "that intelligence, you may go home "without troubling yourſelf any farther "in vain, for nobody did ever return "from the world beyond the grave."

"Excuſe me, Sir!" the conjuror replied with ſparkling eyes, "this would "not be the firſt time that the dead "obey my ſummons."

My tutor and I ſtared at each other, and being firmly perſuaded the man muſt be out of his ſenſes, I begged my companion to let us be gone.

When we were going, the conjuror laid hold of my arm. "I read in your "looks," ſaid he, "what you think of "me; but if you will be ſo kind to come "home with me, I will give you a proof "that my aſſertion is true."

"I take

"I take you at your word!" ſaid I, and begged my governor to let us accept his invitation. He conſented to my propoſal, and we were informed on the way, that theſe two men were profeſſors of the occult ſciences, and that the kingdom of ſpirits was obedient to their command. We arrived at their houſe in leſs than half an hour, ordered our ſervant to await our return at the door, and were ſhewn up into the attic ſtory. One of our conductors went up before us to light a candle, as he pretended. He really met us on the ſtair-caſe with a candle, ſhewing us into a room hung with black tapeſtry. He locked the door and went into a dark chamber, which he alſo bolted. Then the conjuror aſked me in a whiſper, whom I ſhould like to have raiſed up. I do not know, how it came into my head to deſire him to ſummon the ſpirit of Galilæus, the celebrated Italian philoſopher. Having whiſpered his name into his ear, he promiſed to raiſe him up, and begged me to lend him my ſword. He then ſpread a white cloth on a table which was covered

with a black carpet, upon which a human ſkull was placed, put a candle on each ſide of it, and told us they were compoſed of human fat. After theſe preparations, he placed a large book marked with ſtrange characters before him and entreated us not to utter a word. Having promiſed to take his advice, he brandiſhed the ſword three times over his head, and drew a circle, which extended as far as the door.

My tutor was looking deliberately at the conjuror, watching all his motions with the greateſt circumſpection.

The necromancer ſeemed to be abſorbed in profound meditation, and ſtood motionleſs before the table a conſiderable time. At once his eyes began to roll wildly in his head, and his teeth to gnaſh. His whole frame was violently ſhaken and contorted. He threw himſelf on the ground, and then ſtarted up again, exclaiming in a wild accent: "Genius! Ge-"nius! Genius! I command thee to "obey the power which is given me over "thee, and to appear in a living, viſible "ſhape!"

"ſhape!" Having pronounced theſe words, his mouth began to foam, his eyes to roll in his head, and his whole frame to quiver. His face grew deadly wan, and he beat his breaſt three times with trembling hands, when to my utter aſtoniſhment, a terrible ſnake darted from his boſom, cringing upon the table and encircling the ſkull. At once it offered to attack us, when the conjuror took hold of it. It now crept tamely up his back, he ſtroked it, and ſeemed to attend its ſecret commands. On a ſudden it darted again at us, we ran to the door with a loud ſhriek; however he pulled us violently back, and bade us not to leave the circle as we valued our life. When we turned round, the ſnake had diſappeared.

He now went to the bolted chamber door, beating ſeven times againſt it with his ſword, and then ſtarted ſuddenly back, approaching the table whereupon the book was lying. He took it up, turning its leaves, one of which he kiſſed, and then ſeemed to pray fervently. This done, he

went again to the door, knocking ſilently againſt it one time, but jumped ſuddenly back into the circle, and began to tremble violently. After a ſhort pauſe of horrid ſilence, he brandiſhed his ſword like a madman, went once more to the chamber door, and knocked eleven times againſt it without uttering a word. Now he drew a number of myſtical characters on the table, went again to the door and knocked nine times againſt it with great violence. But ſeeing that the ſpirit ſtill refuſed to obey his ſummons, he repeated his blows eleven times.

I perceived with aſtoniſhment large drops of blood trickling down from the ſockets of the ſkull. I made my tutor obſerve it, but he winked me to be quiet. The conjuror was enraged at the obſtinacy of the ſpirit, and ſummoned him again with five, then with twenty, and finally with eighteen ſtrokes againſt the door, when he perceived that the myſtical number was compleated, and roared with a tremendous voice: "Genius! Genius! "Genius! I conjure thee to bring up the dead

dead." A violent noiſe aroſe in the adjacent chamber, and his aſſociate ruſhed out of it, proſtrating himſelf howling upon the ground, exclaiming at the ſame time with a trembling voice, that he had ſeen the ghoſt of Galilæus.

I could not conceive how he could pronounce that name, becauſe he had not heard it, and the conjuror not mentioned it, and deſired to have the door of the dark chamber opened. However they refuſed it at firſt, fearing I ſhould be frightened too much; yet when we inſiſted upon it, he led us to the door. Darting an impatient look into the chamber, I obſerved with ſurpriſe, that part of it was illuminated with a light, reſembling that of the moon. When I advanced nearer, I beheld an old man wrapt in a long ſhroud, with a ſilver beard, and hollow cheeks, ſtanding in a remote corner. Ere long he made a motion as if going to come nearer. I ſtarted back, thrilled with horror, and pulled my tutor after me, who during the whole proceeding had been very cool and attentive.

Before we left the room, I laid twelve ducats on the table, which the conjurors pretended not to obſerve, relying upon our oral acknowledgments, that they were rejoiced at having refuted our error, and convinced us of the poſſibility of apparitions from the other world.

"The latter," ſaid I to my tutor, when we were in the ſtreet, "will not be the "caſe with you; or has perhaps your "unbelief in apparitions alſo been re-"moved?"

"No! certainly not. Are you then real-"ly convinced of your ſuppoſed error?"

"I confeſs my unbelief begins to give "way at laſt."

"I hope you do not believe that Gali-"læus has really appeared?"

"My reaſon ſtruggles againſt it; how-"ever my eyes have *ſeen* the ghoſt."

"The ſenſes can eaſily be impoſed "upon, reaſon however is infallible, and "which of both ought to be your guide "in doubtful caſes? Tell me what have "your eyes ſeen? An old man in a white "ſhroud, you will ſay: but how do you "know that he was Galilæus?"

"But

"But if you will compare all the dif-
"ferent circumſtances attending the whole
"proceeding from the beginning to the
"concluſion, what can you think?"

"That they are a ſtring of ſtrange
"events, which, however, may eaſily be
"explained in a very natural manner."

"Then you believe theſe people to be
"impoſtors, who have cheated us after a
"preconcerted plan?"

"Nothing elſe; but let us go to ſup-
"per; we will ſpeak farther on that ſub-
"ject."

"Very likely," began my tutor at table,
"the two conjurors went to the ſpot
"where we ſaw them firſt, in order to
"get money by impoſing upon the cre-
"dulous. The ſolitary ſpot in the ſu-
"burbs was moſt convenient for their
"juggling tricks. They could not fail to
"attract the curioſity of an unwary paſ-
"ſenger by their whimſical proceedings,
"and they had, very likely, juſt begun
"their tragedy when they ſaw us at a diſ-
"tance. The whole ſcheme was certain-
"ly pre-concerted, and the other aſſociate

" has been concealed somewhere in the " neighbourhood, and appeared on the " ſtage when he ſaw that he was wanted. " The doleful tale of the cruel mother, " is, to all appearance, a foul forgery, " which has been impoſed upon us, in or- " der to give the whole a varniſh of truth, " and to tie the knot of the play. I fore- " ſaw, as well as the conjuror, that you " would accept the invitation of theſe " cheats."

" Granted what you have been ſaying " were true, you will certainly find it dif- " ficult to explain the ſubſequent events."

" I hope theſe difficulties will not be " inſurmountable. Pray tell me, what do " you find preternatural in the whole tran- " ſaction? the trembling, the rolling of " eyes, and the mimicry of the impoſtor? " or perhaps the genius who appeared in " the ſhape of a ſnake? I cannot but con- " feſs that I myſelf was ſtartled at it; " however, on mature conſideration, I re- " collected that ſnakes can be deprived of " their poiſon, and tamed in ſuch a man- " ner that they will obey the command of

" their

" their maſter, appearing and diſappearing
" whenever he likes. Or do you think the
" blood which trickled down from the
" ſockets of the ſkull, has been the effect
" of ſupernatural means? The ſight of that
" ſpectacle is indeed ſurpriſing at firſt
" view, and certainly would have had the
" ſame effect upon me, if I had not known
" already the trick by which it is pro-
" duced. The whole ſorcery conſiſts in
" a bladder filled with blood, which is
" concealed in the inſide, cloſe to the
" ſockets, through which the blood is
" forced by the preſſure of the ſnake,
" which winds itſelf around it as you have
" ſeen. Much leſs ſupernatural ſkill has
" been required to raiſe the dreadful noiſe
" in the adjoining chamber. The extra-
" ordinary light which appeared to you
" like moon-ſhine, has been effected by a
" magic lanthorn. The apparition itſelf—
" I bluſh to mention it—how eaſily could it
" be produced by optical means, or repre-
" ſented by ſome fellow or other who was
" concealed in the chamber, if you con-
" ſider the length of time which was taken

" up by the preparations of the conju-
" ror."

" Thus far," I replied, " you have ex-
" plained every thing in a manner which
" does honour to your acuteneſs and ſa-
" gacity; however, there remains ſtill one
" point which requires to be unfolded if
" all my doubts ſhall be diſſolved."

" And if I could not do it, would you
" conclude that it cannot be explained at
" all in a natural manner? The only rea-
" ſonable conſequence would be, that I
" have no ſufficient knowledge of jug-
" gling tricks; for in that light, I muſt un-
" doubtedly view the proceedings of men
" who are guilty of ſo many artifices, as
" I have already ſufficiently proved they
" have employed."

" But theſe jugglers, as you call them,
" muſt indeed have proceeded with aſto-
" niſhing art, becauſe the man who pro-
" nounced the name of Galilæus, could
" not hear a ſyllable of what I whiſpered
" in the ear of the necromancer. How
" could he know that I deſired that philo-
" ſopher to be raiſed up?"

" Is

" Is an impoſition any thing leſs than a " cheating trick, becauſe it is wrought " with uncommon art? But what would " you ſay if I ſhould prove that it has " not been ſo very ſubtle as you fancy? " You maintain that the man who has been " concealed in the chamber during the " whole proceſs, could not be informed " of the name you whiſpered in his aſ- " ſociate's ear; however, you would find " it difficult to prove your aſſertion. The " necromancer knew the name, and of " courſe could impart it to his aſſiſtant. " or do you think there exiſts no other " means of communicating one's ideas to " another perſon, than language? I only " aſk you whether you have not obſerved " the repeated blows which the conjuror " ſtruck againſt the chamber door? What " would you ſay, if it ſhould have been " preconcerted between them, that a cer- " tain number of blows ſhould expreſs a " certain letter of the alphabet? could " then the other not have really heard the " name of Galilæus?"

" You are right, ſaid I, after a ſhort

conſideration) "I yield to your judicious "arguments."

"And yet you have forgot to make one "objection which appears to me not to "be the leaſt important. If one did not "know what theatrical art, and diligent "application can effect, then the ſeriouſ-"neſs and varniſh of truth, which the "jugglers knew ſo well to combine with "their words, geſtures and actions, would "indeed powerfully plead the ſupernatu-"rality of what we have witneſſed."

"Your obſervation is very juſt. That "ſerioufneſs and varniſh of truth has "really contributed a great deal to de-"ceive me."

"If you like, we will pay theſe gen-"tlemen another viſit, and requeſt a ſe-"cond conjuration; then you will be en-"abled to convince yourſelf of the truth "of my remarks."

I conſented to it with pleaſure, and we went the ſubſequent evening. Having paid them ſo handſomely the preceding night, they were very ready to raiſe up another ghoſt. I deſired them to conjure up the

the ghoſt of *Cervantes*. Their procedure differed from that of the preceding night in nothing but the number of the blows, which betrayed the whole ſecret. The conjuror knocked at firſt three times, becauſe the name of Cervantes begins with the third letter of the alphabet, then he knocked five times, to denote the letter e, and thus he proceeded 'till all the letters of the word Cervantes had been communicated to his aſſociate. As ſoon as the door was opened I ran to the chamber; the ſpectre advanced towards me, however I faced it boldly, and obſerved that it bore not the leaſt reſemblance to the picture of Cervantes. The impoſtors, ſeeing that they were unmaſked, entreated us to ſpare them, and confeſſed without heſitation, that the tale of the barbarous mother was a fiction. But one thing they refuſed to confeſs, and I would now give any thing if they had, what had induced them to play that farce.

"I am covered with ſhame" ſaid I, when we were in the ſtreet, "that I ſuf-"fered myſelf to be deceived by ſuch mi-"ſerable wretches."

"O! how happy ſhould I be, my dear "pupil!" my tutor replied, preſſing my hand affectionately, "if this ſhame ſhould "produce the ſalutary effect, to make "you, in future, more cautious in your "judgment. But, alas! I have great rea- "ſon to apprehend that your philoſophy "will not be capable to ſtand more dan- "gerous and artful temptations of that "nature, ſince you have ſuffered yourſelf "to be ſo groſsly deceived this time. "Will you promiſe me" here he preſſed me tenderly to his boſom, "that when I "ſhall be gone over to my eternal reſt, "you will faithfully obſerve the princi- "ples I endeavoured to inſtill into your "juvenile mind, and combat your fond- "neſs for whatever is myſterious and un- "common, that you will always atten- "tively liſten to the ſalutary counſels of "reaſon, and never yield to the ſeducing "deluſions of your ſenſes and imagina- "tion. Do you promiſe to fulfil this well "meant requeſt of your friend, of your "ſecond father?"

I promiſed it with tears of affection.

The

The following day I received the following note from the lady of the caſtle:

"My Lord,

"I pray, I conjure you, to come to Darbis caſtle as ſoon as poſſible, and not to forget to bring your old reverend friend with you. Amelia de Darbis."

My tutor, whom my deſcription of that lady had made very deſirous to get acquainted with her, was rejoiced at that invitation. However, it appeared very ſtrange to him that it was ſo uncommonly preſſing, and he aſked me whether I could not gueſs the reaſon.—"No," I replied. He ſmiled archly. "Then you gueſs no-"thing; nothing at all?" "How can you "aſk ſuch a queſtion, indeed I cannot!" "And how can you perſiſt in giving me "an anſwer ſo little conſonant with your "countenance?" "And if I *did* gueſs any "thing," I reſumed ſtammering, "who "knows whether I might not be miſ-"taken?" "That is entirely out of the "queſtion; neither did I want to know it "—But come, let us go!"—I was glad to get out of the room.

Pro-

Profound silence reigned in our carriage for a quarter of an hour, when my tutor took the note from the Countefs out of his pocket and read it. I perceived that he was abforbed in ferious meditation. "If "I am not miftaken," he at length began, "the Countefs is to fee to-day "the ghoft of her hufband."

"You are right—this is the third day—"fhe is to fee him at midnight."

"So, (fixing an examining look at me) "do you gueſs nothing?"

"Indeed! a thought ftrikes me—how-"ever—"

"Well?"—

"I hope fhe will not invite us to be "preſent at the apparition of the ghoft."

"Who knows?"

"But why fhould fhe have conjured us "to come as early as poffible? you know "he will not appear before midnight."

"An apparition requires a prepara-"tion."

"How do you mean that?"

He remained filent.

I muft here take the opportunity to obſerve, that my tutor, ever fince the myſterious

terious beggar had saved his life from the banditti, was extremely reserved in his judgment on that man, and every event in which he was concerned. All the inquiries I started on that account, either remained unanswered, or his replies were very unintelligible and mysterious. Whenever he thought he could not leave the arrangement of my conduct to my own discretion, he only gave me distant hints, and very rarely made exceptions from that rule. What has prompted him to do so, I cannot ascertain. He either had changed his opinion of him, or fancied to induce me, by acting thus, to think and to judge for myself, or perhaps meant to observe that strange being with redoubled circumspection, to investigate his proceedings secretly, in order to unfold his views and plans, and to unveil the mystery unexpectedly. In short, I am still doubtful what has prompted my tutor to act in that mysterious manner, which certainly against his wish and expectation, strengthened my belief in the power of the *Unknown* more and more every day.

We

We got out of our carriage at the skirts of the wood leading to Darbis-castle, and ordered our coachman to be on the same spot at six o'clock in the afternoon. We were well provided with swords and pistols; however, we had no occasion for them, neither in coming nor going. We went the same way the servant of the Countess had led me three days before, and after half an hour's walk arrived at the castle.

The Countess met us at the entrance of her room with the prayer to excuse the abrupt and pressing manner of her invitation. "In addition to the desire," she added, addressing my tutor, "to be ac-"quainted with the friend of so excellent "a young man, I have been urged to this "step by the distressing situation of my "heart, which I can reveal to none but "you."

"I wish, my Lady," said I, a little forward, that I were so happy—(here my tutor gave me a look which suddenly cut the thread of my harangue asunder, and I found it utterly impossible to go on.)

"Indeed

"Indeed" he resumed when he observed my confusion "we shall be happy to do "justice to the confidence which your "ladyship repose in us!"

She begged us to be seated, addressing us in the following manner: "My Lord, "I trust your noble pupil has no secrets "from you, and of course will have in- "formed you of what has happened in "my house three days ago." My tutor affirmed it. "Give me now leave to dis- "close to you the consequences of that in- "cident: the trance of rapture to which "the promise of the *Unknown* gave rise, "and which (turning to me) continued "while it was nurtured by the pleasure "which your presence afforded me, that "happy trance dissolved in more moderate "sensations as soon as I was left to my- "self. However, my heart was still "elated with a secret unspeakably sweet "satisfaction, by the idea of meeting "again my dear deceased lord. But this "unclouded serenity of mind was, alas! "of a very short duration. I began, by "degrees, to reflect seriously on what I "had

" had done, and the more I reflected, the " more the ſweet ſenſations of my heart " were melting away, and gave room to a " moſt diſtreſſing uneaſineſs which increaſ- " ed every moment.

" The deſire of ſeeing once more my " dear ever-beloved lord, which till then " I had conſidered as innocent and juſt, " appeared now to me very culpable and " wicked, and I wiſhed moſt ardently the " *Unknown* had not granted my prayer. " My conſcience tormented me with moſt " painful reproaches, and my fancy " haunted me by day and night with dread- " ful phantoms. My heart was aſſailed " by the moſt diſtreſſing uneaſineſs, and I " trembled to ſee the man whom but " lately I wiſhed to ſee once more. The " promiſe of the *Unknown*, which at firſt " thrilled me with unutterable rapture, " fills now my ſoul with horror, and I " dread the approach of night with the " agony of a hapleſs culprit who is led to " the place of execution. Griſly phan- " toms haraſs my ſoul, and my pertur- " bated mind divines a thouſand horrid

" thoughts.

" thoughts. " O my Lords! ſpare me the " painful taſk to deſcribe the deſponding " ſtate of my poor heart, which as yet has " been ſo much the more excruciating, " becauſe I have had nobody to whom I " could unboſom myſelf. I have not one " confidential ſoul in this lonely ſolitude. " No one but yourſelf is acquainted with " the incident which has plunged me in " that ſtate of horror, and none but you " is privy to the ſecret ſource of my me- " lancholy, which I am ſo little able to " conceal, that all my domeſtics have no- " ticed it with ſurpriſe."

Here ſhe pauſed a moment, and then reſumed:

" Now you know every thing. Aſſiſt " me with your friendly advice. My heart " is dreadfully agitated, and my ſtrength " dwindled away. In your ſagacity, in " your courage, I take my laſt refuge. " Alas! I do not know how to act, if you " ſhould refuſe me your kind aſſiſtance."

" My lady," my tutor replied, after a ſhort ſilence, " will you be ſo kind to " anſwer me a few queſtions?"

" Aſk

" Aſk whatever you will; only adviſe
" me what I ſhall do, and ſilence the dread-
" ful ſtorm which rages within my heart."

" Have you ſeen the unknown for the
" firſt time three days ago?"

" I have."

" Have you never heard any thing of
" him?"

" Never, in my whole life."

" You have deſired him to let you ſee
" the ghoſt of your departed Lord, and of
" courſe muſt have confided in his power
" to grant you your prayer. What reaſon
" had you to do ſo?"

" The extraordinary and wonderful
" things your noble pupil related of him,
" the eaſe with which he tore aſunder the
" cords he was bound with, and his diſ-
" appearance in a room from which it is
" impoſſible to eſcape, have raiſed that
" confidence in my ſoul. The extraor-
" dinary things I have heard and ſeen,
" could not but make me fancy, that he
" muſt be a being who can command the
" ſecret powers of nature, and this idea
" prompted me to beſeech him to grant
" me a meeting with my departed Lord."

" And

"And why did you desire that meeting? "what reason had you to wish to see the "deceased once more?"

"He has been torn from my fond bo- "som in a most shocking manner; has "been assassinated in a foreign country; "and I wished to see him once more, in "order to bid him a last adieu."

"Love then has prompted you to desire "the apparition, a love which could not "be shaken by death itself and a separa- "tion of two years?—And what reason "have you to apprehend your Lord will "be offended at your *fondness* for him?"

"To disturb his rest, to interrupt his "happiness beyond the grave—this idea "tortures my afflicted heart."

My tutor endeavoured to combat this apprehension, and his efforts seemed not to be without success. Some faint rays of returning serenity soon appeared in her countenance, which had been overspread with a melancholic gloom, which encouraged him to summon all his eloquence in order to dispel entirely the clouds of sadness still overdarkening her angelic face.

He

He was so happy as to attain his aim. Her eyes, which had been deprived of their usual brilliancy, began to be animated again; her cheeks, covered with deadly paleness, recovered their rosy hue; and that enchanting dimpled smile, which always had powerfully charmed my soul, adorned again her crimsoning lips, but a few minutes before the seat of gloomy melancholy; every trace of sadness vanished from her brow, and the chearful dawn of hilarity reappeared on her lovely face, smoothing every wrinkle of inward sorrow. I read the triumph of my tutor in his sparkling eyes, and began to direct the conversation to subjects more pleasing, and more conducive to chearful ideas. He comprehended my hint, and supported me with all his power. The Countess seemed to have entirely forgotten the apparition, and took a lively share in our conversation. Our discourse became more animated at table; my tutor displayed an inexhaustible fund of pleasing anecdotes and witty sallies, and our charming hostess was in an enchanting humour.

How

How quick is the tranſition from one extreme to the other! ſaid I to myſelf, when I compared the preſent ſituation of the Counteſs with that in which we had found her on our arrival. Five hours of pleaſure fled on the wings of hilarity before we roſe from table, which had been ſerved with extraordinary ſplendor and taſte.

After dinner ſhe propoſed a walk in the garden. On our way thither we came through an apartment where I obſerved a picture which engaged my whole attention. I ſtopped to look at it. "How do "you like that picture?" our hoſteſs enquired after a ſilent pauſe, heaving a deep ſigh. "It is a very intereſting phyſiog-"nomy!" ſaid I, in which I was joined by my tutor. "I am rejoiced that the "portrait of my ſainted Lord is ho-"noured with your applauſe." At the ſame inſtant her countenance grew gloomy and ſerious, which reminded us that it would be prudent to leave the room, and we haſtened to the garden.

"I find on mature conſideration," the Counteſs began after ſome turns in the

garden, "that I shall not be able to stand "the sight of the apparition, if not sup- "ported by a friend. (Here my tutor "gave me a wink.) You have indeed set "my conscience at rest in that respect; "you have convinced me that my fear is "unfounded, and that I have nothing to "apprehend from the anger of my Lord; "however, I fear such an awful scene will "overpower me too much, and that I "should not be able to avail myself of the "assistance of your arguments; I foresee "that female weakness will utterly destroy "the beneficial effect of your convincing "reasoning, and that so unnatural a sight "will be too much for me." "My lords!" she then added, in an accent which no feeling man can resist, "since you have "already obliged me so much, would you "grant me one prayer more?"

"We are at your command, my lady!" "Would you be so obliging as to be "present at that awful spectacle?"

My tutor protested, he was very sorry to have ordered the coach at six o'clock.

O! if

"O! if that is all, I will ſend one of "my ſervants to order your coachman to "come to-morrow morning."

"But, my lady, would it not give riſe "to diſagreeable reflections among your "domeſtics, if we were to ſtay all night?"

"Leave that to me—I will make them "believe that your pupil is a near rela- "tion of mine, which will remove every "ſhadow of ſuſpicion."

My tutor was too much the gentleman, to refuſe any thing in his power to a beautiful lady, and we conſented to ſtay.

Joy ſparkled in her charming eyes, and every look of hers beſpoke the lively gratitude of her heart. "Come! I will ſhew "you my favourite ſpot!" ſhe ſaid, and led us to a bower, the ſight of which evidently beſpoke its owner's melancholic turn of mind and taſte. "This is the ſolitary "aſylum where my mind is wont to "wander through the mazy labyrinths of "ſerious meditations, where I can indulge "the ſweet deluſions of fancy, and give "vent to my feelings, where the ſuffer- "ings and joys of my earlier years viſit

" me, and the ſcenes of my paſt life af-
" ford me a ſpectacle ſo entertaining and
" ſo pleaſing, that I almoſt live entirely
" in this place."

" Can ſo young a lady (I interrupt-
ed her) " have indeed experienced ſo
" many freaks of fortune?"

" O, my lords, my life is ſo eventful,
" and my adventures are ſo ſtrange and
" wonderful, that thoſe to whom I ſhould
" relate them would fancy they heard a
" nurſery-tale."

" Who could think ſo if *you* ſhould re-
" late them?"

" If you will promiſe me not to betray
" my ſecrets (ſhe reſumed after ſome re-
flection) " I will give you a ſketch of my
" life, and I flatter myſelf that my tale
" will at leaſt not ſeem tedious to you."

We promiſed it, and ſhe began after we had ſeated ourſelves:

" I was born in a provincial town of
" France. My parents are rich, and of
" ancient nobility. My mother hated me
" in the ſame degree in which my father
" loved me, and all my endeavours to
" gain

"gain her love, proved abortive. My "father did every thing in his power to "unroot this unnatural hatred from her "bosom, at least to check its barbarous ef- "fects, but in vain; her hatred increased "with every reproach which my father "loaded her with on that score, and she "teazed, shamed, and humiliated me, "whenever she could find an opportunity, "and even beat me frequently. I bore "her cruel treatment with a submission "and patience which my father secretly "admired; however, he observed at the "same time with inward grief, how my "sufferings increased every day, the more "I strove to conceal them. My strength "dwindled away, sapped by the hand of "silent grief, and the roses of youth "withered on my cheeks.

"One evening when my mother and "brother were gone out, he sent for me "to his study. The affecting scene which "then ensued is still present to my recol- "lection. He was sitting at his writing- "desk, when I entered the room, and rose "to press me to his affectionate heart.

" 'Come to the bosom of a loving father,' " he said, 'and let me speak comfort to " thy suffering mind. The anticipation " of the pleasure to spend with you our " common birth-day, (I was then thirteen " and my father fifty-three years old) has " filled my heart with secret joy for some " time. I will not deprive you and my- " self any longer of the consolation to " disclose to you the feelings of a father's " heart. Poor girl!' taking my hands in " his, and looking tenderly at me, 'you " are much in want of that poor consola- " tion.' 'O! my father!' groaned I, " while tears of grief and filial affection " bedewed my cheeks. 'I know what " you have suffered,' he resumed, 'and " still are suffering.

" God knows, it is not *my* fault. I have " oftentimes attempted to put a stop to " your affliction, but alas! all my labour " has been lost. Thou art not alone un- " happy, my dear child, thy father whose " joyless heart feels for thee, suffers too. I " should be less miserable if thou wer't not " so dear to my heart; for why should I

" conceal

" conceal it from thee, that thou art the
" darling of my life! yes, my child, here
" were no human witneſs, where the all-
" ſeeing God only hears us, I confeſs to
" thee, that thou art to me the moſt pre-
" cious jewel, my pride, my hope, and—
" every thing.' I kiſſed his reverend hand
" with unſpeakable emotion.

" My conſtitution is much impaired,'
" he continued after a long pauſe ' and I
" am fifty-three years old. I feel, my
" darling, that I ſhall not live much lon-
" ger, and therefore, have made my will.'
" I proſtrated myſelf to his feet: " Not a
" word more, my dear affectionate father, if
" you love your child. The idea of your
" death rends my heart aſunder. O! God!
" if your preſentiment ſhould prove true,
" how miſerable ſhould then your poor
" forſaken daughter be; this would make
" me really wretched! While you are
" living, and ſhare my ſecret ſorrows, I
" cannot be entirely miſerable.' ' My
" dear child,' my father reſumed, ' death
" is our common lot, and ſooner or later I
" muſt pay the debt of nature. This life

" is nothing but a pilgrimage to our eter-
" nal abode. Thou haſt as yet enjoyed
" very few cheerful hours; it ſhall not be
" ſo any longer. I am a rich man. Thy
" mother and brother have done very little
" to deſerve my affection. The latter is
" a malicious, proud, and licentious boy,
" and thy mother—alas! thou doeſt not
" know the nameleſs injury and grief ſhe
" has cauſed me. They have very little
" claim to my fortune, and ſhall be made
" ſenſible of it. But thou, my daughter,
" to whom as yet, I could prove ſo little
" the whole extent of my affection, ſhall
" experience one time, that thou art
" the darling of my heart, the ſole ob-
" ject that renders life ſtill deſirable to
" a wretched man.' He preſſed me ten-
" derly to his heaving heart, while he pro-
" nounced theſe words. My tears ming-
" led with his. He then gave me ſome
" pious inſtructions which have made ſo
" deep an impreſſion on my mind, that I
" ſhall never forget them. I left his ſtu-
" dy, moved to the ſoul.

" You will hardly gueſs what was the
" ſecret ſpring of my patient demeanor,

" which

"which gained me the admiration and "love of my reverend father. I ought "to account to you for it, and am ſure "you will be ſurpriſed. I was not ſix "years old, when one evening an acci- "dent happened to me in our garden, "which is ſo wonderful and extraordi- "nary, that it will hardly gain your credit. "My nurſe, who was ſure of my diſcretion, "had left me to ſtray by myſelf through a "grove of beech trees, when I ſuddenly "heard an unknown voice exclaim— "'Amelia! Amelia!' I ſtarted, becauſe "I knew there was nobody in the garden "but myſelf; however my curioſity, and "the melodious accent of that voice, ſoon "ſubdued my fear, and I directed my "eyes to the place from whence it came. "But, imagine my horror, when I ob- "ſerved a white figure ſitting in a dark "grotto, not above thirty paces diſtant from "me. The apparition made a ſign to me "to approach; I was fixed to the ground, "for a moment, and then began to run "as faſt as I could, when the figure ex- "claimed once more—'Amelia! Ame- "lia! be not afraid, it is thy friend who

" calls thee.' But I did not venture to " look back, and ran out of the garden as " faſt as I could.

" This event had left ſo deep an im- " preſſion on my mind, that I could not " cloſe my eyes a ſingle moment the " whole night. The apparition was con- " ſtantly hovering before me, and the me- " lodious acclamation——*Amelia, be not* " *afraid!* vibrated inceſſantly in my ears. " I began to repent my fearful flight, and " to wiſh the apparition might re-appear " the next evening. My little heart was " panting all the day for the fitting in of " twilight, and when evening came, was " filled with ſecret joy and fear. I had " told neither my parents nor our domeſ- " tics a ſingle ſyllable of the apparition, " leſt I might not be ſuffered to go into " the garden. My nurſe, who accompa- " nied me thither at the uſual hour, left " me again to myſelf when it began to wax " dark. I kept at a great diſtance from the " grotto, directing, however, my eyes " conſtantly towards it. 'Ere long the " white figure appeared again, calling

" with a ſweet heavenly voice: ' come to
" my arms, Amelia! why did'ſt thou flee
" yeſterday from thy friend? come to
" me, ſweet child! dont fear, I will not
" hurt thee!' ſo ſaying, the apparition
" ſtretched out her arms; I was thrilled
" with horror, and going to leave the
" garden, when ſhe exclaimed: ' Stay,
" ſtay, as thou valueſt thy happineſs! If
" thou fleeſt to night, then thou wilt ſee
" me no more!' the word happineſs re-
" tarded my flight, and the apprehenſion
" of ſeeing her no more made me turn
" back. Curioſity, and hope to be libe-
" rated from my miſery, afforded me cou-
" rage and ſtrength to approach, though
" with ſlow and fearful ſteps. On coming
" nearer I ſaw that the apparition was a
" beautiful lady in a ſnow-white gar-
" ment, ſtanding at the entrance of the
" grotto, with a baſket of fruits in her
" hand; her figure was grand and majeſ-
" tic, her countenance the ſweet abode
" of celeſtial kindneſs; ſhe appeared to
" me an inhabitant of heaven's realms.
" A ſight ſo pleaſing and inviting, at once
" diſ-

" diſpelled every remnant of fear, and I " advanced boldly. She took me, ſmil- " ing, by the hand, leading me to the re- " moteſt receſs of the grotto, ſeated her- " ſelf on a moſſy ſtone, and took me on " her lap. Having kiſſed me thrice on " my forehead, ſhe gave me the baſket " and ſaid: 'Come eat, ſweet child, and " refreſh thyſelf, forget in my arms the " cruel treatment of thy barbarous mo- " ther. I know thy ſufferings, and will " alleviate them. We will meet here once " every week. I will be a mother to " thee, and promote thy happineſs to the " utmoſt of my power.'

" She was as good as her word. I " enjoyed her company once every week, " and, 'ere long, our hearts were allied in " bonds of mutual affection and holy " friendſhip. The time I ſpent with her, " and which always fled on wings of in- " nocent pleaſure, was dedicated to con- " ſolations and ſage inſtructions. Now " you will be able to account for my pa- " tience and forbearance, with which I " ſubmitted to the cruel treatment of my

" unna-

"unnatural mother. No ſeaſon was more "tedious to me than winter, when I was "not ſuffered to go into the garden, and "conſequently could not ſee the benevo-"lent lady, becauſe ſhe was no where to "be met with but in the grotto."

"Have you never been ſurpriſed in "her company by your nurſe?" my tutor enquired.

"Never. She always diſmiſſed me be-"fore the ſervant arrived, who uſually ſtaid "away above half an hour. However, "when I had attained my tenth year, I "could enjoy her company for a longer "ſpace of time, becauſe I had leave to "go in the garden by myſelf, and fre-"quently ſtaid above an hour in the grot-"to. The happy hours I ſpent at that "favourite place, made ample amends for "the many ſufferings I experienced in "the courſe of the week, and I cannot "but confeſs, that I owe the improve-"ment of my mind and heart wholly to "the tender care of the white lady.

"A little more than nine months after "the aforementioned converſation with

"my

" my father, I found her one evening de-
" preſſed by deep melancholy, and loſt in
" profound meditation. She viewed me
" for ſome time in mournful ſilence, and
" then began: ' Amelia! we muſt part.
" I am going to take leave of thee. Thou
" ſhalt ſee me no more.' I dropped to
" the ground in an agony of grief, and
" ſhed briny tears of unſpeakable ſorrow.
" ' Riſe my daughter,' ſhe reſumed in a
" melancholy ſtrain, ' riſe and do not
" ſpend with uſeleſs complaints the few
" moments I am allowed to ſtay with thee.
" Thou always haſt been a good, obedi-
" ent child; Heaven will reward thy
" piety ſooner or later. Take courage,
" and never forget the inſtructions of thy
" friend. Thy preſent miſery ſhall end
" in leſs than four months. More I dare
" not diſcloſe to thee.—Farewell!' So
" ſaying, ſhe ſtrained me to her panting
" heart, tears bedewed her face, while my
" ſorrows and groans ſuffocated my voice.
" ' Do not let us wantonly imbitter our
" ſeparation by immoderate grief' ſhe ſaid,
" at length, ' my time is ſhort; liſten to

" what

"what I am going to say.—Numberless "misfortunes await thee in this vain "world; but do not despair. Put thy "confidence in him, who ordains the fate "of mortals with paternal love and wis-"dom. He will be thy guardian, *and one "time bid happiness reward thy virtue and "thy sufferings*. Let this idea support thy "afflicted heart when thy sufferings shall "seem endless to thee. Here, take this "sealed paper, and keep it as a pledge of "my unalterable friendship for thee. "Take care not to lose it, and let not "idle curiosity tempt thee to open it be-"fore thou hast found the man whom "thy heart shall choose as a partner in "happiness and affliction. It will be of "great service to thee." So saying, she "kissed me thrice on my forehead, adding "with a faltering voice: "'Go now, and "leave me—the parting hour is arrived. "Farewell! We shall meet again!' With "these words, she disappeared in the grot-"to, and I went to my apartment with "ing eyes."

"Have you never heard tidings of her "after your separation?'

"Never.

"Never. Heaven only knows who "this friend was, whence ſhe came and "whither ſhe went. I never have ſeen "her any where before her firſt, and after "her laſt appearance in the grotto. At "our firſt interview, ſhe enjoined me to "keep our meeting ſecret, elſe I ſhould "ſee her no more, and under the ſame "penalty forbade me to inquire who ſhe "was. The only key to the myſtery, the "dear pledge of her ineſtimable friend-"ſhip which ſhe gave me on my farewell "viſit, I have loſt in an unaccountable "manner. You cannot conceive how "much this loſs has grieved and afflicted "me. I dare not think of it."

"Then you never have opened the "ſealed paper?'

"It was unopened when I loſt it."

Here ſhe pauſed a while, and then continued: "Three months after the ſepara-"tion from my unknown friend, we were "viſited by an aunt, whoſe preſence had "been rendered neceſſary by ſome family "concerns. She came from Paris, and "ſtayed but a ſhort time at our houſe.

"I ſoon

" I ſoon engaged her attention, and at the
" ſame time became dear to her heart.
" Although my mother carefully refrained
" from ſhowing any ill-will towards me
" in her preſence, yet ſhe could not en-
" tirely conceal her diſlike to me from
" her prying eye; and my good aunt
" watching an opportunity to ſpeak to me
" in private, preſſed me to diſcloſe to her
" my real ſituation. She had gained my
" regard and affection ſo entirely, that I
" did not heſitate a moment to yield to her
" tender requeſt, and faithfully informed
" her of the whole extent of my forlorn
" ſituation, which drew tears of pity from
" her eyes. She aſked me whether I could
" not reſolve to go with her to Paris, and
" to live in her houſe, which ſhe would
" endeavour to make as agreeable to me
" as it ſhould be in her power. You can
" eaſily think that I accepted her offer
" with rapture. My worthy father felt not
" leſs pleaſure at it, knowing my aunt to
" be a prudent and honeſt woman, to
" whoſe care he ſafely could intruſt my
" education. He rejoiced at that wiſhed

" for

" for opportunity of procuring me an aſy-
" lum againſt the rank and unconquera-
" ble hatred of my mother, who ſeemed
" to delight in my manyfold ſufferings and
" ſorrows."

" The only perſon who oppoſed this
" welcome propoſal was my mother, of
" whom I had leaſt ſuſpected any thing
" of that kind. She raiſed a number of
" objections, which however were ſo hap-
" pily refuted by my father and aunt, that
" at length ſhe was obliged to give her
" conſent to my departure. When I went
" to take leave of that tyrannical parent,
" ſhe gave me a number of dry admoni-
" tions, which ſhe was pleaſed to call af-
" fectionate counſels of a tender mother.
" My father gave me his benediction with
" ſilent grief and weeping eyes. A ſingle
" word from the lips of that dear parent
" would have ſhaken my reſolution to de-
" part, and kept me back in a houſe where
" grief and ſorrow were conſtantly under-
" mining my health and tranquillity, ſo
" much was my heart devoted to him.
" When he was lifting me into the car-

" riage,

" riage, he ſtrained me once more to his " loving heart, and it ſeemed to me as if " he was bidding me an eternal adieu; " which alas! was really the caſe;" the Counteſs added with great emotion, after a ſilent pauſe of agony, " I have ſeen " him no more; he died a year after my " departure. The ſhocking intelligence " of his death, plunged me in a deep me- " lancholy and had almoſt proved fatal to " my life."

" My aunt was as good as her word.— " Beneath her hoſpitable roof, I found the " ideal picture of happineſs, which I had " frequently drawn in the ſweet hours of " imaginary deluſion, realiſed. She an- " ticipated every wiſh of my little heart, " and her eyes beamed with celeſtial plea- " ſure, when ſhe could rouſe in my ſoul " the dormant ſeed of innocent joy. She " was a widow and childleſs; I poſſeſſed, " of courſe, her heart undivided, and her " whole great fortune was at my com- " mand. The influence which content " and hilarity produced on my conſtitu- " tion, became ſoon viſible. My figure,

" which

" which had been withering on the ma-
" ternal soil, began to be animated with
" new life and vigour, and I blossomed
" under the fostering hand of my amiable
" relation, like a rose transplanted in a
" luxuriant soil, and nursed by the bene-
" ficial care of an industrious gardener.
" Thus passed a year in undisturbed
" tranquillity, on roseate pinions of hila-
" rity and joy, when—"

Here the Countess was interrupted by a servant who brought a letter.

" A letter from my uncle!" she exclaimed. The servant was waiting at the entrance of the door 'till she had perused it. " I am sorry," said she, " that I " must leave you for some time. The " regard I owe my uncle, and the import-" ant contents of the letter, oblige me to " return a speedy answer. I shall endea-" vour to join you as soon as possible; " 'till then, farewell cousin!" At these words the servant gazed at me with curious looks, and our hostess left us to ourselves. She staid above an hour. On her return she told us that she had been

inter-

interrupted in her narration at the moſt remarkable period of her life. "How-"ever," added ſhe, "ſince this period "would recall many melancholy ideas "which I particularly wiſh to avoid this "day, and ſupper time is approaching, I "will give you the continuation another "time."

We were ſitting at the table 'till eleven o'clock, when the Counteſs at once began to grow ſerious and gloomy; the preſentiment of the impending awful ſcene, ſeemed to have chaſed away every ſhadow of hilarity. She ordered the ſervant to carry candles and cards to the apartment where the apparition was to be, and then deſired him to retire 'till ſhe ſhould ring the bell.

When he was gone, ſhe walked up and down the room with haſty ſtrides and folded arms. A dreadful combat ſeemed to have taken place in her ſoul. At once ſhe ſtopped, looking fearfully around, and then flung herſelf on the ſofa.

My tutor interrupted, at length, the univerſal ſilence:—"Will you play, my "Lady?"

She

She gazed at him with aſtoniſhment.

" Then you will not play ?"

A ſhaking of her head was the only anſwer.

" I fancied you would play, becauſe " you have ordered cards."

" Mere pretext," ſhe replied, " will " you not ſit down ?"

We ſeated ourſelves by her ſide upon the ſofa. It ſtruck a quarter after eleven. Her face grew deadly wan.

" What frail beings we females are !" ſaid ſhe at length. " A little while ago, I " was all reſolution ; and now every " ſpark of courage is extinguiſhed !"

My tutor took great pains to rouſe her ſpirit ; but all his endeavours were fruitleſs. She grew ſeveral times ſo faint, that we were obliged to revive her by the application of ſalts. Her aſh-pale face contraſted with her black dreſs.

When the clock which was in the room ſtruck three quarters after eleven, ſhe ſtarted up, but ſoon ſeated herſelf again, requeſting me to bolt the door. Every look, every motion of the muſcles of her face

face, beſpoke the dreadful agony of her mind.

I bolted the door and began to wiſh my tutor had not accepted the invitation.

"I am ſorry," ſaid he, "that my argu-
"ments cannot revive your courage.

"It is not the fault of your argu-
"ments, but of my imagination, what the
"former build, is deſtroyed the next mo-
"ment by a dream I had laſt night."

"A dream!" we both exclaimed, ſeiz-ed with aſtoniſhment.

"Hear, and then judge me. I dreamed
"laſt night, that I was ſitting at midnight,
"by the tomb which you have ſeen be-
"low ſtairs, reflecting on the promiſed
"apparition of my deceaſed lord. So-
"lemn, awful ſtillneſs of the grave, was
"ſwaying around me. Not the leaſt
"breeze of air was felt. The horrors of
"darkneſs ſurrounded me; a faint ray of
"the moon was trembling over the white
"ſtones of the tomb, and rendered the
"ſkulls and bones which were placed up-
"on it viſible to my affrighted looks. At
"once it ſeemed to me, as if they were

"ſtir-

" ſtirring. Odours of the grave aſſailed " my ſmelling organs, and the tomb began " to ſhake violently. A hollow diſmal " voice called from the tomb of the " grave : ' Who dares to diſturb the reſt " of the dead ?' ' It is thy wife !' a ſe- " cond voice replied. ' I will chaſtiſe the " daring wretch !' reſumed the firſt voice. " The tomb was ſuddenly ſhaken with a " thundering voice, a gaping chaſm ap- " peared at the foot of the pedeſtal, and " a griſly ſkeleton roſe up, exclaiming " with a dreadful voice—' Here I am ! " what doſt thou want ?' I fled on wings " of terror, the ſkeleton was cloſe at my " heels, took ſuddenly hold of me, and—"

Here it ſtruck twelve. The tongue of the Counteſs ſeemed to be fettered with the firſt ſtroke ; ſhe ſtared wildly around, her boſom heaved violently, her whole frame was convulſed with dreadful contortions. No ſound came from her lips.

With the laſt ſtroke the candles were ſuddenly extinguiſhed by an inviſible hand ; the thunder ſhook the houſe, and the windows rattled, a putrid odour filled the

the room, and a flash of lightning disclosed to our eyes a pale, ghastly-looking figure, three steps distant from us, which at first sight appeared to have a striking resemblance to the picture which I had seen after dinner. His eyes were hollow, and traces of corruption were visible on his cheeks. He was wrapped in a shroud, with which he endeavoured to stop the blood streaming from a gaping wound in his left side.

The phantom appeared and disappeared as the lightning flashed or died away. The intervals of impenetrable darkness, which alternately concealed the spectre from our sight, were more horrible than the apparition itself.—The ghost seemed fixed to the spot.

The Countess dropped to the ground, wringing her hands in wild agony.

A long dreadful pause ensued.

"*Why hast thou called me hither?*

The apparition spoke only by intervals, when the lightning rendered it visible. The flashes were always extremely strong and lasting.

The Counteſs attempted to ſpeak, but the words died on her lips.

The bleeding ſpectre repeated his queſtion, ſlow and awful.

"To take an eternal farewell!" ſhe ſtammered at laſt, with a faint voice.

"*In this company?*" Here his ſtaring eyes ſhot flaſhes of anger:—The Counteſs looked by turns at me and my tutor; the latter ſeemed offended, and was going to ſeize the phantom, but a terrible flaſh of lightning proſtrated him to the ground.

"*Woman! woman! woman!*"

"O ſpeak! thy ſervant hears with "trembling."

"*What buſineſs haſt thou with the ſon of "my aſſaſſin?*"

She ſtarted ſuddenly up:—"How?" pointing at me, "his father thy murderer?"

"*He did not perpetrate himſelf the ruf-"fian deed, he ſent his myrmidons to aſſaſ-"ſinate me.*"

"All-powerful God!" with theſe words I ſunk on the ſofa, almoſt fainting.—Horror raiſed my hair like the briſtles of the porcupine.

"*Shame-*

" *Shamefully, ſhamefully have I been mur-*
" *dered! look here!—ſummon all thy forti-*
" *tude! look how they have treated me!*"

So ſaying, he uncovered his left ſide entirely, and five gaping wounds were ſtreaming with blood. This ſight dried up the marrow in my bones.

The Counteſs moaned like a maniac. " O ſpeak!" ſhe exclaimed at length in an agony of violent pain, " tell me what " I can do for thee."

" *Avenge thyſelf on my murderer through* " *magnanimity: I muſt be gone!*"

Impenetrable darkneſs concealed him from our eyes. " *My deſtiny calls me hence.* " *Be generous, and forgive my murderer!*"

" O ſtay but a moment longer; only " one word more—" ſhe exclaimed. A tremendous clap of thunder interrupted her words. Lightnings flaſhed and the phantom vaniſhed.

I ſat on the ſofa loſt in dumb aſtoniſhment. The Counteſs ſeemed to be out of her ſenſes. My tutor recovered firſt and rouſed me from my ſtupefaction. We then attempted to revive the Counteſs;

but all our endeavours were fruitleſs. I rang the bell furiouſly. The ſervants ruſhed into the room, and I exclaimed in an agony of diſtreſs, "make haſte, "make haſte to aſſiſt your lady, ſhe has been "ſeized with a fainting fit at play!" This accident alarmed the whole houſe, and all the domeſtics crouded into our room.

In about a quarter of an hour the Counteſs recovered, but her ſtrength was ſo much exhauſted, that ſhe hardly could ſpeak. The ſervants hinting that ſhe wanted to go to reſt, we left her and went to our apartments.

When we were alone I put ſeveral queſtions with regard to the apparition to my tutor; finding, however, that he was very ſparing with his words, I kept my opinions to myſelf. I ſhall never forget that night; it was the moſt horrid of my life; doubts, conjectures, thwarted expectations, dreadful fancies, apprehenſions, &c. &c. &c. aſſailed and tormented me by turns, "My father!" ſaid I to myſelf, "the murderer of the huſband of the darling of my heart? Impoſſible! And yet

if

if I reflect on the reality of that dreadful apparition, how can I convince myself of the contrary? Who knows in what connections my father has been with the deceased? Who knows whether he has not, deceived by false informations, resolved to bring a sacrifice to the state by the assassination of that unfortunate man? But perhaps the whole apparition is nothing but a fraud of the Unknown, and the assassination nothing but a fiction, adapted to the plan he has formed with regard to me. Yet how can he dare to found his plan upon something, the falsity of which I can detect so easily? Easily? —Will my father ever confess it to me, if he has committed that murder? and by what means else shall I know it? However, how does his probity, his noble character correspond with an assassination by the assistance of banditti? No, it is a lie! But is not my father a Duke? perhaps he has been obliged, by reasons of state, to do what he would not have done as a private man. And suppose it should be false, alas! how shall I convince my Amelia

lia of it? What will it avail me, while ſhe believes it true? In what light muſt ſhe view the ſon of her huſband's murderer? How can I dare to appear before her? O God! to ſee her no more, to ſpeak no more to her! And yet this might perhaps be the only means to come to the bottom of that myſterious matter. The relation of her hiſtory might probably throw ſome light upon the words of the phantom, and afford a clue to come to the certainty.—But to what certainty? Shall I not loſe every thing if the pretended murder ſhould be confirmed?"

Theſe and ſimilar ideas tormented me all night long in ſuch a manner, that my tutor was frightened at my appearance, when he ſaw me in the morning.

The ſituation in which I found myſelf, told me what I had endeavoured to conceal from myſelf—that the beautiful Counteſs had fettered my heart for ever. I felt now that the ſeparation from her, which could not be avoided, would make me miſerable to the higheſt degree; and alas! every ray of hope to avoid that ſeparation,

paration, began to vaniſh the more I reflected upon the matter. How willingly would I have renounced all my claim to future grandeur, which I, as the ſon of a Duke, was entitled to, to any one who had pointed out to me certain means of reſtoring the former relation, which had ſubſiſted between myſelf and the Counteſs.

I roſe very early in the morning, to enquire of the ſervants how ſhe had reſted. The phyſician, who was juſt coming from her apartment, told me the Counteſs was in a ſituation which made him deſpair of her life. "The fever," he ſaid, "which "was already ſo violent when I came, "ſeems to increaſe with every moment. "I muſt firſt ſee what effect the medicine "which I have adminiſtered ſhall pro-"duce, before I can take further mea-"ſures." The information I received from the phyſician was a dagger to my heart. I intreated him, I conjured him with tears, to apply all his ſkill, in order to ſave a life for which I would ſacrifice any thing. "The Counteſs," I added,

after ſome reflexion, "is a near relation "of mine, for whom I have the greateſt "affection." The phyſician promiſed to do whatever ſhould be in his power, and I left him with a beating heart.

"What is the matter? what ails you?" my tutor exclaimed, frightened, when I entered his room. I told him every thing. He ſtrove in vain to make me eaſy, and perceived with terror that his ſoothing arguments increaſed my uneaſineſs. My apprehenſion for the life of the beautiful Counteſs, began to change into a furious grief, and I interrupted the conſolations of my tutor by expreſſions of the moſt violent agony. He found it extremely difficult to remove me from the caſtle.

However, nothing was gained by my removal, for I had left my heart at the caſtle. I was in a ſtate of deſpondency, and nothing in the world was capable of cheering me up. I ſent my ſervant more than four times a-day to the caſtle, and he always returned with the intelligence that the illneſs of the Counteſs was growing more and more alarming. How frequently was I going to be an eye witneſs of

of the ſituation of the lady: however, the apprehenſion that the ſight of me might increaſe her illneſs, did not ſuffer me to go. Torn by two ſo violent paſſions as love and grief, my ſtrength declined viſibly, and the roſes of youth began to fade on my cheeks. My tutor, who obſerved it with terror, fancied the removal from the ſource would cure the evil, and therefore propoſed to continue our travels; however I told him plainly that I could not travel at preſent. All his remonſtrances proved abortive, and I kept firm to my reſolution.

All my endeavours were bent upon finding out the *Unknown*. He was the only perſon of whom I expected advice and aſſiſtance. I enquired every where, but nobody knew any thing of him. I roamed through the foreſt for whole days 'till late at night, but he was no where to be found. Theſe proceedings I kept however concealed from my tutor, becauſe I was well aware that he would prevent me from doing it, for fear ſome accident might befal me; and aſking me one time, why I ſtayed out ſo late at night,

I pretended to take long walks for no other reaſon than to divert my thoughts.

One afternoon my ſervant came to inform me that the Counteſs was worſe than ever, and at the ſame time gave me a letter. I knew inſtantly the hand writing of my father, and tore it open; but how was I ſtruck with aſtoniſhment when I read the following lines:

"I am very ill ſatisfied with you. It was "my intention you ſhould travel, but not "turn a knight errant. I have been in- "formed that you have contracted an in- "timate acquaintance with a certain Coun- "teſs De Darbis, and even diſcloſed to "her your name and rank. Is this the "obedience you pay to my commands to "travel *incognito*? Do you thus anſwer "the purpoſe for which I have ſent you to "travel? How can you account for your "ſuffering yourſelf to be entangled, in the "very beginning of your travels, by a fool- "iſh paſſion which fixes you to one ſpot, "and fetters your reaſon? I command "you, as you value my favour, to ſet off "for * * * as ſoon as you have read this "letter.

"letter. If I ſhould hear that you do "not inſtantly execute the commands of "your *father*, the orders of the *Duke* ſhall "reduce you to obedience.

"Your Father,

"Duke of ***INA,

"Marquis of VILLA***."

I was rivetted to the ground as if a clap of thunder had ſtruck me, when my tutor entered the room. He aſked me with aſtoniſhment what had happened. I gave him the letter without returning an anſwer. He was aſtoniſhed, as well at the contents, as at the tone of the letter, and could not conceive, like myſelf, how my father could have been informed of my acquaintance with the lady, which I had kept ſo ſecret. At the ſame time he aſſured me upon his honour, that he had not wrote him a ſingle line on that ſubject. "So much the worſe!" I exclaimed, "for then I have here an unknown "ſpy upon me, who ſecretly watches all "my ſteps."

What ſtruck me moſt, was the warmth with which my father commanded me to

renounce all connexion with the lady.—"Should he, perhaps," ſaid I to myſelf, "have reaſon to fear that ſhe might diſcloſe ſomething to me which he does not wiſh me to know? The Counteſs has related to me only the beginning of her hiſtory; who knows what I ſhould have heard farther? The apparition of her huſband gives at leaſt reaſon to ſuſpect that my father had a ſhare in her hiſtory, which is not much to his credit. He apprehends, perhaps, his ſon might hear things which would give him a diſadvantageous idea of his father, or at leaſt leſſen the good opinion I have entertained of him as yet.—He upbraids me for having contracted an intimate acquaintance with the Counteſs, and ſoon after he reproaches me for having diſcloſed to her my name and rank. How could he be diſpleaſed with that, if our family had no reaſon to dread this lady, and if he did not wiſh for very important reaſons, that I might remain unknown to her? The uncommon harſh and lording ſtrain in which he commands me to depart for * * * as ſoon as I

ſhould

ſhould have read his letter, ſeems to ſpring not ſo much from a paternal deſign to cure me of my love, as from an apprehenſion to be betrayed." In ſhort, the murder of which the apparition had been ſpeaking, appeared to me more and more probable. I did not conceal this conjecture from my tutor. He combated it, but not in ſuch a manner that no doubt had been left, and thus at leaſt ſome ſuſpicion was left lurking in my heart.—This, and the harſh ſtrain in which my father had commanded me to give up the firſt object of my attachment, leſſened very much the regard and love I had always felt for him.

Whoever has experienced the power of the firſt love, can form an idea of the ſituation to which the ſtern command of my father reduced me. To tear myſelf from a woman whom I loved beyond expreſſion, to tear myſelf from her at a time when a life, which was dearer to me than the favour of my father, was hovering on the brink of the grave, to remove to a place which was above three hundred leagues

leagues diſtant from her abode, and to expoſe myſelf to the danger of ſeeing her no more in this life, wounded my heart ſo deeply, that I ſhould have ſtayed in ſpite of the commands of my father, if the kind and convincing remonſtrances of my tutor had not forced me irreſiſtibly to yield to ſad neceſſity.

All that my prayers and ſupplications could perſuade him to, was to grant me one day's reſpite; the day after to-morrow being fixed for our departure. I ſpent almoſt the whole day in ſearching for the Unknown; however, I came home very late without having had the leaſt ſucceſs, and departed the following morning without having ſeen him.

I now began to think that the Unknown either had no deſign upon me, or given it up becauſe he had deſpaired of attaining his purpoſe. "For if neither were the caſe, (ſaid I to myſelf) would he not have done his utmoſt to prevent my departure, or at leaſt to delay it till he ſhould have gained his aim. I was in his power; if he had had a deſign upon me, how could he have ſuffered

ſuffered ſo fine an opportunity to eſcape, which never will return again. Should he not have exerted all his power to retain me at a place where the preſence of the beautiful Counteſs occupied and perplexed my ſoul ſo much, that he could have inſnared and guided me very eaſily without apprehending any thing of my obſerving him." In ſhort, I acquitted him of all ſuſpicion, and conſidered him as a great man who was above all mean artifices, and would never diſhonor by a bad uſe the ſecret power which he poſſeſſed.

The ſuſpicion of my tutor of his being ſecretly aſſociated with the lady, appeared to me to be ſtill more unfounded and abſurd. "If both had been leagued to entangle me in their nets, (ſaid I to myſelf) how could they ſhow ſo much indifference and inactivity at my departure. How contradictory would it have been if the *Unknown* had diſſolved the intimacy which was produced between myſelf and the lady by an apparition of his own contrivance, and removed me from her houſe?

If

If ſhe had preconcerted matters with him, whence that dread at the apparition, whence her terror, whence the horrible conſequences of it, and the violent effect of her health? No, this cannot have been the work of the arts of diſſimulation. A natural ſwoon can be diſtinguiſhed from an artificial one, and the language of truth from that of fraud, and even the higheſt degree of diſſimulation betrays itſelf after ſome time by little traits, which cannot eſcape the eye of a clear-ſighted obſerver. If the Counteſs had impoſed upon me, then the party-wall between nature and art, fiction and truth, appearance and reality muſt have been pulled down. And finally: who could have informed my father of my love, and thus effected my ſeparation from the object of my affection? No perſon beſides my tutor and the *Unknown* was privy to my love for the Counteſs; the former aſſured me upon his honor, that he had not betrayed me; my father muſt of courſe have been informed of it by the latter. But how could the *Unknown* have taken this ſtep, if there had

had been a ſecret intelligence between him and the lady? No! (ſaid I) Amelia neither is nor can be an impoſtor; it would be madneſs and the blackeſt calumny to ſuſpect her of it; her heart is as pure and amiable as her ſoul." Thus I diſcourſed with myſelf on the road, when the furious grief which was rankling in my heart abated now and then a little.

We were already three days at the place of our deſtination, when my ſervant brought me a letter from the poſt-office. It was from the valet of the Counteſs, and contained the following afflicting news.

"My Lord,

"You have ordered me to inform you "frequently of the ſtate of my Lady's "health, and how great ſoever the plea- "ſure I always felt when executing your "commands may have been, yet I wiſh "this time you had entruſted ſomebody "elſe with that commiſſion, for the intel- "ligence I am going to give you is of "ſuch a nature that my hand trembled to "write it down, and my heart bleeds for

"your

" your Lordſhip.—Yes! prepare your-
" ſelf for the worſt, for alas! ſhe is dead,
" my dear Counteſs is dead!

" Previous to her departure, ſhe re-
" covered her recollection, of which ſhe
" had been bereft during her illneſs. She
" died with the greateſt reſignation, and I
" can add with pleaſure. The anticipa-
" tion of the joy to preſs in yon peaceful
" manſions her Lord again to her boſom,
" the hope of being reunited to him for
" ever, conquered all fear of the phantom
" of death. A few moments before her
" deceaſe, ſhe inquired after you. I told
" her that you had left us. 'Left us?'
" ſhe replied with aſtoniſhment. 'Why
" has he left us?' She died without hear-
" ing my anſwer. O! My Lord! ſpare
" me the pain of drawing a picture of our
" grief and ſorrow; we all are ſtanding
" around her coffin like orphans who have
" loſt their mother. Groans and lamen-
" tations reſound through the caſtle. My
" heart bleeds—I muſt leave off writing.

" FRANCIS PILESKY."

I need

I need not tell what effect this intelligence had upon my heart. Such ſenſations ſurpaſs all deſcription. My peace of mind ſeemed fled for ever; the violent beating of my heart threatened to burſt my breaſt, and almoſt ſuffocated me. I threw my cloak around my ſhoulders and hurried into the fields like a madman. Without recollection was I roving about, as far as my feet would carry me. When the violent workings of my heart began to abate, after I had roamed about for ſome hours, I found myſelf at the borders of a river in an unknown place. The ſilver rays of the moon were ſkipping upon the chryſtal waves, and I walked up and down the bank loſt in gloomy meditation. The awful ſolemn ſilence of a church-yard reigned around me. The uniſon murmuring of the river, added to the gloomineſs of my ſoul.

I felt an irreſiſtible deſire to bury myſelf and my grief in the waves. I went to the brink of the riſing bank, looked around, and then fixing my eyes again upon the water, methought ſome one was whiſper-

ing

ing in my ear :—" In theſe waves is reſt, " why doſt thou heſitate to drown thy " endleſs ſufferings." I fancied Amelia was riſing from the waves and winking me to follow her. " Yes!" exclaimed I, " I " am coming." So ſaying, I plunged into the water. The current hurried me rapidly along, I entangled myſelf in my cloak and went to the bottom.

I had ſoon ſwallowed ſo much water, that I was bereft of all recollection.

When my ſenſes returned, I was ſeized with a ſtrange unſpeakable ſenſation—I felt, indeed, that I was no longer in the water, but *where* I was I could not gueſs. Intenſe darkneſs ſurrounded me ; the kingdom of eternal ſilence ſeemed to have received me. I felt that I was lying on firm ground, but not a ſingle glimmering of light hailed my eyes. Different confuſed ideas crowded upon and tormented me. I had kept myſelf as quiet as poſſible for a conſiderable time, but at length the incertitude in which I was, left me no reſt. My apprehenſions hurried me up; when I was going to riſe, I felt myſelf preſſed

preſſed down again by an unknown power. I gave a ſcream of horror, and the echo of my own voice filled me with awful dread.

After a long painful pauſe, I heard, not far from me, ſomebody exclaim, "*Woe, woe, woe!*" At the ſame time, I felt a puſh from behind, and a flame aroſe within a ſmall diſtance from me, ſpreading a bluiſh glimmer around. I beheld myſelf in a ſpacious empty vault, and not far off eſpied a man wrapt in a ſcarlet cloth, with a round hat that covered part of his face which was turned towards me. He was ſtanding there ſilent and motionleſs like a ſtatue. My blood curdled in my veins, and my hair briſtled; I fancied myſelf to be at the place of eternal judgment. After a long awful pauſe, the former voice exclaimed once more, "*Woe, woe, woe!*" The man in the ſcarlet cloak was ſtill ſilent and motionleſs; my heart ſhrunk with chilly dread; my teeth began to chatter.

After a long interval the man ſeemed to ſtir.—Fear rouſed my ſpirit; I addreſſed

myſelf to him.—"Whoſoever thou art," ſaid I, "thou art probably my preſerver; "receive my thanks, and tell me why "I am in this place, and how I came "hither?" Neither my thanks nor my apprehenſion ſeemed to move him; he remained ſilent and without motion. Now all my courage and every glimmer of hope left me.

The exclamation of woe reſounded a third time, the phantom lifted the hat, and opened his cloak. He was dreſſed in black; a white beard was flowing down his breaſt; he came towards me with ſlow and ſolemn ſteps.

"Doſt thou know me?" he ſaid, with a voice which thrilled my marrow and bones. He advanced a ſtep more, and looking him in the face, I dropped to the ground with a loud ſcream. It was the *Unknown*.

I lay proſtrated on my face a long while, as if ſtruck down by a clap of thunder; at length I got on my tottering legs. "Doſt thou know me?" he repeated with a look which pierced my ſoul,

and

and with a tone which makes even the righteous tremble. "Unfathomable be-
"ing who art hovering about me every
"where! I do not know thee, though I
"have seen thee frequently."

He paused awhile.

"What hast thou done?"

The words died upon my lips.

"Dost thou value life so little, as to
"throw it away for the sake of a wo-
"man?"

"The loss of Amelia—my love—"

"Be silent; can the loss of a woman
"justify the self-murder of a man! Mi-
"serable wretch! thou knowest the value
"of thy life, as little as thy duties!"

"Alas! if you knew the power of
"love—"

"Love is the sweetener of life, but to
"make it the scope of life is madness."

"My infatuation—"

"Infatuation is no excuse becoming a
"man, who soars above the common
"herd, by the power of reasoning."

"Pronounce my doom, my fate is in
"thy power."

"Well

" Well then, liſten to what I am going " to ſay."

" Providence has placed thee in a ſitu- " ation, the importance of which thou " hadſt not weighed before thou didſt " plunge into the waves. Thou art the " ſon of a Duke, and ſoon wilt ſucceed " thy noble father.—Has thy deſtiny no " charms for thee? Doſt thou deem it of " no value to become one time the ar- " biter of the happineſs of many thou- " ſands? I am not ſpeaking now of the " happineſs of thy future ſubjects only, I " am ſpeaking of the welfare of the ſtate, " whoſe member thou art, and upon the " conſtitution of which thou canſt, and " ſhalt have the moſt important influence, " if thou deſireſt it. Or ſhould it be in- " different to thee that thy native coun- " try groans under the goad of a foreign " tyrant, and by degrees is reduced to a " deadly languor by its ever bleeding " wounds? Is a woman dearer to thy " heart than the common weal? Can the " diſtreſs of thy country, the voice of ho- " nour, which calls thee to great, im-

" mortal

" mortal deeds, prevail so little upon thy " mind, that a mean, self-interested pas- " sion is sufficient to employ all thy in- " tellectual powers, and to make thee for- " get all thy honourable connections, and " the concerns of a whole oppressed peo- " ple?—Speak! answer me!"

" Let the blushes which cover my " burning face serve instead of an an- " swer."

" Woe unto thee that thou art in want " of these admonitions, in order to see the " whole extent of the atrociousness of thy " deed! Hearken to me, and hear thy sen- " tence! Thou art a mean, thoughtless " man, undeserving the post which Provi " dence has pointed out to thee, while " thou art concentrating thy wishes in the " favours of a woman, and thinkest her " loss the greatest misfortune that can be- " fall thee; while thou art regardless of " thy great calling; while active patri- " otism and honour are not thy constant " companions, and thy heart does not " thirst for the glory of noble deeds!"

" Thou hast roused my patriotism, and " my thirst for glory; I will adopt thy

" principles. Farewel love, and every " mean paſſion. To dedicate myſelf to " honour, and to the welfare of my fel- " low citizens, be from hence my ſole " aim!"

" I do not want thee to renounce love " entirely, but only to ceaſe being her " ſlave. I only deſire thee to dedicate " to her none but thy leiſure hours, and " not to aſcribe to her a value which ſhe " has not. *Do not confine thyſelf to indivi-* " *duals, but make the whole thy chief aim.* " *Triſles* muſt have no charms for thee, " and the opinion of common men no va- " lue. Learn to know thyſelf and to va- " lue thy life. I do not wiſh thee to fear " death, but only to honour life as an in- " ſtrument to the great ends for which " thou haſt been endowed with ſuperior " intellectual powers. Swear that thou " never wilt *ſeek* death until thy life ſhall " ceaſe being uſeful to thy fellow citi- " zens! ſwear!"

" I ſwear by God and my honour to " follow thy advice."

He looked at me with an eye which cannot be deceived by falſe appearance; he

he was looking at me for some time. The flame began to blaze aloft, and a soft enchanting music to vibrate in my ear. I heard harmonious strains, but saw nobody; a sweet angelic voice accompanied the melodious notes of a harp: the theme of its song was—*Amelia lives!*

"Amelia lives?" I exclaimed with amazement.

"She lives!" the *Unknown* replied, "but "do not enquire farther."

He blindfolded my eyes and led me away. I ascended a flight of steps, and descended another; at length I came into the open field. I put several questions to my conductor, but he gave me no answer. At length the bandage was removed from my eyes, and looking around, I found myself standing at the door of my house. My conductor was no where to be seen.

My tutor was already asleep when I came home, and I resolved not to tell him a word of what had happened to me. When he asked me the following morning where I had staid so late last night, I gave him an evasive answer.

My wet garments I gave ſecretly to my ſervant to dry them; however that incident had produced ſuch a violent effect upon me, that I was obliged to keep my bed; yet my illneſs was of no conſequence, for the ſecond day I was again able to go abroad.

Two days were elapſed before I perceived that I had loſt two bank-bills, each of one thouſand guelders. I recollected to have put them in my coat pocket the ſame evening I had plunged into the river, and went therefore inſtantly to my ſervant, to whom I had given my coat, aſking him whether he had not found them in it. I was almoſt petrified when he replied he had not. Having always known him to be an honeſt fellow, I fancied I either had dropped them ſomewhere, or loſt them in plunging into the river. I enjoined my ſervant not to tell my tutor a ſyllable of it, adding I might perhaps have miſlaid them, and probably would find them again.

I was in the greateſt diſtreſs, becauſe I did not chuſe to tell my tutor of it, nor could

could I acquaint my father with my loſs, for if he has a prevailing fault, it is over-ſtrained parſimony, which I however had ſo much the leſs reaſon to condemn, as he was hoarding only for me, his ſole future heir. Having conſidered for ſome time how to extricate myſelf from my diſagreeable ſituation, I reſolved to addreſs myſelf to the *Unknown*, of whoſe power and benevolent diſpoſition, the laſt accident had given me ſo high an idea, that I repoſed an unbounded confidence in him.

This confidence encreaſed on my receiving after a few days the following letter.

" My Lord,

" It is with unſpeakable pleaſure I am " taking up the pen to communicate to " you an event which is as joyful as it is " incredible. Counteſs Amelia lives; " my departed Lady is returned to life " again. Give me leave to relate the hiſ- " tory of her reſurrection from the be- " ginning.

" She had lain already three days in her " coffin; on the evening of the third day,

" when she was to be buried, an unknown
" person came to the castle, desiring to see
" the deceased. We admitted him. He
" was dressed in black, carrying a round
" hat in one hand, and concealing with
" the other one half of his face in a scar-
" let cloak. He approached the deceased,
" viewed her for some time, and then put
" his mouth close to hers. Having been
" about three minutes in this situation, he
" started suddenly up, taking her by the
" left hand, exclaiming: 'Amelia! Ame-
" lia! Amelia! rise!' No sooner had he
" pronounced the last word, than the de-
" ceased began to stir. We were stand-
" ing around him almost petrified, when
" he suddenly let loose her hand and went
" out of the room. Turning round, I had
" an opportunity of seeing his face, and
" knew him without difficulty to be the
" same person whom we once carried to
" your Lordship, tied with cords, and
" who afterwards disappeared in an ad-
" joining apartment.

" Our astonishment was raised to the
" highest degree, when the Countess rose

" up

"up, looking alternately at myſelf and "my fellow ſervants, and ſeeing herſelf "in a coffin, exclaimed with terror: 'For "heaven's ſake, where am I?'

"We were ſtanding around her for "ſome time, ſtruck dumb with amaze-"ment; looking by turns at the Counteſs "and at each other, none of us daring to "come near her. Some time elapſed be-"fore we could be perſuaded by her preſ-"ſing prayers, to aſſiſt her in getting out "of the coffin.

"The firſt thing ſhe deſired, was ſome-"thing to eat and to drink, complaining "of a dreadful hunger and thirſt. Hav-"ing ſatisfied her appetite, ſhe deſired us "to relate to her how ſhe had come in a "coffin? The hiſtory of her reſuſcitation "filled her with wonder and aſtoniſhment. "When we enquired how ſhe did, ſhe re-"plied ſhe found herſelf as if rouſed ſud-"denly from a profound ſleep, and as well "as ever.

"That very night ſhe enquired after "your Lordſhip; I could give her no "other anſwer, but that you was departed

" for * * *, which threw her into profound " meditation. She did not go to bed all " night long."

The reſt of the letter contains nothing worth notice. It is ſigned

FRANCIS PALESKI.

The intelligence which I received by this letter, was an additional motive to make me deſirous of a meeting with the *Unknown*. I ſearched him in every direction, many miles around the town; however all my diligence to find him out was fruitleſs. One evening (it was late and tempeſtuous) when I was going home, after a long and fatiguing ramble, I perceived a perſon in a white cloak, following me every where. The place where I then found myſelf was lonely and very ſuſpicious, which made me quicken my pace. However before I was aware of it, I was ſeized by the ſhoulders from behind, and ſomebody exclaimed in a terrible accent, " Have I caught thee at laſt?" I diſengaged myſelf, and hardly could gain time to draw my ſword; however, it dropped out

out of my hand as soon as I saw the face of my antagonist. I fancied I saw the deceased husband of Amelia, and was seized with horror.

The resemblance was striking to the highest degree. My terror did not allow me for some time to observe, that my pursuer was not less surprised at my countenance than I was at his. However, he recovered first from his astonishment and begged my pardon, in a manner which dispelled at once my apprehensions. "I have mistaken you for another "person," he added, "and if you knew "how much you resemble in size, dress, "and every thing, a man who has done "me the greatest injury, you would "readily forgive me my mistake."

"And if *you* did know" I replied, "what a striking resemblance you have "to a deceased acquaintance of mine, "you will easily be able to account for "the terror in which your appearance "has thrown me."

"May I crave the name of your ac-"quaintance?"

" O yes! Count de Barbis."

" Count de Barbis! Impoſſible! I am " that very perſon!"

I ſtaggered back!

" But perhaps you may have known " my deceaſed brother?" he added, after a long pauſe of aſtoniſhment.

" Not perſonally," I replied, after I had recollected myſelf a little, " how- " ever, I have ſeen his portrait, and the " Counteſs Amelia has told me ſo much " to his praiſe, that I think myſelf very " happy for having met unexpectedly " ſo near a relation of that worthy man."

" How! do you know my ſiſter-in- " law?"

" Yes, I have had the honour of paying " her a viſit at her caſtle."

Having ſtared at me for ſome time, he embraced me joyfully, pronouncing himſelf happy for having been made acquainted with me, lamenting at the ſame time, that our acquaintance had been made in a manner ſo very diſagreeable and alarming.

He went home with me, and told me on the road, that he had miſtaken me for a cer-

a certain Baron who had robbed him of the heart of his miſtreſs, and after having debauched her, had ſuddenly diſappeared and forſaken the poor miſguided girl. "How much reaſon have I" he added, "to praiſe heaven for having opened my "eyes in time; for I certainly would "have pierced you to the heart, if I had "not perceived my miſtake."

At the door of my houſe he took leave of me, after I had promiſed to pay him a viſit the next day.

This incident had ſurpriſed me in ſuch a manner, that I could not help relating it inſtantly to my tutor, as ſoon as I entered his apartment. He fancied the whole matter was very ſuſpicious, and cautioned me to be on my guard.

When I went to the Count's hotel the following morning, he had been obliged to go out, but left a note for me, by which I was deſired to wait a few moments. I was ſhewn into an apartment where I experienced a moſt agreeable ſurpriſe as ſoon as I had entered it. Amelia's picture, which hung in the room, was

the firſt object which aſſailed my gazing looks. It ſeemed to ſmile at me, and was executed with admirable taſte, and aſtoniſhing truth. She was painted in a looſe night-gown, and the moſt beautiful boſom which ever my eyes beheld, was half uncovered. Her auburn hair floated down her ſhoulders in natural treſſes, and one part of it encircled her lily-white arm; the ſpirit of heavenly love was diffuſed over her face, and her ſparkling eyes diſplayed a pure celeſtial fire which rekindled every tender feeling of former times of bliſs. My eyes were feaſting in a voluptuous trance on her beautiful form, and diſcovered charms which had been concealed from my eyes, when viewing in a kind of ecſtaſy the lovely original. I was ſo tranſported by this charming ſight, that I could not refrain from imprinting a burning kiſs on the picture. But at the ſame time, I recollected the promiſe, never to bow at the ſhrine of love, which I had made to the *Unknown*; I ſtaggered back, ſeized with terror, and alas! felt, for the firſt time, that

that I had promiſed more than I ſhould be able to keep. When I renounced love for ever, I fancied Amelia to be dead; but now I knew that ſhe was alive, and her picture had reproduced in my imagination the ſweet recollection of all the happineſs paſt which I had enjoyed by her ſide, and made me anticipate greater pleaſures to come. Heavens! what a dreadful ſtruggle. "No, it is impoſſible!" I exclaimed at length.

"What is impoſſible?" The Count enquired ſmiling, having entered the apartment while I was occupied with viewing the picture, without being perceived by me. I could not hide my confuſion. "It "is not poſſible," ſaid I, at length, after I had recovered as much as poſſible from my perplexity, "it is not poſſible to take "a likeneſs in a more ſtriking manner." He ſeemed ſatisfied with this anſwer.

The picture introduced a diſcourſe on the original, and the Count pretended not to have received the leaſt tidings from his ſiſter for ſix months, and even did not know the preſent place of her abode. He eſteemed

eſteemed himſelf happy in having met a perſon who could give him a ſatisfactory account of his ſiſter-in-law, and I communicated to him what I knew of her ſituation, and the ſtrange adventure at the caſtle. He was very much ſurpriſed when I told him that the lady had diſcloſed to me a part of her hiſtory, and that ſhe would have communicated to me the reſt, if a letter from my father had not obliged me to depart ſuddenly from the caſtle. I requeſted him to let me know the reſt, and hearing that I knew already ſo much of it, he heſitated not a moment to ſatisfy my curioſity.

"The Counteſs" ſaid he, "was interrupted in her narrative, when ſhe was going to ſpeak of that period of her life, when ſhe got acquainted with my brother. She ſaw him the firſt time in the houſe of an aunt at a maſquerade. Amelia being very fond, and a good connoiſſeur of dancing, my brother ſoon attracted her notice, as he was one of the beſt dancers in the room; and you know, it is a powerful recommendation with a young

young girl, if one poſſeſſes an eminent ſkill in that ſeducing art. My brother, who had been charmed with Amelia at firſt ſight, improved the propitious opportunity, and before the maſquerade was finiſhed, had contracted an intimate connexion with his charmer; which, however, was carefully concealed from her aunt. He kept up a correſpondence with the houſe of her relation, and in a ſhort time was ſo happy as to convince the Counteſs of the ſincerity of his love. Her aunt, not ſuſpecting their growing attachment, gave him frequent invitations, and the love of my brother increaſed every day.

"Their happineſs was uninterrupted, till Charles, Amelia's brother, paid his ſiſter a viſit. My brother ſuffered himſelf to be deceived by the fair appearance of the artful villain, and was ſo imprudent as to make him acquainted with the ſtate of his heart. Charles pretended to be extremely pleaſed with my brother's paſſion for his ſiſter, vowed eternal ſecrecy, and went inſtantly to betray him to his aunt, who, however, was too prudent to reproach her niece on account

account of her love, blaming her only for having concealed her attachment from a relation who took a ſincere intereſt in her happineſs. The two lovers were conſequently conſiderable gainers by the treachery of the perfidious confidant, and at once releaſed from the fetters of diſſimulation. However, their happineſs was of ſhort duration. A certain Greek, a beautiful man, of about thirty years, who on account of the ſplendor of his manner of living, and his immenſe wealth, had attracted the notice of the whole town, ſaw my ſiſter-in-law, and was fettered by her uncommon charms. He endeavoured to get acquainted with Charles, and ſoon ſucceeded, diſcloſed his paſſion to him, and gained him over to his party by frequent preſents of great value. Charles introduced him to his aunt, and after a few viſits he began to diſcloſe his ſentiments, but Amelia pretended not to underſtand him. Every one pronounced her happy on account of her conqueſt, however, ſhe kept firm to her firſt attachment. The Greek offered princely preſents;

preſents; they were rejected. The indifference with which ſhe treated her new lover, almoſt deprived him of his reaſon. It is very probable that Charles acquainted him with the cauſe of his cool reception; for one day, he invited my brother to a ſumptuous dinner, and after the cloth was removed, led him into a cloſet, offering a million of livres if he would renounce Amelia to him. My brother was highly offended, and anſwered his rival as he deſerved. The latter threw himſelf down at his knees, weeping, and conjuring my brother, who remained inexorable. The Greek, ſeeing his rival could not be perſuaded to renounce Amelia, ſtarted up with furious rage, and uttered terrible threats; but neither prayers nor menaces could move my brother in his favour.

"When the Greek ſaw at length that all his labour was loſt, he begged the Count not to mention that incident to Amelia, and having received a promiſe to that purport, left him to himſelf. My brother ſtayed not a minute longer in the houſe

houſe of his competitor, and went home, but from that day, all his ſteps were watched by hired aſſaſſins, whom he eſcaped ſeveral times with the greateſt riſk of his life.

"The aunt reſolved to leave the town for ſome months, and to go to a country ſeat about five leagues diſtant, in order to get rid of the frequent importunate viſits of the Greek, which began to be very troubleſome to Amelia. The day on which they intended to depart was fixed, and the preparations were made ſo ſecretly, and with ſo much precaution, that it was almoſt impoſſible the Greek ſhould get the leaſt knowledge of their departure, which was concealed from every body except Charles, who got leave to viſit the ladies ſometimes.

"The day which was fixed for their departure arrived, and the aunt, Amelia, and her brother, accompanied by one ſervant, left the town with the firſt dawn of day, the reſt of the ſervants having been ſent to the villa the preceding day. Having rode two leagues they entered a wood, in the

the middle of which ſeven maſked men ruſhed out of a thicket, ſtopped the horſes, and knocked the coachman down. This done, they opened the coach, forced Amelia out of the arms of her aunt, and haſtened away with their trembling prize.

"The coachman and the ſervant were rouſed from their ſwoon by the ſcreams of the aunt, but the robbers were already vaniſhed with their booty; nevertheleſs ſhe inſiſted upon their purſuing the virgin kidnappers. Nothing but Charles's repeated remonſtrances that ſix unarmed hands would be of little uſe againſt ſeven ruffians provided with arms, could perſuade her to return to town, and to implore the aſſiſtance of the officers of police.

"One circumſtance threw a light upon the whole matter. The Greek had diſappeared, and it was not difficult to gueſs in whoſe power Amelia was. The officers of the police were diſpatched inſtantly, and the reſult of their purſuit was expected between hope and fear.

"When my brother heard the dreadful news he raved like a madman, got upon his

his horſe, and rode away with the ſwiftneſs of the tempeſt. All our remonſtrances availed nothing. "I will find "her," he exclaimed, "even if ſhe "ſhould be concealed in the bowels of "the earth."

"Six weeks were now elapſed, and we had heard not a ſyllable of him nor of Amelia. Anxious bodings crowded upon my mind, and I began to entertain dreadful apprehenſions. At length I received a letter at the end of the ſeventh week.—I have got it in my writing deſk, and if you will give me leave, I will read it to you."

The Count fetched the letter, and was ſo kind as to give me leave to take a copy of it, which I ſhall inſert here word for word.

'O my brother! I was never more convinced that innocence and virtue have their guardian angels, than I am now.—Amelia would have been loſt for ever, if the immediate interceſſion of Heaven had not ſaved her precious life. Read, and then judge whether I am an enthuſiaſt.

'After

'After I had taken leave of you, I rode away with the velocity of lightning, hurried on by a preſentiment which told me "thou ſhalt find Amelia!" This ſecret foreboding made me diſregard every fatigue and danger. On the fourth day after my departure, I was ſo happy as to trace out the courſe which the robbers had taken: I purſued them like a madman, firmly determined to reſcue Amelia from their fangs at the peril of my life. On the ſixth day I loſt every trace, rode eight days more at random from one place to the other, and at length arrived at ***, entirely ſpent with fatigue, and deſtitute of every hope.

'The great fatigue which I had undergone, and the diſtracted ſtate of my mind, confined me above twelve days to my bed, and the loſs of ſo much time deprived me of all hope ever to trace out again my dear Amelia. I was almoſt weary of life, and many black and tormenting thoughts haunted me conſtantly.

'On the day of All Souls I happened to pa[illegible] a church-yard during the afternoon

noon ſervice, and was tempted by the great multitude flocking to the church, to enter it. I ſat down in a corner, wrapped myſelf in my cloak, and abandoned myſelf to the wild flights of my diſordered fancy. A dreadful howling rouſed me from my meditations; it was the ſermon. The pater who delivered it poſſeſſed the art of preaching his auditors into a profound ſleep, and I ſoon experienced the ſomniferous power of his voice. When I awoke I ſaw neither preacher nor hearers. The church was empty, and an awful ſtillneſs reigned around. After many fruitleſs attempts, I ſucceeded at length in forcing the lock of the church door.—Millions of twinkling ſtars decorated the firmament; the moon illuminated the church-yard with a pale light, and here and there the faint-light of a lamp gleamed upon the graves, while the wind ruſtled in the dry leaves of the trees. The whole exhibited a grand and awful ſight, which thrilled my frame with a cold tremor.—When I came to the gate I found it locked, and exerted my ſtrength in vain with

with fruitleſs attempts at forcing the maſſy lock. I muſt confeſs, brother, that the idea of ſpending a night in a church-yard chilled me to the very marrow of my bones. I exclaimed—"Nobody here?" An hollow echo repeated—"here!" it ſeemed as if the dead had anſwered from their graves. No human being ſtirred, and I ſaw myſelf neceſſitated to remain where I was. Filled with horror I ſtaggered over graves and ſkulls, and ſeated myſelf upon a tomb-ſtone. There I was reſting alone in the ghaſtly company of the dead. The profound univerſal ſilence that reigned around me was now and then interrupted by the chiming of the bells from the church ſteeple. O! my brother, it was no unmanly fear which quickened the pulſes of my heart; but it was an undeſcribable awful ſenſation, of being the only living being amid a heap of rotting and decayed carcaſes. I fancied frequently I heard a ſoft ruſtling, or ſaw a pale figure hovering towards me; however it was nothing but the ruſtling of the wind betwixt the dry leaves of the trees,

trees, and the pale light of the moon reflecting from the white tomb-ſtones. At length midnight was ſetting in; the lamps upon the graves were extinguiſhd by degrees; dark clouds veiled the wan face of the moon; the air began to grow damp and chilling, and the ſmell of corruption aroſe ſenſibly. Anxious bodings trembled through my ſoul, and I wrapped my cloak cloſer around my body.

'The clock ſtruck twelve, and the ſound of the laſt ſtroke was yet vibrating in my ear, when the folding gate of the church-yard ruſhed open, and was ſhut again with a tremendous noiſe. I ſtarted up, and concealed myſelf behind a tomb-ſtone. Hollow foot-ſteps and groans of a dying perſon aſſailed my ears. The moon peeped through the clouds, and I ſaw three perſons coming towards the place where I was concealed. I unſheathed my ſword, and awaited their arrival. When they came nearer, I perceived two fellows who were dragging a veiled lady over the graves, and ſtopped about nine paces diſtant from me. The lady dropped to the ground, as

it

it ſeemed in a ſwoon, when they unhanded her.

'"Let us make haſte brother, and diſpatch her!" one of the ruffians exclaimed. "We will not make it long!" his aſſociate replied, "it would be wrong to "torment the poor thing much." At the ſame time he took hold of a ſpade, which he had brought with him, and began to dig up the earth. I was rivetted to the ground, ſeized with horror and aſtoniſhment. While one of them was digging a grave, the other took a large knife out of his pocket.

'"O! God! So am I then doomed to "deſtruction? O have mercy upon me, "and ſpare my life!" exclaimed the veiled lady. The firſt ſyllable ſhe pronounced, told me it was Amelia.

'"You muſt die!" replied the man with the knife. Amelia removed the veil, exclaiming in a trembling accent: "If I muſt inevitably die, then let me pray firſt, that I may not leave this world unprepared."

'The ſight of her beautiful face,

moved the heart of the barbarians, and her prayer was granted.

'Having prayed for a few minutes, she began to weep bitterly.

'"Amelia! thy prayer is granted!" I exclaimed, rushing at the same time from my hiding place. The two assassins must have fancied me to be a spectre, for they stood motionless and pale with terror.

'I buried my sword in their villainous hearts before they could recover from their fright; then I tore the keys out of the hand of one of the ruffians, threw both of them into the grave which had been dug, and covered them with earth. This done, I took Amelia under my arm, who seemed to doubt whether she saw me really, or a spectre, and hastened with her from that place of horror to my inn. I ordered post horses, and after I had unfolded to her the mystery in a few words, hurried her into the coach. On the road she related to me, that the Greek who had carried her off had tried every means to gain her love, but that she had treated with scorn all his endeavours to overcome her

disgust

diſguſt to his perſon, and thus had rouſed his anger and reſentment in ſuch a manner that he had vowed to ſacrifice her to his fury. "If I cannot enjoy thee," the ſavage exclaimed, "then nobody elſe "ſhall." "The reſt (ſhe added) you "know."

'I am now with Amelia, on the road to her mother, of whom I ſhall deſire her in marriage. Do me the favour to deliver the encloſed letter to her aunt; it is from Amelia, and contains a full account of her ſufferings, along with the reaſons which prevent her from returning to her. Farewell! you ſhall ſoon hear again from me!'

The Count had ſcarcely done reading the letter when company was announced. A game at Faro was propoſed, I ſuffered myſelf to be perſuaded to be of the party, and loſt almoſt all my money. On my return to our inn, I met the *Unknown*, who ſeemed to have been ſent by heaven to my relief. I was going to relate to him my diſagreeable ſituation; however he did not ſuffer me to go on, telling me, "I know what you want, come to-morrow

night to the well known ſpot by the ſide of the river, and your difficulties ſhall be removed." So ſaying, he left me.

My joy at this happy meeting was unbounded, and I repaired to the appointed place at eight o'clock the following night; however I waited till eleven o'clock before the *Unknown* joined me. I was juſt conſidering whether I ſhould go or wait a little longer for him, when he ſhowed himſelf at a diſtance, like an apparition. He beckoned to me, and I followed him. He led me on unbeaten paths, along a hill which we at length aſcended. Upon the top of it a ruinous building preſented itſelf to my eyes; here my guide, who as yet had not uttered a ſyllable, ſtopped and ſaid: "In the womb of this "hill, an immenſe treaſure is concealed. "I read in the book of fate, that you are "not the perſon who is deſtined to re"move it, however it is in my power to "let you have as much of it as you want. "Are you reſolved to deſcend into the "deep and to try your fortune?"

"I am!"

The

The *Unknown* gave me a dark lanthorn, and an ebony wand, adding, "take this "wand, it will be your protector in dan- "gers. Whatever you may meet on your "way, touch it with your wand, and no "harm will befall you. You will see "many things which will attract your cu- "riosity, but do not stop, nor examine "them. Pursue your way quickly, and "you will come into a spacious hall, where "you will find a sleeping virgin, whom "you must touch with the wand, and then "you may take the diamond pin, which is "in her hair. When you have taken pos- "session of that jewel, you may return; "I shall expect you here." So saying, he led me into the ruinous building, opened a trap-door, and I began to descend. The noise with which the trap-door was shut, thrilled my heart; I fancied I descended into my grave. Having reached the seventh step, I stopped and deliberated whether I should proceed farther. It was not want of courage that made me hesi- tate, for I think I have proved more than once, that I am no coward; however, it seemed as if some invisible power kept me

forcibly back. I looked into the abyſs, from which a cloud of duſt and mould ſeemed riſing up, and an undeſcribable dreadful anxiety ſtraitened my breaſt. I ſtruggled for ſome time with myſelf, not knowing what I ſhould do, but ſoon rouſed my drooping ſpirits by the reflexion, how diſgraceful it would be to me if I ſhould return to the *Unknown*, without having executed my deſign, and was going to proceed; however, the anxiety which ſeized me with additional force, made me ſoon ſtep back. I do not know what I ſhould have determined upon at laſt, if a ſtrange incident had not put a ſtop to my deliberation.

Having ſpent about eight minutes in that dreadful ſituation, I heard ſuddenly the report of a gun from without, and at the ſame time a confuſed noiſe of well-known voices vibrated in my ear. I recovered at once my full recollection, which had been partly ſuſpended by an irreſiſtible charm, and re-aſcended haſtily the ſteps. Having puſhed open the trap-door, heavens! what a ſcene did then my

eyes

eyes behold! I fancied I saw some magic delusion. The first object which my eyes met, was Count Barbis and my tutor, who ran to clasp me in their arms as soon as I appeared. However, my first astonishment soon gave room to a second and greater one. Four constables had taken hold of the *Unknown*, and were going to tie his hands and feet. He seemed entirely unconcerned, and suffered himself to be fettered with the noble scorn of a lion, who is bound with cords. At length he turned towards me: "Ascribe it," said he, "to your irresolution, that you have "not got what you wanted." "Away "with him!" the Count exclaimed in a thundering accent—"lead the impostor "to the dungeon!" The *Unknown* darted a look of annihilation at the Count, without vouchsafing to return an answer. When he was going to be led away by the constables, he addressed me once more. "Farewell! my Lord," said he, "at "* * * n, I shall see you again." The place which he had named, was above three hundred leagues distant.

"This time," the Count called out after him, "thy prophecy may prove "falfe, for the hand of the hangman will "quickly ftop thee for ever in thy diabo-"lical career."

I was riveted to the ground, and every power of reflection feemed fufpended. My tutor took me by the hand and entreated me to follow him. "Come!" faid he, "and thank this worthy man for "his having delivered you from the fangs "of an infernal impoftor."

"An *impoftor?*" I replied, ftill feized with wonder and aftoniſhment.

"Yes, an impoftor" the Count faid, "I "will give you convincing proofs of it."

"Impoſſible!"

"Certainly," he refumed, "if you be-"lieve it impoſſible, then it will be difficult "to convince you of the reality of my af-"fertion."

"By heaven it will!"

The Count ſtared at me with riſing indignation, and then turned to my tutor, "how much are we to be pitied that we, "by our premature intereeſſion—"

I in-

I interrupted him with swelling anger: "Count, I know what you are going to "say; but I beg you will not take too "much liberty with me; if the man "proves an impostor, I certainly shall be "very thankful to you; but till then, you "will have the goodness to bear with my "incredulity."

"By God this is too much!" my tutor exclaimed, "what foolish delusion has "fettered your heart to this villain?"

"Delusion!—do you not owe your life "to this very villain? or was the poniard "which was pointed at your heart, and "guarded off by that villain also, a mere "delusion?"

"*One* good action is no proof of honesty "and virtue; and, besides one can save "the life of a person with a very villain-"ous view."

"Or was it also a foolish delusion that "when I lately plunged into the river, "this very villain saved my life, which "then could be preserved only by a kind "of miracle?"

"How!" my tutor exclaimed, with asto-

" niſhment, your life has been in danger,
" and you have concealed it from me ?"

" Why ſhould I have acquainted you
" with an incident, the relation of which
" would have terrified you, and covered
" me with bluſhes, without anſwering any
" purpoſe ? But now, as the honour of my
" unknown benefactor is at ſtake, I can-
" not keep it ſecret any longer."

" You fell into the river ? Merciful
" God !"

" Through—careleſſneſs. I was walk-
" ing one evening, by myſelf, cloſe by the
" ſide of the river:—Being immerſed in
" profound thought, I did not obſerve
" that I was walking on the outermoſt ex-
" tremity of the bank, the ground beneath
" my feet ſuddenly gave way—"

" Merciful God ! and you fell down ?"

" I fell in the water. The current hur-
" ried me along ; I endeavoured to ſave
" my life by ſwimming, but entangled
" myſelf in my cloak, and went to the
" bottom."

" You went to the bottom ?"

" I had

"I had already loſt all power of recol-
"lection, and when I recovered the uſe of
"my ſenſes I found myſelf in the arms of
"—the villain whom you have ſent to
"priſon."

"Come, Count," my tutor exclaimed,
"for God's ſake come!"

"Whither."

"How can you aſk? to ſave a man to
"whom we owe two lives."

"But you don't conſider, that this
"action is not ſufficient to prove his inno-
"cence; and that he, nevertheleſs, may
"be an impoſtor."

"Here is nothing to conſider, except
"that he has acted in a noble manner,
"with reſpect to myſelf and my pupil, and
"conſequently has a juſt claim to our
"gratitude."

"Acted in a noble manner?—Even
"two good actions are no proofs of ho-
"neſty and virtue, and beſides, one may
"ſave the lives of two perſons for a very
"villainous purpoſe."

"Then you will not go with us," I ex-
claimed with warmth, "Come!" taking
my tutor by the arm, "don't let us waſte

" so much time with useless talk; the life " of our benefactor is at stake."

" Well, go, if you have a mind to have " a useless walk," the Count resumed. " Do you think justice will be so partial " in this country as to pardon a criminal " because he has been serviceable to " you?"

" You are right," my tutor replied, after some reflection. " This time my old " head has been misguided again by my " heart."

We were now arrived at the hotel of the Count. He took leave very cordially of my tutor, but very coldly of me. This, and his having thwarted my plan of making an attempt to save the *Unknown*, vexed me very much, and I was determined to be revenged.

My tutor very probably expected my curiosity would tempt me to enquire after the particulars of the whole incident, however, he was disappointed. I was vexed, indisposed, anxious about the fate of the *Unknown*, and consequently would easily bridle my curiosity. My tutor who

who seemed desirous to rouse it, in order to justify his behaviour towards the *Unknown* and the Count, endeavoured to unseal my lips by repeated reproaches on account of my carelessness, my reservedness, &c. &c. however I returned very short and dry answers, wished him a good night and went to bed.

I slept very uneasy, my sleep being interrupted by horrid dreams. I got up early; an unaccountable restlessness drove me out of the house, and I rode to the Count. He was just going out, and surprised at my early visit.

"Can you spare me a few minutes, "Count?"

"As many as you wish; in what can I "serve you?"

"You have calumniated yesterday, a "man who is dear to me."

"I have, if speaking truth can be cal- "led calumniating."

"You have called him an impostor."

"I did; and I am ready to maintain "my assertion."

"With the sword too?"

"Cer-

"Certainly!"

"Then be so kind as to take a ride "with me into the fields."

"Why take so much pains? can we "not decide the matter here?"

We unsheathed our swords.

"Stop only one moment," the Count exclaimed, "will you not hear first my jus- "tification? perhaps you may change "your mind."

"*Perhaps* has no weight with me, if "the honour of a friend is at stake! Let "us come to the point!"

I must remark here, that in my native town I was known to possess the greatest skill in fencing, and feared by every one on that account. I had indeed attained a very high degree of perfection in that art, partly through my natural agility and flexibility of body, and partly through frequent exercise, the consciousness of which made me boldly face every danger, and prompted me now also to meet the Count with the greatest intrepidity.

The fight began, and I observed from the first onset that my antagonist was no common

common fencer. But ſoon I experienced more than that, being diſarmed after the firſt ſix turns.

The Count wanted to ſhake hands with me. "One turn more!" I exclaimed, taking up my rapier. He ſtepped back with uncommon coolneſs, and waited my attack. But no feint nor ſurpriſing turn ſucceeded. Profoundly ſkilled in every art of fencing, he parried with uncommon eaſe and dexterity every onſet, though planned ever ſo ſubtle. This fired my ambition to the higheſt degree; the burning deſire to ſatiate my thirſt for revenge, and to conquer ſuch a maſter in fencing, made me exert all my ſtrength. Vain endeavour! I could as eaſily have wounded the incorporeal air, as I was able to ſtrike a blow at my antagoniſt.

"You ſee," the Count ſaid ſmiling, "that my blade poſſeſſes a magic charm "which repulſes irreſiſtibly the point "of your ſword. Let us make up the "matter."

I took theſe words for raillery, exclaiming in an accent of frantic fury—"One "turn

"turn more, perhaps I may diſpel the "charm!" I fought now with additional rage, becauſe my pride was nettled.—Seeing that all my efforts of wounding the Count proved abortive, my rage increaſed, and I riſked ſeveral deſperate attempts. "Take care," the Count exclaimed, "you are off your guard." This remark, and his uncommon coolneſs, (for he acted only on the defenſive) rendered me almoſt mad. "I or you!" I exclaimed. "Neither you nor I!" was his reply. He pronounced theſe words with ſo much ſelf-confidence, that I could not doubt his being certain of his ſuperior ſkill. I had, as yet, endeavoured in vain to ſtrike an indifferent blow, but now my ſword was pointed at his heart. The Count perceived my aim, but ſtill behaved with the ſame coolneſs and forbearance. At length my ardour abated, my ſtrength and art were exhauſted, and the Count was ſtill unhurt. "No!" I now exclaimed, throwing my weapon to the ground, "I will "not fight againſt you any longer. Here "is my hand, Count, I am reconciled."

He

He embraced me with the warmeſt cordiality. "I have fought many duels, I added, "but I have never met with ſuch "an antagoniſt. I muſt confeſs you are "my maſter."

"And I am proud," was his reply, "of having regained by my ſword, a friend whom I had loſt by an action to which the ſincereſt affection had prompted me."

"Let me hear the particulars of that ſtrange incident; I am deſirous to know your charges againſt the *Unknown*, and ſtill more ſo to hear how you happened to deliver me from his power."

"Is it poſſible your tutor ſhould not have told it you already."

"He wanted to do it yeſterday, but I would not liſten to him."

"Now I conceive—

"How could I challenge you? I muſt confeſs I did wrong that I would not liſten to your juſtification, and I hope you will excuſe and forgive it. Let me now hear what you have to ſay."

"The day before you viſited me the laſt time, your tutor came to my houſe, pre-

pretending you had ſaid ſo much to my praiſe that he could no longer reſiſt the deſire of being better acquainted with me. The firſt reciprocal compliments being over, we happened to diſcourſe of you. Your tutor aſked me when you had been with me the laſt time? I named the day; he ſhook his head, and turned the diſcourſe upon another ſubject. I ſoon became ſenſible that my new acquaintance was a man of an excellent underſtanding, and a moſt amiable diſpoſition of heart; and obſerved with ſweet pleaſure that I ſeemed not to be indifferent to him. Our diſcourſe ſoon became more animated, warm and unreſerved, and you happened again to become the object of our converſation. 'I cannot conceal any longer from you '(your tutor ſaid) that this young man is 'extremely dear to me, that I love him 'almoſt better than myſelf. He is grown 'up under my hands, I have unfolded 'his underſtanding, and chiefly through 'my care and attention to his improve-'ment, (I can ſay, without flattering my-'ſelf) he became what he is—an excel-

'lent

'lent promiſing young man, of whom I 'have reaſon to be proud. What a hap-'py proſpect does he afford his country, 'which will reap one time the fruits of 'the bloſſom which my eye beholds at 'preſent with ſilent ſatisfaction.'

"In this ſtrain he continued to ſpeak a good while.—But you pay no attention to what I am ſaying!"

"I am all attention, be ſo kind as to go on!"

'However thoſe endowments of mind,' your tutor continued, 'which I ſaw bud 'with ſo much pleaſure, and improved 'and nurſed with ſo much care: his 'burning thirſt for knowledge, his fond-'neſs for whatever is ſingular and un-'common, his ſenſible heart and glowing 'fancy—theſe excellent qualities begin 'now to take a turn which has cauſed me 'many gloomy days, and many nights of 'ſilent ſorrow."

'All this has my tutor told you?"

"Let me proceed!" 'If you will pro-'miſe me to keep it to yourſelf,' he continued, 'I will diſcloſe to you an inci-

'dent

'dent which will enable you to judge of 'the dangerous turn the mind of this 'young man has taken.'

"Having promised upon my honour to be discreet, he related to me your adventures with the *Unknown*. When he had finished his relation, he looked at me for some time, gloomy and friendly; then he took me by the hand and said, 'Count, 'I have communicated to you all that I 'know of the matter; however, I fear I 'do not know all; a silent apprehension 'tells me that he continues his connec-'tion with that dangerous man without 'my knowledge. He who never con-'cealed any thing from me, who has 'laid open to me the most hidden re-'cesses of his soul, is grown at once close 'and reserved. I fear, I fear he is still 'connected with the *Unknown*, and meets 'him at night, for he always comes home 'very late.'

"Indeed! did he tell you so?"

"Yes, your tutor told me so, and conjured me with tears, if I should make a discovery to that point, to communicate it

it to him without delay. An accident enabled me ſooner than I had expected to return his confidence in me."

"Indeed. I am curious to know what accident this was!"

"A member of the government of this town, Mr. Alvarez, whom you ſaw the day before yeſterday at my houſe, and who left it before you, ſaw, when ſtepping out of the door, a man wrapt in a purple cloak hovering around the houſe, as if he had ſome ſiniſter deſign. My friend, who thought it very ſuſpicious, pretended not to have noticed him, and went about ſixty ſteps farther, concealing himſelf in a place where the light of the moon enabled him to obſerve the ſuſpicious lurker, without being ſeen by him. Soon after you left the houſe too, and the man in the purple cloak followed you. My friend, ſeeing you enter into a converſation with him, concluded he was an acquaintance of yours who had waited for you, and was going to purſue his way, but you were then ſo cloſe by the place where he was concealed that he could not leave it with

propriety.

propriety. "I know every thing," ſaid your companion, who thought himſelf unobſerved and had opened his cloak, "come to-morrow evening to the well "known ſpot by the ſide of the river, "and you ſhall find aſſiſtance." Theſe words, and the accent with which they were pronounced, ſtruck my friend; he fancied he knew the voice, and examined his countenance as well as his ſituation permitted it. He recollected his features, only his long white beard made him heſitate a little at firſt. However, even that diſguiſe could not conceal him long; he was ſoon convinced that this man was the ſame perſon whom he had known ſome years paſt in the Eaſt-Indies, and whoſe memory had been deeply engraven on his mind by a moſt remarkable incident. My friend, being ſpurred by what he had heard and ſeen, returned inſtantly to tell me into whoſe hands you had fallen. His intelligence filled me with fear and aſtoniſhment. We conſulted on the ſpot how we could—

"The

"The incident!"—I exclaimed—"the "incident! or dare I not know it?"

"The gratification of your curiosity shall be your punishment!" the Count resumed smiling, after a short pause: "it will flatter your pride very little when you shall hear what a wretch the man is for whom you drew your sword a quarter of an hour ago."

"I certainly shall fight you with pistols," I replied, "if you don't come soon to the point."

"My friend embarked about twelve years ago for the East-Indies, forced by stress of fortune, in order to improve his situation. He had been recommended to one Finaldi, a banker of immense property. Being provided with letters of recommendation from the best houses, he was received in his counting-house without the least hesitation, and under very advantageous conditions. His great abilities and his uncommon diligence soon gained him the favour of Finaldi, and he had every reason to expect to make his fortune. A strange adventure raised his sanguine

ſanguine expectations ſtill higher. One evening when he was ſitting in his room quite alone overlooking his accounts, a black ſlave entered his apartment, giving him a note. He opened it, and read the following words: "If thou canſt return love for love and keep ſilence, then fix a place where the bearer may find thee at midnight. Follow him whitherſoever he ſhall conduct thee, and fear nothing. A loving heart and a ſweet reward are awaiting thee."

"My friend peruſed the note more than four times without knowing what to think of it. He endeavoured in vain to ſift the black ſlave, who pretended to have been bound to ſecreſy by a dreadful oath. No promiſes nor preſents were able to open his lips. My friend could extort nothing but the promiſe that no harm ſhould befall him. The reſerved ſlave went away, and met him at midnight on the appointed ſpot.

"My friend followed him not without apprehenſion. "Slave," ſaid he, "whi-"ther art thou conducting me?" The

ſlave remained ſilent, putting his hand upon his lips. "Tell me, whither art "thou conducting me?" The black beckoned to follow him ſilently. My friend followed with anxious expectation.

"A high wall ſtopped their courſe. "Aſcend the ladder!" the ſlave ſaid. My friend climbed up the ladder, and deſcended into a garden of great extent and ſplendor. "Take a turn in this palm grove till I come back." So ſaying, he left my friend. After a quarter of an hour he returned and bade my friend follow him. They entered a ſmall gate, and arrived at laſt, over a narrow and dark ſtair-caſe, in a paſſage which was lighted by a few lamps; there the black ſtopped, beating the floor twice with his foot. A door was thrown open, and a ſweet aromatic odor evaporated from a dark apartment. The ſlave puſhed my friend in the room, and ſhut the door upon him. My friend groped in the dark; a ſmall ſoft hand took hold of his, and a harmonious female voice whiſpered in his ear, "Come, and fear nothing." His

 inviſible

inviſible conductreſs led him ſoftly along; and ſuddenly a ſilken curtain was drawn open; a ſplendid apartment illuminated with numberleſs torches, and a velvet couch upon which a heavenly female figure was repoſing, preſented themſelves to the gazing looks of my aſtoniſhed friend. "Come nearer, charming European," liſped the crimſoning fair one, "but take care not to treſpaſs the laws of modeſty; for at the firſt ſignal my people will ruſh into the room and kill thee." Then the beautiful Indian told him, that ſhe had ſeen him accidentally, had fallen in love with him at firſt ſight, and was determined to be married to him. "It is true," added ſhe, "my mother hates you Europeans, and this has obliged me to meet thee at night; however, I do not deſpair of perſuading her to give her conſent to our union, for ſhe doats upon me. I only want to know whether thou canſt return love for love, and wilt become my Lord. I am very rich and handſome too, as thou ſeeſt; if thou wilt promiſe to marry me, thou ſhalt have leave to ſee me every night."

Here

Here I ſtarted up from my chair, exclaiming, "Count, do you keep your word thus? You have promiſed to relate to me the adventure with the *Unknown*, and you give me the romance of your friend, with all the particulars."

"I ſhall ſoon have done!" reſumed the Count, who ſeemed to be determined to be revenged on my patience for my challenge.

"I need not tell you," thus he reſumed, "that my friend accepted with rapture the offer of the beautiful Indian, and that the damſel exerted every power of perſuaſion to get the conſent of her mother, her father being dead ſome years. Fortune ſeemed indeed to favour the two lovers. The greateſt obſtacles were already removed, the mother began to liſten with patience to the arguments of her daughter, and the latter ſurrendered without reſerve, to the tenderneſs of her preſumed huſband, when an unexpected clap of thunder deſtroyed every hope of future happineſs; and a dreadful blow ruined my friend for ever. A rich *Iriſhman*,

who was gone to the Eaſt-Indies half a year before my friend went, and lived in a ſplendid manner, ſent one morning a ſervant to the banker, with the intelligence that he was going on board of a ſhip to undertake a long journey, deſiring, at the ſame time, Mr. Finaldi to remit him without delay the ſum which he had entruſted to his care. The banker was certain that he never had received money from the *Iriſhman*, and told his ſervant to inform his maſter he was very much miſtaken, for he never had received a farthing from him, much leſs the ſum of 15000l. and conſequently could remit him no money. No ſooner was the ſervant gone, when my friend was ſent to the juſtice of peace in order to inform againſt the *Iriſhman* as a ſwindler, but how great was his aſtoniſhment when the ſuppoſed cheat entered the office, telling the juſtice that he had ſent to Mr. Finaldi, ſoon after his arrival in the Eaſt-Indies, 15000l. in piaſters, and begged him to keep that ſum till he ſhould demand it back. The latter he had done to-day,

becauſe

becauſe he was going on a long voyage, but the banker denied having received any money, and as his departure could not be delayed, he deſired to have a ſearch warrant. He added at the ſame time, that if the banker ſhould have removed his money, the officers of police would perhaps find the letter ſealed with a ſeal, which he produced, and ſent by him to Finaldi along with the money in queſtion. So ſaying, he gave to the judge a copy of his letter, and a liſt of the different numbers with which the bags were marked, offering to wait meanwhile at the office, in order to be reſponſible for every thing, if neither money nor letter ſhould be found, and then to prove his demand in a more convincing manner. The judge could not refuſe granting the requeſt; he went along with ſome officers of the police to the houſe of the banker, requeſting him to deliver to him the money of the Iriſhman without delay, ſhewing him at the ſame time the copy of the letter, and enquiring whether he had not received the original? However, when

Finaldi proteſted he had never ſeen ſuch a letter, he was informed that his houſe and writings would be ſearched. Finaldi ſubmitted very cheerfully to it, and went himſelf with the judge into the firſt floor, opening the repoſitory and the cheſts in which he kept his money and bills of exchange. The banker ſaw, with the greateſt equanimity, the judge take a note out of his pocket, and compare with it the marked bags. The judge diſcovered very eaſily thoſe which were marked with the numbers mentioned by the Iriſhman, and ſealed with his own ſeal. The letter, a copy of which had been given to the judge by the Iriſhman, was lying open on one of the bags, and of courſe the demand of the claimant fully proved, and the money ordered to be carried away. Finaldi, hearing the judge order his money to be carried away, grew almoſt frantic and proteſted ſolemnly againſt his proceedings, but to no purpoſe. The judge ſhewed him the letter of the Iriſhman, and his ſeal on the bags. My friend ſaw the banker ſtagger back with a countenance

tenance as pale as aſhes. After a long pauſe of horror, he ſwore at length by the living God, he knew not how the ſeal and the letter could have been put upon the bags, proteſting again and again, that the money was his property. However, his pretended ignorance appeared to the judge an additional proof of the banker's crime, and he was obliged to ſuffer his money to be carried away, and delivered into the hands of the Iriſhman, who received it with the ſolemn declaration that he would return very ſoon and formally proſecute the banker for fraud, and ſet ſail that very hour.

"And this Iriſhman?"—

"Pray let me finiſh my narration.—On the evening of that very day, a young man with whom my friend was very intimate, came in his room, with evident ſigns of the greateſt conſternation. "Make haſte, make haſte, my dear friend," he exclaimed with a trembling voice, "and ſave thyſelf! Finaldi is in the greateſt fury; he has been informed—God knows by what traitor—that you have been out

of the houſe laſt night, and returned ſome hours after midnight. He is firmly convinced that you muſt have been privy to the fraud of the Iriſhman, and betrayed him in the night.' For heaven's ſake, don't deſitate a moment! Make haſte to ſave yourſelf by flight; every moment threatens to be fatal to you; you are beſet by Finaldi's ſpies, all your ſteps are watched; diſguiſe yourſelf, and flee as far as you can."

My friend being conſcious of his innocence, was determined to ſtay. His nocturnal abſence had been occaſioned by the fair Indian, and not by Finaldi's money-bags, which his confidant knew very well. "But how will you prove your innocence?" the latter reſumed, "Did not your miſtreſs make you ſwear a ſolemn oath to be ſilent? Do you intend to expoſe the honor of the darling of your heart to public ridicule, and publiſh in a court of juſtice the nocturnal myſteries of love? And ſuppoſe—which I never can believe you could commit ſuch a cruel treachery, do you think this would exculpate

pate you? Are not appearances entirely againſt you? No one except yourſelf and Finaldi keeps the keys to the apartments, repoſitories and cheſts which contain the money and the papers; conſequently, nobody but yourſelf, or the perſon with whom you were connected, can have defrauded the banker." "O God!" exclaimed my friend with deſpair, "I am ruined! ſave me! whither ſhall I flee?" "In the arms of friendſhip!" his confidant replied. "Come! I will procure you a temporary aſylum againſt the ſpies of Finaldi; with the firſt dawn of day, you muſt go on board a ſhip." He was as good as his word, concealing my friend, during the night, in his lodging, and conducting him in diſguiſe on board of a veſſel as ſoon as morning began to dawn. "Shall I flee without taking leave of my miſreſs?" My friend aſked groaning. "Will you on the brink of ſafety, plunge yourſelf in the gulf of deſtruction?" his confidant replied. The wind ſwelled the ſails, and in a few minutes the ſhip was out of the harbour. My friend ſaw the Eaſt-In-

dies and his native country no more. He afterwards repented in vain his premature flight, by which he had ſtrengthened the ſuſpicion of his ſuppoſed crime; he looked in vain, with heavy groans, towards the place which contained his miſtreſs, who, as he was informed afterwards, drowned herſelf out of deſpair. All his promiſing views, all his roſy hopes were ruined for ever. He was now wretched, unſpeakably wretched—rendered ſo by one man.—Conceive his aſtoniſhment, when he found again this very man, the day before yeſterday, in your *Unknown*."

"Is it poſſible?"

"Yes! it is but too certain—And in ſuch a wretch you have confided."

"Should the Iriſhman really have been "a cheat."

"How can you doubt it?"

"I confeſs Count, on one ſide appear- "ance is entirely againſt him; but on the "other ſide appearance is not leſs againſt "the fraud."

"I cannot comprehend you."

"I will

"I will explain myſelf diſtinctly, and "with brevity: If I ſuppoſe the Iriſhman "to be an impoſtor, then the incident "which you have been relating to me is "more incomprehenſible, than if I ſup-"poſe him to be an honeſt man."

"For what reaſon?"

"Be ſo kind to anſwer me firſt a few "queſtions, and every thing will be clear-"ed up."

"Well! what do you wiſh to know?"

"Had the Iriſhman never been in the "houſe of the banker?"

"Never."

"Had no perſon beſides your friend "and Finaldi, been intruſted with the "keys to the rooms, repoſitories, and "cheſts?"

"No perſon whatever."

"Had neither of them loſt one of thoſe "keys?"

"Certainly not. Nay, I will tell you "more; on the day previous to that on "which the Iriſhman claimed the money, "my friend ſaw the bags without his "ſeal."

" Has no door nor cheſt been found
" forced, nor a lock damaged; and have
" no other marks of a violent entry been
" detected?"

" No, aſſuredly not!"

" How could, therefore, the Iriſhman
" have committed that fraud? You have
" refuted your own aſſertion, Count! or
" you muſt allow that the *Unknown* is poſ-
" ſeſſed of ſupernatural ſkill—and then I
" agree with you."

" He that is entruſted with ſupernatural
" power," the Count replied in a ſolemn
accent, " will never miſuſe it for a vil-
" lainous purpoſe."

" Then explain to me the whole inci-
" dent in a natural manner, and I will
" embrace you as the greateſt philoſo-
" pher."

" I muſt confeſs that I find it impoſſi-
" ble; but what does this prove? are jug-
" gling tricks impoſition in a leſſer de-
" gree becauſe I cannot explain them; or
" does the man who has robbed another
" perſon of 1500l. ceaſe being a villain,
" becauſe I cannot penetrate the web of
" his fraud?"

My tutor who had joined us during this discourse, and signified by silent signs, his approbation of the Count's remarks, took now his part. "Don't you recollect," said he to me, "that the first attempt of "the *Unknown* upon us, was nothing less "than a theft? He had robbed us too, in "an incomprehensible manner; but have "we been less imposed upon on that ac-"count."

"I beg your pardon!" I replied. "This case is very different from the for-"mer, at least in one respect. In the for-"mer case, he is a downright cheat, if we "suppose that he never restored the theft; "or," said I to the Count, "has he ever "returned the money to the banker?"

"My friend has been informed by let-"ters which he lately received from the "East Indies, that he neither is returned "thither, nor has remitted the money."

"The cheat which he played upon us," I resumed, "proves nothing against his "honesty!"

"Nothing? how can you maintain "this?"

"The

" The event has proved it. He has " returned every thing; he did therefore " never design to appropriate our proper- " ty to himself."

" The latter conclusion, I think, is too " premature. He has perhaps changed " his plan."

" Perhaps he may have returned the " smaller sum," my tutor said, " in or- " der to hoodwink, and to cheat us of a " greater sum."

" By heaven! you judge too severely." I exclaimed.

" You have maintained just now," the Count resumed, " that if you were to " suppose the Irishman to be an impostor, " the incident with the banker would ap- " pear more incomprehensible to you, " than if you should suppose him to be an " honest man. The former part of this " assertion you have explained; will you " be so kind to give us some light with " respect to the latter point?"

" If I take the Irishman to be an honest " man, then I seek the impostor in Final- " di's house, and the cheat becomes very " comprehensible."

" In

"In Finaldi's houſe? how ſhould this "be poſſible? Did I not tell you, that no "perſon, except my friend and the "banker, had the care of the keys to his "money and papers. I can be bound "for the honeſty of my friend."

"For the banker's honeſty too?"

"No; but I think there is no occaſion "for it."

"What can prevent me from believ- "ing, that the banker really received the "15,000l. from the Iriſhman, and wanted "to cheat him of that ſum?"

"How can you give room to ſuch a "ſuppoſition, only for a ſingle moment. "Not to mention the readineſs and un- "concern which Finaldi diſplayed on the "examination of his cheſts, you muſt con- "ſider that he could eaſily have removed "the letter which bore witneſs againſt "againſt him, if he had really received "the money, and deſigned to defraud the "Iriſhman of it. Then you will pleaſe "to conſider, that, according to the de- "claration of my friend, the ſeal of the "Iriſhman was not on the bags the day

"before

" before the examination, and that the " banker certainly would not have im- " printed it the preceding night, in order " to betray himself the day following—"

My discourse with the Count was interrupted by his friend who came to see him. " Anxiety for your safety," said the magistrate to the former, " and for yours, " my Lord," turning to Count Galvez, my tutor, " has carried me hither. The Irish- " man whom I have imprisoned yesterday " does not know, as yet, who his informers " are, and although he never should re- " ceive intelligence of it, he will, never- " theless, suspect you to be the primary " cause of his imprisonment. Do not " flatter yourselves that you will be able " to escape the effects of his resentment, " if you stay here any longer. It is yet " in your power to save yourselves, be- " cause his myrmidons are at present ig- " norant of the matter. But you will not " if they receive intelligence of the affair. " Do not think that my anxiety for " your safety exaggerates the danger " against which I have cautioned you.

" You

"You do not know that dreadful man, "nor his incredible power. Only a "speedy departure and the moſt ſecret "incognito on the road can ſave you."

We thanked the magiſtrate for his attention and, deliberated inſtantly on our ſituation. We determined to prepare with the utmoſt ſecrecy for our departure, and to leave the town againſt midnight, taking an affectionate leave of the friendly magiſtrate after we had made him promiſe to ſend us frequent and exact accounts of the conduct of the Iriſhman, and the progreſs and iſſue of his trial.

The Count begged leave to accompany us, alledging, that he had ſettled his buſineſs at * * * *, and conſequently was at liberty to follow us every where. I and my tutor, who had a particular regard for the Count, were very agreeably ſurpriſed by his offer, and accepted it with great pleaſure. We left the town as ſoon as it grew dark, and at ſix o'clock the next morning, were ſixty miles diſtant from the place of danger.

The Count did not think it adviſeable to ſtop, and as we ſtayed no where longer than

than two days at moſt, we were ſoon 534 miles diſtant.

On the road I received a complete account of the particulars of my delivery from the power of the Iriſhman. The Count having communicated to my tutor the intelligence which he had received from the magiſtrate, a plan of taking up the Iriſhman was inſtantly deſigned and executed.

My ſervant had received orders not to loſe ſight of me all the evening, and to follow me every where at a proper diſtance. When I came to the bank of the river, and began to walk up and down as if expecting ſomebody, he concluded that this was the place of rendezvous, and informed my tutor of it. My tutor communicated his intelligence to the Count, and the Count to the magiſtrate. The latter ordered ſome officers of the police to attend him, and followed my ſervant to the place where I expected the *Unknown*. All my ſteps were watched at a diſtance; which could be done ſo much eaſier, as I had not the leaſt ſuſpicion of being ſurrounded by ſpies.

The

The *Unknown* appeared, and the whole train followed us at a great diſtance, only the magiſtrate went home again, thinking his preſence ſuperfluous. My ſervant carried a lanthorn under his cloak in order to light the torches which the officers of the police were provided with, as ſoon as the ſignal ſhould be made in order to prevent the Iriſhman from making his eſcape in the dark. The Count and my tutor were the firſt who had aſcended the hill after us, and as ſoon as I had entered the ruinous building, they beſet the entrance in order to ſeize the Iriſhman when he ſhould return. Their plan ſucceeded; the Count gave the ſignal with a piſtol, the police officers ruſhed forth from their ambuſh and ſeized the Iriſhman. This was the natural courſe of an incident, which at firſt ſurpriſed me like a magical deluſion.

Six hundred miles ſeparated us now from the dreaded *Unknown*. We therefore believed ourſelves to be out of the reach of his myrmidons, and ſtopped at * * *ch, without entertaining the leaſt apprehenſion.

ſion. In that town I renewed my acquaintance with the amiable brother of the Duke of Braganza. He was an amiable young man, adorned with the moſt excellent qualities. His underſtanding was acute and penetrating, his preſence of mind unequalled, his diſpoſition jovial, his generoſity unbounded. At the ſame time he was enthuſiaſtic in his friendſhip, poſſeſſed a noble heart, void of every art and ſuſpicion, which however, was the reſidence of lawful ambition. He was affable in a high degree, and entirely deſtitute of that fooliſh pride which ſo frequently miſleads the Spaniſh and Portugueſe nobility to fancy themſelves to be a kind of ſuperior beings; his converſation was inſtructive, and his humanity and kindneſs to every one unbiaſſed by ſelfiſhneſs. Whoever ſaw and converſed with him could not but love him ſincerely.

I had not ſeen him for ſix years. When we parted, he left our common native country to enter into the Spaniſh military ſervice. He was when a ſoldier the ſame tender

tender friend which he had been when at home, and with a kind of rapture put me in mind of our juveniſe years, which we had ſpent in ſweet congenial unanimity. I loved him as ardently as I hated his brother, who was quite the reverſe of him. The Prince was a true ſoldier, and the Duke a conſummate courtier; the former conſtant in his friendſhip, and above ſuſpicion; the latter changeable and miſtruſtful. The former united ambition with courage and perſonal bravery, the latter an arrogant deſire of greatneſs with cowardice and irreſolution; which was the reaſon that the Prince ſtrove to ſatisfy his paſſion in an open and diſguiſed manner, and the Duke by intrigues and artful wiles.

One gloomy afternoon, when I was converſing with the Prince in a confidential manner on the lamentable ſtate of our native country, he related tome, that on the evening previous to his departure, a prieſt had entered his apartment with a myſterious mien, and exhorted him not to leave his native country in the bloom of his life,

life, as he might act a very important part in a great undertaking which would soon be carried into execution. "I concluded from this hint," the Prince added, "that a plan was carrying on to "shake off the Spaniſh yoke, and to place "again on the throne the pretended imprisoned king; but feeling myſelf not "called to have a ſhare in the conſpiracy, "I paid no regard to his admonition, "and departed."

I aſked the Prince whether he had not endeavoured to get more intimately acquainted with the prieſt, and to pump out his ſecret? The prince replied, "As ſoon as he ſaw that I was not inclined to enter into his views, he evaded all my queſtions and left me. He was the ſame monk who once, during a riotous concourſe of the multitude at the capital, had attracted our notice. You will recollect how he went into the midſt of the crowd, exclaiming in an accent of prophetic inſpiration: 'There is an inland king exiſting! he is indeed diſguiſed at preſent, 'but ſoon will ſhew himſelf in public.'—

Do

Do you recollect how ſoon after, the prophe-ſied king appeared, but was ſeized and impriſoned by the Spaniſh government, under the fine pretext of being an impoſtor?"

I recollected this incident very well, and a thought flaſhed through my head like lightning: I fancied I had found again the features of that monk in the countenance of the Iriſhman.

The longer I revolved that idea in my mind, the more reſemblance I found between theſe two men. "If the monk and "the Iriſhman are one and the ſame per-"ſon," ſaid I to myſelf, "then it is clear "what deſign he has upon me. A great "undertaking is going on, as he has told "the Prince, and he wants to implicate "me in it. And what undertaking is it? "this too is no ſecret to me. A plan is "carrying on to ſhake off the Spaniſh "yoke, to ſet the old king at liberty, "and to replace him on the throne.— "With that view the Iriſhman once ſaid "to me: 'Can you behold with indif-"ference your native country ſmarting "under the whip of a foreign tyrant, and

" ſee it waſte its ſtrength by degrees?"
" O! it is clearer than the noon-tide
" ſun, what deſigns the *Unknown* has upon
" me."

I believed firmly I had traced out the plan of the Iriſhman, and haſtened to communicate my diſcovery to my tutor and the Count. Both were of opinion my ſuſpicion might be well founded, and conjured me by every thing ſacred, never to ſuffer myſelf to be implicated in ſuch a dangerous plot. My tutor and the Count differed only with regard to the reſtoration of the old king. " What con-
" cerns the ſhaking off of the Spaniſh yoke
" may be true," the former ſaid, " how-
" ever the good man who was believed
" to be the old king, died in priſon, and
" it would be ridiculous to *ſpeak* only of
" his reſtoration." The Count replied,
" that he would not maintain that he
" who had pretended to be the old king
" had been the true one; however, he
" knew from ſecret intelligence, that he
" had not died in priſon, as it has been
" pretended, but had found means to eſ-
" cape,

" cape, and was ſtill alive: yet he did not
" know the place of his concealment."—
" The whole hiſtory of this unfortunate
" Prince," the Count added, " is very
" ſingular and myſterious. When he was
" twenty-four years of age he went to war
" againſt the Moors; a bloody battle was
" fought on a large plain, and although
" the enemy were very ſuperior in num-
" ber, yet he put them to flight. How-
" ever the general of the enemy rallied
" his army again, and the fortune of war
" changed on the ſecond attack. The
" chriſtians were entirely routed, and the
" king himſelf was in the greateſt danger.
" Some of his moſt faithful generals, who
" had been ſpared by the fury of the
" enemy, conjured him to ſave himſelf;
" and one of them who knew the coun-
" try offered to lead him to a place of
" ſafety. However the young hero re-
" plied, 'What a ſtain would it be on my
" royal honour, if it ſhould be ſaid I had
" fled! No, my friends, I will retreat like a
" ſoldier!' Three horſes had already
" been killed under him, nevertheleſs he

" forced his way through the enemy to
" his corps de reſerve, which ſtill was in
" tolerable order, but ſurrounded on all
" ſides. Some of his attendants called
" for aſſiſtance, and thus the enemy got
" acquainted with his dignity, ſurround-
" ing him cloſer and cloſer. Meanwhile
" the fight was continued, and one after
" the other of his principal officers was
" killed by his ſide. At length one of
" them, who never had ſtirred from his
" ſide, exclaimed: 'My Lord and king,
" what aſſiſtance can we expect here?'—
" 'That which our feats deſerve to re-
" ceive from Heaven,' the king anſwered,
" ruſhing in the midſt of his enemies, and
" cauſing a great havoc among the infi-
" dels. But he was ſoon ſurrounded by
" great numbers, and one of the enemy
" called to the four knights who had fol-
" lowed him, to ſurrender, it being well
" known that the king was amongſt them.
" One of his faithful knights, who per-
" ceived too plainly that no other expe-
" dient was left, begged the king to give
" him his ſword, leſt an infidel might ſeize
" it;

" it; however the hero refuſed firmly to
" grant his prayer, exclaiming, ' A king
" never ought to part with his liberty
" but with his life.' Theſe words wound-
" ed the ſoul of his faithful ſervant ſo
" deeply, that weary of his life, he ruſh-
" ed into the midſt of the enemy, and fell
" covered with wounds. The king de-
" fended himſelf ſome time longer, but
" ſoon was overpowered and diſarmed.
" Now a quarrel aroſe among the infidels
" on account of the king, every one of
" them contending he was *his* priſoner;
" the conteſt ſoon began to be very
" warm, and they attacked each other
" ſword in hand. Unfortunately a Cady
" interrupted them, and ſeeing their rage,
" exclaimed—' Ye dogs, Allah has given
" you victory, and now you are going to
" cut each other to pieces on account of
" a priſoner!' With theſe words he diſ-
" perſed them with his ſabre, and ruſh-
" ing upon the king, whoſe head was
" uncovered, gave him ſuch a blow acroſs
" the right eye-brow, that he fell from
" his horſe mortally wounded to all ap-

" pearance. The reſt of the infidels ſee-
" ing this, gave him ſome more wounds
" upon the head and neck, being hinder-
" ed by his armour from wounding his
" body. 'Thus,' added the knight, who
" was an eye-witneſs of that lamentable
" ſcene, and communicated the particu-
" lars to me, 'thus the beſt and moſt va-
" liant king was inhumanly butchered in
" the ſpring of his life.' As ſoon as the
" news of his death was known, five pre-
" tenders to the crown of my country
" aroſe at once. All theſe rivals proved
" the validity of their title in a moſt ſpe-
" cious manner, but the moſt powerful of
" them carried the palm of victory. The
" king of Spain had the good fortune to
" poſſeſs himſelf of the crown of Portugal;
" and ever ſince my native country has
" groaned under the tyranny of a foreign
" power, which, however, ſome years ago
" was in danger of receiving a mortal
" blow, the king, whoſe death was uni-
" verſally believed, appearing at once at
" Venice! The new pretender found much
" credit, not only with the multitude, but

"alſo with many grandees. His preten-
"ſions were particularly ſtrengthened by
"ſome of my countrymen who had known
"the king perſonally, and often declared
"upon their honour, that his features,
"his ſize and voice reſembled exactly
"that of their royal maſter. He was ſup-
"ported ſo powerfully, that he ſoon be-
"gan to live in a manner anſwering to
"his dignity, and declared himſelf pub-
"licly to be the perſon whom he repre-
"ſented. This alarmed the Spaniſh Am-
"baſſador at Venice, who ſucceeded at
"length in perſuading the ſenate to arreſt
"him. On his examination he related,
"that he had been dangerouſly wounded
"in that fatal battle, but in a moſt won-
"derful manner ſaved from death. He
"added he had been cured in Algarbia,
"and being aſhamed of ſhowing himſelf
"to any known perſon, after ſo great a
"misfortune, he had taken the reſolution
"to viſit Abyſſinia, and other remote
"countries and kingdoms: in his wan-
"derings he had come to Perſia, aſſiſted
"in many battles, and received many

" wounds: at length he had been tired
" of leading a wandering life, and found
" an asylum in a monastery in Georgia,
" where he had lived many years; 'till at
" length the desire of re-visiting his sub-
" jects had impelled him to leave his asy-
" lum. He farther added, he had landed
" first in Sicily, and from thence dispatch-
" ed a messenger to his kingdom, who
" however, had never returned, which
" had prompted him to visit his country
" in person, but previously to implore the
" interposition of the Pope, which he had
" been prevented from carrying into exe-
" cution by the villainy of his own peo-
" ple, who had robbed him on the road.
" After that misfortune, he said, he had
" repaired to Venice, where he had been
" recognized by some of his former sub-
" jects.

" However, his assertion still wanted
" those proofs which one justly would re-
" quire. He declared frankly that he re-
" lied on the candour and assistance of the
" Venetian Senate, who would easily re-
" collect what letters he had wrote to
" them

" them during the laſt war againſt the
" Turks, and how much deſire he had
" evinced to aſſiſt them powerfully, al-
" ledging that whoever had ſeen the king
" could not but recogniſe the identity
" of his perſon. And, indeed, every ap-
" pearance was in his favour with regard
" to this point. His features not only
" reſembled exactly thoſe of the true king,
" but, what is particularly remarkable,
" the left ſide of his body was ſhorter
" than his right, which was exactly the
" caſe with the prince whom he repre-
" ſented. A ſcar of a wound, which the
" king had received above his right eye-
" brow when a child, was very viſible,
" and many other marks by which that
" prince had been diſtinguiſhed, were
" found upon him after a cloſe exami-
" nation. He remained nevertheleſs three
" whole years ſhut up in a priſon. Mean-
" while my countrymen endeavoured to
" move heaven and earth in his favour.
" The Senate of Venice being preſſed
" from all ſides, decreed at length that
" he ſhould leave their territory on pain

" of being ſent to the gallies for the reſt " of his life. My countrymen deliberated " now carefully which road the king " ſhould take in order to return to his " kingdom, whether he ſhould go by way " of Germany, Swiſſerland, or France.— " Unfortunately he choſe the latter road, " and no ſooner had he entered the fron- " tiers of Florence, diſguiſed in the garb " of a Dominican friar, than he was ap- " prehended by order of the Grand Duke, " and delivered up to the Spaniſh go- " vernment at Naples, which, as one " may eaſily conceive, was very anxious " to ſeize upon a perſon, who was ſo " dangerous to the court of Madrid.— " When the Spaniſh Viceroy ordered him " to be brought into his preſence, he faced " him with great confidence, and ſeeing " that he was uncovered, ſaid to him— " ' Be covered, Count!' Upon the Vice- " roy's queſtion, who had given him the " power to uſe ſuch freedom? he replied " with noble frankneſs, ' He who made " me a king! how can you pretend not " to know me? Don't you recollect that

" the

" the king has ſent you twice to my court,
" and that on that occaſion I gave you
" a ſword ſet with jewels, and your lady
" a diamond ring of great value?' This
" being literally true, the Viceroy order-
" ed a number of rich ſwords and dia-
" mond rings to be brought into the
" apartment. The king not only knew
" inſtantly the pieces in queſtion, ſelect-
" ing them from the reſt, but at the ſame
" time touched a ſecret ſpring of the jewel
" and ſhewed beneath it his name, which
" till then had been diſcovered neither
" by the Count nor his lady.

" But what was the conſequence of
" theſe convincing proofs? He was plac-
" ed upon an aſs, carried through the
" ſtreets of Naples as an impoſtor, and
" ſent to the gallies. When he approach-
" ed the coaſts of Portugal, a general
" commotion took place in my native
" country. The monks, being diſſatiſ-
" fied with the Spaniſh government, ſtir-
" red up the populace, and a general re-
" volt was on the eve of breaking out.—
" Tranquillity and order were, indeed,

" ſoon reſtored; two monks were gibbet-
" ed, and ſeveral other perſons executed;
" however the commotion was not en-
" tirely ſtopped. The government of
" Spain were obliged to ſecure the perſon
" of the unhappy man in a caſtle at St.
" Luke, where he was cloſely confined,
" and is commonly believed to have died.
" However the manner of his death has
" never tranſpired, and for that very rea-
" ſon, the rumour of his having effected
" his eſcape cannot be refuted directly.
" However improbable his flight may be,
" yet the impoſſibility of it never can be
" proved. The government of Spain
" may have had good reaſons for pre-
" tending the fugitive was dead, partly
" in order to prevent the former com-
" motions from breaking out again, and
" partly animated by the hope that, inti-
" midated by his repeated fruitleſs at-
" tempts, he would never dare to appear
" once more upon the ſtage, as he
" would have reaſon to fear being traced
" out and impriſoned a ſecond time."

This

This is the ſubſtance of the account given us upon this ſubject by the Count, who (which I muſt not forget to mention) had confeſſed to us on the road, that his name was not *Barbis*, but *Clairval*. "The "former name," added he, "I have "adopted by deſire of the Counteſs, who "fancied a fictitious name would enable "me to trace out eaſier the murderer of "my brother." No ſooner had the Count pronounced theſe laſt words than I grew pale. This ſudden ſtriking change could not eſcape the eagle looks of the Count, and he ſtared by turns at me and my tutor. The latter thought ſilence would be more dangerous than a frank confeſſion, and diſcloſed to the Count, without reſerve, the whole hiſtory of the apparition at the caſtle of the Counteſs, vowing, at the ſame time, that the latter muſt certainly have been impoſed upon by the Iriſhman, who very probably had bribed ſome of her ſervants to carry on his ſecret intrigues with more ſecurity, the noble character of my father being in open

contradiction with a murder by hired aſſaſſins.

The Count proteſted he was entirely of the ſame opinion with my tutor, and could not but think the whole adventure the effect of a fine ſpun deception of the Iriſhman. "Not only the noble character of the Duke, your father," added he, "but "other circumſtances too, prove, without contradiction, that he can have had "no hand in the aſſaſſination of my brother, who never was in your country."

"Well, then the cheat is laid open at "once!" I exclaimed, "for I am certain "that my father has not left his country "theſe ſix years."

We were, ſoon after, more ſtrongly convinced, that the apparition at the caſtle had been nothing elſe but a deception; for the Count received a letter from Amelia, in which the hiſtory of her recovery was related in a manner entirely different from the account of her valet de chambre. "Having been ſeized with "a death-like fainting fit, (theſe are her "very words) I received a viſit from "the

" the *Unknown*, who, as I afterwards have " been told by my people, poured ſome " drops out of a ſmall phial into my " mouth and left me, after he had given " orders to my nurſe, to give me what- " ever I ſhould deſire upon my recovery " from my ſtate of inſenſibility.—— " Awaking from my ſwoon, I felt a vio- " lent hunger and thirſt, which were no " ſooner appeaſed, than I was animated " with new life and vigour. The next " day I was able to leave my bed, " and, in a ſhort time, was as well as " ever I had been. My valet (added " ſhe) has diſappeared ſuddenly, and I " have not ſeen him ſince."

The latter circumſtance left no doubt of Paleſki's being in the pay of the Iriſh-man. Probably he apprehended that his ſecret correſpondence with that impoſtor would be detected ſooner or later, and for that reaſon diſappeared in good time.— What elſe than ſuch a connection with the *Unknown* could have prompted him to write two letters which contained ſo many fictions, entirely to the advantage

of

of the Iriſhman. If he had related the fact in a ſimple and natural manner, like the Counteſs, I ſhould indeed have thought the benefactor of Amelia to be a ſkilful, or at leaſt a fortunate phyſician: however, the manner in which he repreſented the matter, could not but produce an effect quite different. Paleſki had the greateſt reaſon to expect the Iriſhman would appear to me a kind of ſuperior being. To reſuſcitate by a touch and a few words a dead perſon, who had been in her coffin three days and nights; this could not have been effected by natural means, and it was not the fault of the Iriſhman or Paleſki, that I received a true account of the matter, contrary to their expectation, which entirely diſſolved the charm. On the other ſide, let us ſuppoſe this accident had not happened, I had not got acquainted with the Count, and conſequently not ſeen Amelia's account, would then my belief in the Iriſhman's ſupernatural power not have been nurſed, ſtrengthened and raiſed to the higheſt pitch. "O! it is doubtleſs!" I exclaimed,

ed, 'that theſe two fellows have been "leagued, and availed themſelves of my "weak ſide; it is doubtleſs that they acted "in concert, when my tutor, Amelia, and "myſelf were deceived by the pretended "apparition."

Count Clairval and my tutor were highly rejoiced to ſee me cured of my prejudices, which had chained me to the *Unknown* with iron fetters, and threatened to produce the moſt dreadful conſequences. I myſelf was glad to have been freed in time from an error which had been rooted ſo deeply in my ſoul, and thanked the Count with ſenſations of the ſincereſt gratitude for having delivered me twice from the power of the Iriſhman.

The Count had gained the favour of the Prince of Braganza in a high degree, being an excellent companion, and the Prince fond of ſocial pleaſures. He therefore accompanied my tutor and myſelf every evening to the Prince, where we ſpent our time in the moſt agreeable manner. One evening, the latter gave a little feaſt, and all the gueſts were already aſſembled

assembled except my tutor, who had missed to come at the fixed hour. I sent my servant several times for him, but he always returned without being able to find him out. This accident made me very uneasy, and the Count and myself did not know what to think of it. It grew late, and still my tutor did not come. The feast was finished, the company left the house, two hours after midnight were past, and we were still waiting in vain for him, seized with anxious apprehension. At length, I went home accompanied by the Count. The hope of finding him at our hotel winged our steps; however, we were sadly disappointed, the apartment and the bed of my tutor being empty. Seized with terror, we awakened the landlord, inquiring after my governor, but neither he nor his people could tell us more, than that he had left the house at nine o'clock. The night elapsed amid anxious bodings, morning began to dawn, and my tutor did not appear. My apprehensions and anxiety surpassed all description. I put every one around me in motion, dispatched messen-

meſſengers to ſearch for him every where, and rode with the Count to all the neighbouring places, but we returned late at night without having ſeen or heard more of him than our meſſengers. Three days elapſed amid fruitleſs ſearches. I ſpared neither money nor promiſes, and the Prince himſelf did every thing in his power to find him out, but in vain! we could not trace him out. The laſt ray of hope diſappeared, making room to the moſt tormenting pain of mind, which baffled every attempt of the Count to comfort me.

One day as I was muſing on the greatneſs of my loſs, and was walking up and down the room in gloomy reverie, the Count received a letter from the magiſtrate. He opened, read, and gave it me with marks of ſurpriſe and aſtoniſhment. I read the following lines:

"My Lord,

"I am going to communicate to you mat-
"ters which certainly will far ſurpaſs your
"expectation and appear very improba-
"ble,

" ble, nay, even contradictory to you, " though they are literally true. I acted " right before the tribunal of my con- " science, when I ordered the Iriſhman to " be taken up, and yet I repent of it ſin- " cerely. It was the Iriſhman who has " ruined me in the Eaſt Indies, and yet I " cannot reproach him for it. He cheat- " ed the banker of 15,000l. and yet he is, " at leaſt in my eyes, juſtified on that ac- " count. My former hatred againſt him " is changed into admiration, and I wiſh " moſt ardently it were in my power to " deliver him from the priſon, where a " ſevere doom awaits him. Hear, how " theſe apparant contradictions are con- " nected.

" Two days after your departure, the " Iriſhman ſent for me. Several—per- " haps not very honourable—reaſons, " prompted me to grant his requeſt. " 'You have taken me up,' ſaid he, " when I entered his dungeon, 'becauſe " you think I was the author of your " misfortune and cheated the banker. " You have acted right in your opinion,

" and

" and I have not sent for you in order to
" reproach you, although you are to be
" blamed on account of the precipi-
" tation with which you acted; nor have
" I sent for you because I think it
" my duty to account to you for my
" actions. There is but *one*,' said he with
" a solemn accent, uncovering his head
" and lifting up his eyes to heaven,
" ' there is but *one* to whom I am ac-
" countable. I acknowledge no other
" judge but him who has sent me, and
" whose secret orders to execute I am de-
" puted to man. I have sent for you for
" no other reason,' he continued, cover-
" ing his head, ' than to rectify your
" erroneous notions. You believe that I
" have committed an ignoble, mean action,
" by robbing the banker of that sum; I
" forgive you this error, for it is the com-
" mon melancholic lot of mortals to judge
" of matters and actions by their external
" appearance. You will think otherwise
" when you shall have learnt the real
" state of that matter. Do you know that
" Finaldi in whose service you have been?

" Do

" Do you know that his immenſe wealth
" is the fruit of the moſt ſordid avarice,
" and abominable uſury; that in his cheſts
" the property of a thouſand ruined fami-
" lies, ruined by his oppreſſion, is buried,
" and that his money is ſtained with the
" tears of widows and orphans? A man
" of a noble heart, who in the times of
" proſperity had raiſed the pennyleſs Fi-
" naldi from the duſt by loans of great
" amount, to the higheſt pinnacle of abun-
" dance, loſt the greateſt part of his pro-
" perty through his unbounded liberality,
" and partly through miſcarried under-
" takings. He applied to Finaldi for
" aſſiſtance, and that ungrateful wretch
" completed his ruin, by extorting from
" him exorbitant intereſts. Miſery and
" pungent grief undermined the health of
" the hapleſs man by degrees, and threw
" him at length upon the bed of ſickneſs.
" He ſent his wife to the banker to im-
" plore his aſſiſtance; Finaldi promiſed
" to relieve him, but under conditions
" which filled his chaſte conſort with hor-
" ror and contempt. She went home
" weeping

"weeping and helpleſs, and experienced "the additional miſery to return empty "handed to ſeven half-ſtarved children, "who were crying for bread. 'Go you to "him, my children,' the afflicted father "ſaid, 'perhaps the ſight of you may "move his heart!' But the good man was "deceived, for the barbarian ordered his "ſervants to kick them out of the houſe. "That deed cried to heaven for puniſh-"ment. I went to the unhappy ſufferer, "aſking him whether he could reſolve to "leave the Eaſt-Indies, if I could procure "him 15,000l.? He affirmed it, and I "carried that ſum out of the coffers of "the banker to his houſe; that is, I re-"ſtored to the ruined man one part of his "property, and the happy family left with "me the country where they had been "treated with ſavage cruelty."—Here the Iriſhman pauſed, expecting my anſwer.

"Concerning that matter," I replied, "you have juſtified yourſelf; at leaſt, to *my* ſatisfaction; but will you not let me know the means which you made uſe of in order to get the ſum in queſtion in your poſſeſſion?"

The

The Iriſhman muſed awhile, and then ſaid, "The means which I made uſe of are very ſimple, and for that reaſon you will not think them worth notice. But as they were moſt fit and ſafe to execute a laudable deſign, prudence bade me to uſe them. I had got intelligence that the greateſt part of the banker's treaſure was kept in the ſecond ſtory, and in the dead of night, got upon a ladder to the windows. Having opened the ſhutters and windows with proper inſtruments, I deſcended into the room, and examined it by the light of a lanthorn, which illuminated only that ſpot where I was, while the reſt of the apartment remained dark. Having opened the repoſitories and cheſts with a maſter-key, a row of money-bags preſented itſelf to my eyes. Every one of them was marked with a ſlip of paper, upon which the amount of the ſum which they contained, and the coin was wrote. I marked inſtantly the numbers of thoſe bags which I deſigned for the unfortunate family, and ſealed them with my own ſeal. Then I wrote a letter to the banker, in which

which I informed him that I was ſending him 15000l. in piaſters, begging him to keep that ſum, 'till I ſhould demand it back. Having ſealed this letter after I had taken a copy, I opened it and laid it upon one of the money-bags which I had marked. Then I locked the repoſitory and the cheſt, and left the apartment in the ſame manner I had entered it. What happened the day following, I need not tell you."

"I muſt confeſs," I exclaimed, "you have executed your plan in a maſterly manner—I only think," added I after a ſhort pauſe, "the means too human, and ill-becoming a man who can work miracles." 'Who told you that I can work *miracles?*' the Iriſhman replied. 'No one except the great Ruler of the world, can interrupt the courſe of nature, and alter her laws; at moſt, mortals may ſerve him as inſtruments to execute the wonders of his omnipotence. I do not deny that I have been appointed ſeveral times to be a miniſter of Providence, but no mortal being can work miracles on his own ac-

cord. The whole of the power intrusted to me, consists in the knowledge and application of such powers of nature as are concealed from the short-sighted eye of mortals. At the same time I cannot but confess, that the mysterious deeds which I perform by virtue of that knowledge, appear to men to be wonders, because the spectator is unacquainted with the means by which they are effected. Mark well what I am going to tell you now. Although the higher unknown powers of nature are at my command, yet this power has been intrusted to me, only under the condition never to make an improper use of it, and never to have recourse to it while common human means shall be sufficient to attain my view. And this was the case in the affair of the banker, when I determined to save an unhappy family from ruin. There nothing was wanting, as the event has proved, but art and precaution, and consequently I durst not have recourse to the higher power entrusted to me."

"This doubt," said I, "you also have cleared up to my satisfaction; but what will

will you anſwer if I aſk you how I have deſerved to have been rendered miſerable by you? Why did you ruin the happineſs of an innocent man, while you ſaved an unfortunate family from ruin? 'I could tell you,' the Iriſhman reſumed, 'that in a caſe of colliſion, the happineſs of an individual muſt be ſacrified to the welfare of a whole family; however, I have no need to have recourſe to that ſophiſm. It was not I who has deſtroyed your happineſs, it was you. Why did you flee? Was you not conſcious of your innocence? No one could have convicted you of a breach of truſt. Beſides, I had taken care that three days after my departure, a letter was delivered to the banker, in which I explained to him the means by which he had loſt his money, and the reaſon which had prompted me to rob him of that ſum. Thus you would have been cleared of all ſuſpicion, have retained your place in Finaldi's houſe, and not loſt your miſtreſs.'

"I wanted to ſtay," I replied, "but my friend repreſented the danger ſo preſſing—"

"How could you," the Iriſhman interrupted me, "believe that man to be your friend? He perſuaded you to make your eſcape, in order to occupy your place in Finaldi's houſe, and in the heart of your miſtreſs. However, his hope of ſupplanting you in the heart of the latter, was diſappointed; that he ſucceeded with reſpect to the former, I need not to tell you." "Alas!" I exclaimed, "then my foreboding has not deceived me." Why did you ſuffer yourſelf," the Iriſhman continued, "to be taken in by falſe appearances? Why did you confide in a man of whoſe bad heart you could have convinced yourſelf by a vigorous trial? However I will not wound you by reproaches. You have been your own puniſher." Here he ſtopped. I felt deeply the juſtneſs of his remarks, and could not bear any longer the ſight of him. "I have impriſoned you," ſaid I at length, "what can I do for you?" "Nothing," was his reply, "but to ſuffer juſtice to take its own courſe." "But if juſtice ſhould be blind?" "Then," he replied, "I ſhall have an inviſible

viſible guardian who will protect me, and break theſe fetters." With theſe words, he diſmiſſed me; however, my mind has been dreadfully agitated ever ſince. I fancied I had arreſted a villain, and am now convinced too late of my error. The conſequences of my raſhneſs will bear heavy upon him; if he is not ſaved by a miracle, then he certainly will be burnt alive. The judges of this extraordinary man have diſcovered, during his impriſonment, matters of ſo ſingular a nature, that they firmly believe him to be a ſorcerer, and you know, Count, how inexorable our laws are with regard to that point. If he dies, his blood will cry loudly againſt me.

"You will now ſee, what I have ſaid in the beginning of my letter is connected. You ſhall ſoon hear again from me, and receive a faithful account of the iſſue of a trial, which fills me with gloomy apprehenſions. 'Till then farewel! &c. &c. &c."

"What do you think of the contents of this letter?" The Count ſaid when I re-

turned it to him with evident marks of aſtoniſhment.

"I muſt confeſs this letter has almoſt entirely changed my bad opinion of the Iriſhman."

"I might almoſt ſay mine too!"

"By heaven! if your incredulity begins to waver, then I have no reaſon to bluſh at my relapſe!"

The Count ſeemed to be loſt in profound meditation, walking up and down the apartment with haſty ſtrides. "No!" he exclaimed at length, "it is impoſſible I ſhould have been ſo much miſtaken with regard to that man. I ſtill affirm he either muſt be a charletan or a conſummate rogue!"

"But his defence ſeems not to confirm this hard judgment of yours. The ſerious, ſolemn, and frank tone of his defence, the equanimity with which he ſubmits to his fate, and the confidence with which he awaits the final iſſue of his trial—"

"Is probably diſſimulation and rank deception—nothing elſe. Nevertheleſs," continued the Count, after ſome reflec-

tion, "if I conſider that my friend, who has learnt to diſtinguiſh between appearances and reality, between diſſimulation and truth, who has himſelf had a very bad opinion of the Iriſhman, and without doubt, accepted his invitation for no other reaſon than to unmaſk and to humble him; if I conſider that my friend, notwithſtanding this, excriminates him entirely, and admires a man whom he firmly believed to be a villain—one ſhould think that all cannot be deception and hypocriſy."

"Believe me, Count!" I exclaimed, "in a ſituation like that of the Iriſhman, "in which nothing can be gained by hy-"pocriſy and deception, and which ex-"cludes all hope of delivery by natural "means, deception and hypocriſy are al-"moſt impoſſible."

The Count ſtarted a few more objections, however, he could not perſuade me that his bad opinion of the Iriſhman had not received a mortal blow.

"If your tutor were but here," ſaid he, when he felt the weight of my arguments, "he would refute, with more

" ſucceſs than I, your returning good " opinion of the Iriſhman."

The words tutor, and Iriſhman! were ſcarcely pronounced, when a thought ſluſhed through my ſoul.—" Should not " the Iriſhman be acquainted with the " fate of my tutor? I am almoſt certain, " Count, that if any body can inform us " of his fate, the Iriſhman can!'

" I doubt it very much!"

" I will at leaſt make a trial. The leaſt " appearance of poſſibility ought to de- " termine me to make an attempt. Let " us return and conjure the Iriſhman to " tell us whether he knows any thing of " the fate of my tutor?"

" How can you flatter yourſelf to get " admiſſion to a priſoner who is ſhut up " in an inacceſſible dungeon? but let us " ſuppoſe you could get acceſs to him, " it is very probable that he will be " executed before we ſhall have travel- " led ſo many hundred miles, as my friend " mentions that his trial will not be de- " layed. If you, however, are determin- " ed to make a trial, you may as well " write

"write to my friend, who will execute "your commiſſion with the greateſt punc- "tuality, if your letter does not arrive "too late."

"Excellent!" I exclaimed, "I will write "inſtantly."

"Stop! one moment only," the Count ſaid when I was going to leave him, "did "not the Iriſhman promiſe to meet us at "***n?"

"Indeed I had entirely forgot this pro- "miſe!"

"Should we not rather travel to ***n, "and ſee whether he will be as good as "his word? I reaſon thus: If this extra- "ordinary man really is what he pretends "to be, if he really poſſeſſes ſupernatu- "ral powers, then he certainly will meet "us at ***n, according to his promiſe, "and then you will get the intelligence "which you deſire. But if he is an im- "poſtor, you will not receive the leaſt "intelligence concerning the fate of your "tutor; you may addreſs him in perſon "or by way of letters, conſequently I

"think

" think both our return and a letter to my " friend will be uſeleſs."

I could not but approve the Count's reaſoning, and we agreed to repair to * * * n, a place which was near three hundred miles diſtant from our preſent reſidence. The Count and myſelf parted reluctantly with the Prince of Braganza, who was not leſs unwilling to be ſeparated from us. However the deſire of ſeeing whether the Iriſhman would fulfil his promiſe, and the hope of hearing tidings of my tutor would have hurried me even out of—Amelia's arms. " Let us " be gone without delay," I exclaimed, " a ſecret preſentiment tells me our jour- " ney will not be fruitleſs!"

We had reſided already a whole month at * * * n, without having either heard or ſeen any thing of the Iriſhman, but I did not, nevertheleſs, give up every hope.— About that time my father, whom I had informed of the diſappearance of my tutor, wrote me a letter replete with expreſſions of the greateſt affliction. He had eſteemed

eſteemed that worthy man as a true philoſopher, and loved him as tenderly as a brother. This it was that prompted my father to grant my requeſt to continue my travels under the tuition of Count Clairval, of whom my tutor had ſpoken with the greateſt regard in a former letter to my parent. If he had known that this Count was a brother of Amelia's late huſband, he would probably have refuſed my requeſt. However my tutor had been ſilent on that head, and the Prince of Braganza too had recommended him in ſo advantageous a manner, that he was very happy to place me under his protection.

The ſame letter informed me, that very lately a commotion had happened in Eſtramadura, in favour of the brother of the Prince of Braganza, whoſe party had loudly demanded him to be placed on the throne of Portugal.—"You know," my father added, "that almoſt one third of "the kingdom belongs to the Duke; you "know the title which the houſe of Bra-"ganza has to the crown; ſhould it "there-

" therefore be ſo very improbable that " the conſpirators will carry their point " ſooner or later! However, I declare " ſolemnly, that notwithſtanding our *rela-* " *tion* to the family of Braganza, I never " ſhall take a ſhare in a plot tending to " invade the rights of a king to whom I " have ſworn allegiance."

" What am I to think of this incident?" ſaid I to the Count. " But a few minutes " ago we were of opinion that a ſecret " deſign was carrying on to replace the " old dethroned king on the royal ſeat " of his anceſtors, and now we are made " acquainted with a pretender to the " crown entirely different from him?"— The Count ſhrugged his ſhoulders.

That very day we received a ſecond letter from the Magiſtrate. He informed us, that the Iriſhman, who had been condemned to be burnt publicly in twelve days, was looking forward to his execution with the greateſt ſerenity and unconcern. And yet, I don't know how it came, I retained ſtill a ſpark of hope to

ſee

ſee the Iriſhman once more, notwithſtanding the ridicule of the Count.

One evening, which had ſucceeded a very ſultry day, the Count propoſed a walk to a neighbouring wood. The ſky was ſerene when we ſet out, but we had ſcarcely been an hour in the wood when it was ſuddenly overclouded, and the air began to grow very heavy. Every body had already left the field from the fear of an approaching ſtorm; it was growing late, and the lightning and diſtant rolling of the thunder announced the impending tempeſt. We were going to return to the town, when ſuddenly cries of diſtreſs vibrated in our ears from a great diſtance. We haſtened towards the ſpot whence the cries proceeded, and perceived a human figure, who was running with incredible velocity, looking back every now and then, as if purſued by robbers. As ſoon as the fugitive ſaw us, he haſtened to meet us. I ſtarted back with horror, the figure reſembling more a living ſpectre than a human being. His haggard countenance was covered with a death-like pale-

paleneſs, his tattered garments were floating in the ſtorm, and his naked feet were ſtained with blood. But, conceive my aſtoniſhment, when the miſerable wretch pronounced my name, and dropped to the ground. I ſtepped nearer to examine his features, and beheld—Paleſki, the valet of Amelia!

END OF VOLUME THE FIRST.

THE

VICTIM

OF

MAGICAL DELUSION;

OR,

THE MYSTERY

OF THE

REVOLUTION OF P——L,

A MAGICO-POLITICAL TALE.

FOUNDED ON HISTORICAL FACTS, AND TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF

CAJETAN TSCHINK.

By P. WILL.

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1795.

THE

VICTIM

OF

MAGICAL DELUSION.

AWFUL darkneſs began to veil every object around, the flaſhes of lightning grew ſtronger and ſtronger, the rolling of thunder louder, and the howling of the tempeſt more furious.

The emaciated figure roſe with difficulty, wringing his hands in ſilent agony—and dropped again upon the ground.

"What does this mean?" the Count exclaimed, lifting up his ſtick as if going to ſtrike at the fellow.

"Mercy! mercy! let me reſpire only "a moment—I will confeſs all!"

"Well! then confeſs," I exclaimed, "thou haſt been Amelia's valet, and im-"poſed upon me by two letters."

"Unhappy me! that I did it. I have "been puniſhed very ſeverely for it. "the *Unknown* has dreadfully reſented "that fraud."

"The *Unknown*, with whom thou waſt "leagued?"

No ſooner had I pronounced theſe words when the fellow dropped ſenſeleſs to the ground, foaming, roaring, and labouring under the moſt dreadful convulſions. Meanwhile the ſtorm was drawing nearer; the ſky growing blacker and every object around aſſumed a darker hue. The wind blew ſofter and damper, and the mournful dirges of the owls reſounded in the wood, one peal of thunder ſucceeded the other, and dreadful flaſhes of lightning rendered darkneſs viſible.

At length, the convulſions of the miſerable wretch ceaſed, and he was ſtretched upon the ground without the leaſt ſign of life, exhibiting a view which excited horror and pity. A tremendous clap of thunder

thunder rouſed him from his inſenſibility.

"You are afflicted with the epilepſy?" the Count ſaid, "have you frequently "ſuch dreadful fits?"

"As often as the *Unknown* chooſes to "chaſtiſe me"—he replied in a faint and faltering accent.

"Dare not to impoſe upon us!" I exclaimed, "How long haſt thou been "afflicted with this illneſs?"

"Ever ſince I have deceived your "Lordſhip."

"Thou lieſt, raſcal!"

"May the next flaſh of lightning de-"ſtroy me, if I do!" ſaid he, lifting up his hands to heaven.

The lightning flaſhed, a clap of thunder ſhook the firmament, and awful expectation retained our breath—however, the daring challenger remained unhurt.—The rolling of the thunder re-echoed dreadfully all around, and rain mixed with hail, guſhed violently from the black and heavy clouds. We fled into a grotto which the Count, aſſiſted by the vivid

lightning perceived at a ſmall diſtance. Amelia's valet followed us cloſely, pale and trembling.

"Now," ſaid I, "relate your ſtory, but "be brief."

"Having ſent you the ſecond letter," he began after a ſhort pauſe, "I happened to awake the night following, and found my lamp extinguiſhed; I fancied I heard ſomebody ruſtling by my bed and ſtretched out my arm; but feeling nothing all around, I imagined I had been deceived by a dream and fell aſleep again. A ſhort time after I awoke a ſecond time, and heard diſtinctly ſome perſon walking up and down the room with ſlow ſteps. It could not be a deluſion, for I was wide awake, and the walking up and down continued. Being ſure to have bolted my door and windows before I went to ſleep, my conſternation was dreadful. I wanted to get down my ſword which uſed to be ſuſpended by the bed-ſide, but could not find it. However, I took courage and called to the night-walker, but no anſwer was returned and the

the walking discontinued; yet this did not lessen my fear. I scarcely dared to draw breath, and listened attentively. At length the noise was renewed, and somebody approached, and an icy hand touched my face. I jumped out of my bed, seized with terror, and called for assistance; however, nobody could hear me, my room being situated in a remote part of the house. I attempted to get out of the apartment, but some person took hold of me and flung me violently back; I fell senseless on my bed—A considerable time after, I heard a rough and hollow voice pronounce my name. Despair inspired me with courage, I got up, struck a light, and—My Lord, who do you think was standing before me?"—

A tremendous clap of thunder shattering an oak in millions of pieces, preventing me from returning an answer. We were yet almost stunned, when a second peal ensued. The tree was all in a flame. Paleski trembled violently, his teeth were chattering, and he could scarcely stand upon his legs. At length I asked: "Who

"was that ſpectre which diſturbed you in "your bed-room at night?"

"The *Unknown* I fancied I ſaw his ghoſt and ſtarted back thrilled with horror, but he ſtepped toward me aſking in a dreadful accent: from what motive I had wrote to you two letters replete with fiction? ſeeing myſelf in his power I thought it would be moſt prudent to confeſs the truth and therefore replied frankly, "Your diſappearing in the apartment of the Counteſs and the miraculous cure you have effected having made me believe that you muſt be a ſupernatural being, or at leaſt ſomething more than man, I wiſhed to ingratiate myſelf with you, and prompted by that deſire, I have intermixed the relation of the recovery of the Counteſs with ſuch fictions as I fancied would exaggerate your power."

"Reptile!" replied the *Unknown*, with annihilating looks, "didſt thou fancy that "I could be bribed by fraud, or aſpire to "a borrowed glory, attained by fiction? "What will the world think of me, when "the fact which thou haſt diſfigured by

"lies

"lies ſhall appear in its real ſhape?"—I was going to exculpate myſelf, but the *Unknown* would not liſten to me. "Will "the world not think" ſaid he, "that I "have been privy to that deception, and "ordered thee to divulge it, with a deſign "to give the reſtoration of the Counteſs "a miraculous appearance?" I did not dare to make another attempt to vindicate myſelf againſt his reproaches. He commanded me to follow him, if I valued my life; and I did ſo. A chaiſe was waiting for me at the gate; the *Unknown* ordered me to ſtep in, and to repair to * * * o, where I ſhould receive his farther directions. At * * * o, he appeared again to me. "Take this garment of "a Pilgrim," ſaid he, "and travel bare-"foot to * * * n, where thou wilt meet "the perſon whom thou haſt belied; re-"call, and tell him I have ſent thee." I was afraid to make any oppoſition, and began my pilgrimage without delay. Finding it very painful to walk bare-foot, I put ſhoes on, in order to continue my travels with more eaſe. Would to

heaven! I had never done it! for that very night I was punished with those dreadful convulsions which you mistook for epilepsy. I was afterward always seized with the same disorder whenever I rested longer on my pilgrimage than necessity required."

Palesky's relation was frequently interrupted by the dreadful rolling of the thunder, and the furious howling of the tempest, which continued to rage with unabated violence. At length its fury was spent, the flashes of lightening grew fainter, the thunder ceased to roar, and a gentle rain fell down in small drops.

"Go on with thy story," the Count said to Palesky, who had paused awhile.

"I attempted in vain, to disobey the commands of the *Unknown*.—Several times I ventured to go back, and to take the road to my native town, but whenever I made such an attempt, I was seized with dreadful pains and convulsions. At length, I arrived half an hour ago in this neighbourhood, almost spent, by the fatigues of my long pilgrimage. The

The charming evening invited me to reſt, I threw myſelf on the graſs and fell aſleep. A violent ſhaking awoke me; the lightning flaſhed, the thunder roared, and the *Unknown* ſtood before me."

"The *Unknown*, who if not executed, is impriſoned at * * * ch, ſtood before thee?" exclaimed the Count. "Art thou mad?"

"Would to God I were mad! to the unhappy ſufferer, it is frequently happineſs to be bereft of reaſon."

"He ſtood before thee, didſt thou ſay?"

"Yes! he ſtood before me with dreadful looks, like a midnight ſpectre. The ſight of him, chilled the marrow in my bones, and my whole frame was ſeized with a tremor of terror when he exclaimed with a thundering voice: "haſt thou recal-
"led thy lie, for ſlumbering here ſo care-
"leſsly? Or didſt thou fancy to have eſcap-
"ed my looks, becauſe thy eyes did not
"ſee me? Wherever thou art, my ſpirit is
"hovering about thee like the air which
"furrounds thee! Be gone inſtantly! Woe
"unto thee if thou dareſt to eat or to drink,

"or to taſte the ſweets of ſleep before thou "haſt executed my command!" So ſaying, he drove me away, hunting me over ditches and hedges, through thorns and thiſtles, 'till my garment was rent in numberleſs tatters, and the blood trickling down my lacerated feet. Unable to ſuſtain my pains any longer, I began to roar louder than the tempeſt, when your Lordſhip appeared, and my purſuer vaniſhed like an airy viſion."

Meanwhile, the rain had ceaſed, the tempeſt was over, having made room to a beautiful night. The moon peeped through the diſperſing clouds, an aromatic fragrancy enbalmed the air, and the nightingales began to warble in the wood, in ſweet melancholic melody. We left the grotto.

"Haſt thou related thy ſtory faithfully, or impoſed upon me a ſecond time?"

"How could I hazard a ſecond fraud, after I have been puniſhed ſo dreadfully for the firſt?"

"Well I will believe thee. But tell me, what doeſt thou think of the *Unknown*? but

but be ſincere, and ſpeak without reſerve!"

"My Lord! I think the *Unknown* is a ſuperior being!"

"So, thou haſt perhaps heard more of him than we know already?"

"I have heard different accounts of him during my pilgrimage, but I cannot be bound for the truth of what I have been told."

"Well! let us know what thou haſt heard."

"My endeavours to know ſomething ſatisfactory of him proved abortive for a long time. The greater part of thoſe whom I addreſſed with that view, pretended never to have heard any thing of ſuch a man, but ſome ſeemed to be ſtartled at my queſtion, and unwilling to reply to it. At length I was adviſed to repair to a certain hermit who is looked upon as a ſaint by the multitude, and to put my queſtion to him. I went and found him ſitting on the top of a hill before his cell. His head was reclining on his hand, and he ſeemed immerſed in profound meditation. The

noiſe which I made in ſtepping nearer, rouſed him from his reverie; I never ſaw a countenance which commands ſo much reſpect at firſt ſight as his. Although he appeared to have lived above a century, yet his eyes were ſparkling with an uncommon luſtre, and every mien, and every look of his, beſpoke a certain innate dignity which cannot be deſcribed. I muſt confeſs I ſtood before him like a culprit. He enquired what I wanted. I informed him of my deſire. For ſome time he gazed at me with penetrating looks, and then deſired me to follow him, leading me into a dark and narrow apartment, ſparingly lighted by the glimmering of a bluiſh flame, which was burning in a glaſs. He removed ſlowly a curtain from a large mirror, which was ſuſpended cloſe to the lamp, and ordered me to ſtep nearer, while he moved a few ſteps back. Then he aſked me what I did ſee in the mirror? "I ſaw my own form." "This is an excellent leſſon," the hermit ſaid, "Learn to know thyſelf, before thou deſireſt to know other people." "I imagined he wanted to decline

ſatis-

ſatisfying my curioſity, and ſaid: "Reverend father! concerning the knowledge of myſelf, I am well aware that I am a poor guilty ſinner." "Look again into the mirror!" he reſumed, "I looked, and ſtarted back with terror." "What doeſt thou ſee?" the hermit aſked. "I behold the very perſon whom I want to know." No ſooner had I pronounced theſe words, than the curtain covered the mirror again.

"Thou haſt pronounced thy own judgment," the hermit reſumed, after a long pauſe of ſilence, "thou doſt not deſerve "to know the man whom thou haſt ſeen "juſt now." "Reverend father," I replied, "although I do not deſerve to know the whole myſtery, yet I hope you will not refuſe me a few rays of knowledge!" He reflected awhile, and then led me into an inner apartment which was more roomy, and better lighted than the former. "Art thou any ways connected with the unknown?" he began after we were ſeated. "I am connected with him in a very diſadvantageous manner," I ſaid, relating to him the whole

whole of my adventures. "Take care "not to offend him," he resumed with a serious look, "for his resentment is "dreadful. Only the most expeditious "and minute execution of his commands "can reconcile thee to him. I know "him. He wanders from place to place, "to reward or to punish, according to the "deserts of men. His actions, however, "are generally veiled in mysterious se-"crecy, and he is rarely seen; yet he "never misses his man, and thou might "sooner escape the keen-sighted looks of "the holy Inquisition than his. He re-"wards and punishes without paying re-"gard to persons; he values the king "and the beggar only after his intrinsic "worth. Silver and gold he does not "want. He is incorruptible like death, "and inexorable like fate. Neither me-"naces nor tears can move him. He "pursues his course without regarding the "opinions and judgments of men, with-"out paying attention to their curses "or benedictions. His course is the "course of unrelenting fate, dark and

"impe-

" impenetrable. The pleaſures of men
" have no charms for him. His uſual
" ſtate is cool equanimity; no paſſion
" ruffles the ſerenity of his mind. He
" cannot be deceived by external appear-
" ances, nor is the moſt conſummate knave
" capable to ſtand his looks. It is ſport
" to him to know the thoughts of indivi-
" duals; the moſt ſecret affairs and rela-
" tions of all ſtates and nations are known
" to him. What has happened ſome thou-
" ſand years ago, events which are loſt,
" in the darkneſs of ancient times, he can
" relate with as much accuracy as if he
" had been an eye witneſs. Should you
" deſire to know the moſt important
" events which happen this moment in all
" parts of the world, aſk him, and he will
" relate them to you as faithfully as if
" they were carrying on in his preſence.
" He penetrates the dark veil of futurity,
" and never has a prediction of his proved
" erroneous. In the midſt of human
" ſociety he lives retired and friendleſs
" like a citizen of another world. His
" ſole, moſt intimate confidant is nature,

" the

" the knowledge of whose hidden mysteries
" enables him to produce effects which
" fill every body with astonishment. It
" is not less certain, that he is possessed
" of the art to transform the ignobler
" metals into gold, and that he is gifted
" with the power of rendering himself in-
" visible. I myself have been present
" when surrounded by a large multitude
" who fixed their eyes upon him, he dis-
" appeared suddenly, and a great while
" after appeared again in the midst of the
" astonished circle. I have seen him
" walk over rapid currents as if on firm
" ground. He possesses a supernatural
" strength as well of body as of mind;
" nothing can fetter his hand; he con-
" quers every obstacle with giant strength.
" Yet he makes but rarely use of his bo-
" dily strength. I have witnessed myself
" that he is proof against gun and sword.
" Nay, some people maintain that he pos-
" sesses the secret of rendering himself
" immortal. He very seldom leaves the
" profound concealment which hides him
" from the sight of man. He prefers to

"appear in woods and retired places; at "the time of the equinox, or when tem- "peſts rage in the air. He is ſaid to con- "verſe frequently with ſuperior beings; "has ſaved many a dying man from the "jaws of death, and recalled to life the "ſojourners of the grave." Here the hermit ſtopped. "Doſt thou wiſh to know any thing farther?" he at length enquired. I begged him to ſatisfy my ardent deſire, but in vain. "Thou haſt "requeſted only a ray of light," he replied, "thy requeſt has been granted— "farewell! thou knoweſt now in whoſe "power thou art."

"And you could not perſuade the hermit to give you a more particular account of the *Unknown*?"

"All my prayers were fruitleſs," Paleſki replied, "but about three miles from hence I have heard more of the *Unknown*, and among others a dreadful ſtory." So ſaying Paleſki ſtarted ſuddenly. "Holy virgin! what is this?" he exclaimed, at length fixing his eyes to one ſpot, "have I not executed my com-

"miſſion?

miſſion?" have I not recanted as you have commanded me to do?" "What is the matter," the Count and I exclaimed, ſeizing Paleſki by the arm.

"Don't you ſee it?"

"What? where?" we exclaimed with one voice.

"Yonder!" he replied, without removing his eyes from the ſpot to which he pointed with his hand.

I could ſee nothing, but the Count pretended to obſerve a human figure walking between a cluſter of trees at a diſtance.

"Protect me! O protect me!" Paleſki exclaimed with a trembling voice and a fearful countenance, "Don't you ſee how he lifts up his arm in a menacing manner.—God! he comes nearer—now he beckons—he bids me to retire! O have mercy! I am coming!" So ſaying he tore himſelf from us, fled towards the foreſt, and was ſoon out of ſight.

"Is the fellow mad; or have you alſo ſeen the *Unknown?*"

The

The Count inſiſted he had ſeen ſome perſon, but the darkneſs and the diſtance had not allowed him to diſcern whether he had ſeen the Iriſhman or not.

We haſtened to the ſpot, but no veſtige of a human being could be traced out all around. We returned, and purſued our way to the city. On the road we ſpoke a great deal on Paleſki's appearance, and his account of the *Unknown*, but could not determine what we ſhould think of it. We were obliged to wait patiently till time ſhould diſperſe the clouds of myſtery.

Two days after this incident the Count received a letter from Amelia, in which ſhe informed him that her health was entirely reſtored. At the ſame time ſhe acquainted him, that certain weighty reaſons, which ſhe could not communicate at preſent, obliged her to remove from her caſtle in the foreſt, and to repair to another country; but ſhe could not yet inform him of the future place of her abode.

"A ſtrange whim of my ſiſter in law," the Count ſaid, giving me the letter. I read it, ſighed, and could not conceal my conſternation. He obſerved me carefully. "Sighs!" he whiſpered to himſelf, "tears!" I was in a violent emotion. "Count," exclaimed I, "ſhe flies! ſhe flies! alas, my doom is fixed! I have loſt her for ever!" "Do you call her removal a flight? and," added he, with marks of aſtoniſhment, "what can you loſe, if Amelia flies?" I had already betrayed myſelf too much, and conſequently it would have been ridiculous if I had been reſerved. I told him every thing. "Then you love Amelia?" he exclaimed with marks of aſtoniſhment, "why did you not tell me ſooner of it?" "Alas!" I exclaimed, "ſhould it really be too late?" "I don't ſay that," he replied, "however one could have prevented her departure. Is ſhe informed of your paſſion?" "She cannot be ignorant of it." "If that is the caſe, how can you think that you are the cauſe of her flight, as you call it?"—

"Becauſe

"Becauſe ſhe wants to get out of the reach of a man whom ſhe believes to be the ſon of her huſband's murderer." The Count ſeemed to be of my opinion, and replied, "If that ſhould be the caſe, we muſt endeavour to convince her of her error." "But how will that be poſſible, as we are ignorant of the place of her abode?" "That we ſhall know very ſoon," was his anſwer, "ſhe has always honoured me with her particular confidence, and I am firmly convinced that ſhe will ſoon diſcloſe to me her preſent ſecret."

Some time ſince, I had tried every means of baniſhing the image of the beautiful Counteſs from my memory; and had ſtruggled hard to conquer a paſſion which I never expected to ſatisfy. My new adventures, my connections, amuſements, and particularly the loſs of my tutor, had indeed prevented me from reflecting on Amelia ſo frequently as I was uſed to do; time and ſeparation too had contributed their ſhare to ſoften the firſt ardor of my paſſion, and thus I perſuaded

ſuaded myſelf to extirpate entirely the few remains of love, and to ſubdue a fooliſh paſſion. However Amelia's laſt letter, and the Count's behaviour, who not only ſeemed to approve my love, but, at the ſame time, appeared to intereſt himſelf for my ſucceſs, had opened my eyes at once, and I ſaw that I had deceived myſelf; the flame which had lain dormant under the deluding embers was ſtill alive, and blown up again with additional vehemence. The Iriſhman's caution never to ſacrifice again at the ſhrine of love was forgotten, and I knew now no concern of greater importance than my love.

I reminded the Count, that he ſtill owed me the continuation of Amelia's hiſtory. He aſked me where he had left off in his narration? "You ſtopped on the road which your brother took to Amelia's mother in order to demand her in marriage."

"They purſued their journey (he began) without meeting with any obſtruction, and finiſhed it with vowing an eternal mutual fidelity. The mother had been

been informed, by the aunt and her ſon, that her daughter was carried off, and that my brother was gone in ſearch of her. She appeared therefore agreeably ſurpriſed, when he reſtored her loſt child to her arms. She ſeemed to be ſtruck with horror, when Amelia painted the danger which had threatened her at the church-yard, and thanked my brother again and again for his timely interpoſition. The obliging manner with which Amelia's mother received my brother whenever he viſited her, left him no doubt that his moſt ardent wiſhes would meet no oppoſition, and he had agreed with Amelia to break the matter to her mother the following morning. My brother appeared, but on his entrance in the apartment of Amelia's mother, obſerved that the eyes of the former were red with weeping, and was welcomed by the latter with great coldneſs and overſtrained civility. His heart preſaged no good, however he attempted to make known his wiſhes. The mother pretended to think herſelf much honoured by his propoſals, but lamented

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at the ſame time that ſhe was not able to accept his advantageous offers, becauſe her daughter was to be married to a man who had claims of an older date, and it was now too late to retract her promiſe. My brother was thunderſtruck, and ſtared ſpeechleſs at the mother and Amelia. The latter could reſtrain her feelings no longer, and ſhed a torrent of tears. The mother commanded her to leave the apartment. Amelia threw herſelf at the feet of her cruel parent, and my brother joined her in her endeavours to ſoften her callous heart, but in vain! The mother was inexorable, and Amelia was obliged to leave the apartment, bidding my brother a doleful farewell, and tearing herſelf from his arms, which had encircled her waiſt. The unfortunate lover tried every art to move the heart of that cruel parent, but all his prayers and ſupplications were fruitleſs. At length he was in deſpair, and hurried on by youthful raſhneſs, broke through every law of moderation, charging the mother with want of maternal tenderneſs, complaining at the conſtraint ſhe was laying on

on Amelia, and menacing to have recourſe to the interpoſition of the legiſlature. The mother grew furious, and ordered him to leave her houſe inſtantly, and they parted with mutual exaſperation.

"When my brother recovered the power of reflecting, he became dreadfully ſenſible, how much he had injured his cauſe by his inconſiderate raſhneſs, and apprehended that every attempt of reconciliation would be uſeleſs. The event confirmed the juſtneſs of his fears. He wrote a letter to Amelia's mother, entreating her in the moſt ſubmiſſive terms, to forgive him his impetuoſity, but received no anſwer; he repeated the ſame attempt a few days after, but with no better ſucceſs, and was ſeized with deſpair.

"His diſtreſs was encreaſed by his being debarred entirely from the ſight of Amelia, without whoſe conſent he would not take violent meaſures. He was conſtantly hovering around her houſe; however, his endeavours to ſee or to ſpeak to Amelia proved fruitleſs. He attempted in vain to bribe the ſervants by money and

promiſes; all of them were entirely devoted to the relentleſs mother, and rejected his offers obſtinately. In order to leave no means untried he wrote to Amelia's aunt, deſcribed the whole ſituation of the matter, and his deſpair, conjuring her to interpoſe in his behalf.

"The good lady who had been thrown on a bed of ſickneſs, by the ſhock which ſhe had received by the carrying off of Amelia, executed his requeſt inſtantly. Her letter was a maſterpiece of eloquence, but the heart of the exaſperated mother reſiſted every effort of perſuaſion.

"And Amelia? What did Amelia?"

"Her ſituation was a hundred times more dreadful than that of my brother. The ſudden ſeparation from her lover, at a time when they fancied themſelves at the ſummit of felicity, the terrible certainty of never ſurmounting the obſtacles oppoſing the conſummation of their mutual wiſhes, the gloomy proſpect which futurity offered to their eyes, and agonizing grief on account of my brother's forlorn ſituation: every—every thing conſpired to wound

wound her heart, and yet ſhe durſt not attempt to eaſe her afflicted mind by tears, her mother never loſing ſight of her; even that poor conſolation was refuſed her by her cruel parent. "He deſerves contempt, but not tears," the barbarous woman exclaimed, "for having dared to offend me!" Amelia neither went nor complained; however, the furious agony of her mind which ſhe durſt not vent, preyed on her vitals, and reduced her to the brink of the grave. Meanwhile, my brother tried every means to repair what he had ſpoiled, and went to Amelia's guardian to implore his interceſſion; but this laſt expedient too was attempted without ſucceſs; the guardian was informed of the whole affair and entirely devoted to the mother. My brother made uſe of every thing that can ſeduce men, and overthrow the firmeſt reſolution, but he failed in all his attempts, and nothing could change the mind of that inexorable man. My brother left him hopeleſs and deſponding.

"He had now attempted every means, one excepted, which was to have recourſe

to the aſſiſtance of the law. A deſperate ſtep! and yet no other choice was left him. He could eaſily foreſee that this way would be not only the longeſt, but alſo the moſt dangerous, as the mother certainly would do every thing in her power to bribe the judges, many of whom were unfortunately her friends, or related to her, a circumſtance which gave him very little hope of ſucceſs; however, ſtern neceſſity bade him try this laſt expedient as the only one which was left him, and my brother was juſt going to attempt it, when the face of affairs ſuddenly changed.

" Charles, Amelia's brother, was meanwhile ſecretly returned to Paris, in order to aſſiſt his mother in executing an infernal plot which tended to ruin Amelia's happineſs for ever. He hated his ſiſter becauſe ſhe was hated by her mother, whoſe darling he was, and the deceaſe of his father, whoſe laſt will was more favourable to his ſiſter than to him, had made him her moſt violent perſecutor. He knew too well that Amelia never would be happy without my brother; a ſuffi-

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cient reaſon for him to oppoſe their union with all his power! The firſt treachery which he had committed, was his having betrayed the ſecret of their mutual paſſion to his aunt, the ſecond, his having introduced the Greek in her houſe, and laſt of all—you ſcarcely will believe that it was he who had propoſed firſt to carry off his ſiſter! Now he was come to complete his villainous work. His arrival having been carefully concealed from my brother, he could ſafely put in motion the ſecret ſprings of his machinery, without being ſuſpected, and execute his diabolical treachery, while my brother apprehended nothing of that nature.

"One morning the latter went to hear maſs at the church of the Dominicans. His wandering looks obſerved, accidentally a young lady, ſitting in a pew not far diſtant from him. She viewed him attentively, but caſt down her eyes, whenever his looks met hers. He was ſtruck with ſurpriſe, and viewed the lovely figure attentively, but could not recollect ever to have ſeen her. No ſooner had he

turned his looks from her, when he perceived by a ſide glance, that her eyes were again directed to him, and turning to the prayer-book when he ſeemed to obſerve it. Curioſity prompted him to make his trial repeatedly, and the effect proved always the ſame. Maſs was over, and every one retired; the young lady ſtayed, and my brother did the ſame. She was young and beautiful like an angel; his looks reſted with ſilent pleaſure on her lovely form. At length ſhe aroſe, looking once more at my brother, and left the church. His curioſity was raiſed to the higheſt degree, and he followed her cloſely; but how great was his aſtoniſhment, when ſhe ſtopped at the church-door, apparently waiting for him. Coming up with her, ſhe ſaid with crimſoning cheeks, and an amiable confuſion, "I do not know, whether I am not miſtaken; however, according to the deſcription which a certain Amelia has given me of you, I ſcarcely think I am."—"How!" my brother exclaimed, "you know Amelia?" "I am connected more intimately with her,"

her," ſhe replied, "I am her friend. But will you favour me with your name?" He complied with her requeſt. "Then you are the very perſon to whom I have been directed by my friend." "By Amelia?" my brother exclaimed with aſtoniſhment. "Dear ſir, don't ſpeak ſo loud; for heaven's ſake be ſilent, leſt we be overheard. Follow me to my houſe, and you ſhall know every thing." My brother was in a trance of rapture, and obeyed the charming unknown, as if an angel had ſpoken to him.

"They converſed on indifferent matters on the road, and being arrived at the door of the houſe, the lady ſaid, "You need not be reſerved in the preſence of my mother; ſhe knows your whole hiſtory, and takes a warm intereſt in Amelia's concerns." They entered the parlour and were received by a reſpectable matron, who begged my brother to be ſeated, when Lucy (this was the young lady's name) told her who my brother was, aſking her daughter whether ſhe had executed the commiſſion of Amelia. She

replied, ſhe was juſt going to do it. My brother was all attention. "I have obſerved ſome time ſince," Lucy began, "that Amelia appeared gloomy and reſerved, and conjured her ſeveral times to tell me the reaſon of it, without ſucceeding in my anxious endeavours to diſcover the ſource of her grief. Yeſterday I was at length ſo fortunate as to ſee her for a few minutes in private, her mother being abſent, and was informed of her melancholy hiſtory. She painted her misfortunes with colours ſo lively, that I was moved to tears. Perceiving the emotion of my heart, ſhe ſtrained me to her boſom, groaning with deep affliction: "O, my dear Lucy, endeavour to ſee the unhappy man, and ſpeak comfort to his afflicted mind; conjure him not to deſpair. Tell him that my mother perſiſts immutably in her reſolution; and that no other means of accompliſhing the mutual wiſhes of our hearts are left, except a ſudden flight; tell him"—Here Amelia was interrupted by the entrance of her mother, who left us no more—

more--and prevented her from explaining her wiſhes more at large.

"This is quite ſufficient!" my brother exclaimed, "Did ſhe not ſay that no other expedient was left but flight? This is all that I wanted to know! We will flee, and conceal ourſelves in ſome remote corner of the globe. O! it was an excellent idea, nothing can be executed more eaſily. Heaven be praiſed; we yet may be happy!"

"The old lady ſhook her head. My brother laughed at her doubts; joy and love having rendered him like a drunken man, who ſees no dangers, where a ſober perſon ſhudders with terror. However, the old lady who feared this intoxication might prove fatal to his affairs, did not ſuffer him to leave her houſe before he had promiſed to do nothing without having conſulted with her.

"The firſt care of my brother after he had left her was to enquire who his unknown friends were, and was informed that the old lady was the widow of a French officer, who had died two years

ago, and left his wife and daughter a ſufficiency to live eaſy and comfortable. My brother was ſatisfied with that account.

"Coming the next day, at the appointed hour, to Lucy's houſe, he was informed that Amelia was ill, and had been watched ſo cloſely by her mother, that it had been impoſſible to ſpeak to her in private. Lucy told him the ſame the day following, endeavoured however to perſuade him that Amelia's indiſpoſition was of no dangerous nature.

"On his third viſit at Lucy's houſe, the latter met him at the door with the joyful intelligence that Amelia was better —"But"—added ſhe, pauſing a moment, while my brother looked at her with anxiety—"I am going to tell you great, very great news." "And what does that intelligence imply?" "That you are to be married to me!" My brother was ſtruck with amazement; yet he recovered ſoon from his aſtoniſhment, thinking Lucy was jeſting. "You believe I am joking!" Lucy reſumed with a ſerious countenance, "but I aſſure you, you are miſtaken; I am your

your bride as true as I am alive, and what will raiſe your aſtoniſhment ſtill higher, you will ruin yourſelf and Amelia, if you refuſe to do homage to my charms." My brother did not know what to think of the matter, and was utterly confounded. At length, Lucy took a paper from her pocket book and gave it him; he ſcarcely could believe his eyes, when he ſaw the direction was from Amelia's hand. 'From Amelia?" he exclaimed with ſparkling looks—"yes, yes! I know her hand!' But, alas! it was no more than one line; *Do whatever Lucy ſhall deſire.* "Is this ſufficient for my legitimation?" the young lady enquired. "But what relation have your credentials to your information that you are, and muſt be my bride?" my brother aſked with evident marks of curioſity and ſurpriſe. "That myſtery my mama will unfold to you!" was her anſwer.

"I conſulted yeſterday," the Matron began, "how Amelia's elopement—for I too can ſee no other expedient but flight—could be effected in the eaſieſt manner. On mature deliberation, we found that

the execution of that deſign which appeared ſo very eaſy to you in the firſt heat of paſſion, is ſurrounded by almoſt inſurmountable obſtacles. Or do you think it a trifle to deceive the watchfulneſs of her mother, who guards Amelia night and day, and the officiouſneſs of the ſervants who are watching all her ſteps? and to carry her off by violent means, you know, would be too dangerous. I and my daughter have racked our brains in vain, a long time, in order to deviſe ſome feaſible plan for effecting her eſcape, but no ſooner had we found out one, than we were obliged to give it up again. Suddenly a thought flaſhed through my head; ſhould it not be poſſible to lull the mother's watchfulneſs aſleep, if we could perſuade her that you had ſeen Lucy by accident, and fallen in love with her, and deſpairing of ever being united to Amelia, had deſired her in marriage! I communicated this idea to my daughter, who, at firſt, would not conſent to act that part; however, her friendſhip for Amelia conquered at length the objections of her delicacy,

and

and ſhe yielded to my requeſt. It was neceſſary to communicate the new plan to Amelia, and to hear her opinion. Lucy was ſo fortunate as to ſee her for a moment in private; ſhe found the plan excellent, and conſented without heſitation. Now every thing depends upon your opinion, and we are deſirous to know what you think of it. My brother was ſurpriſed and affected by the unexpected kindneſs of his new friend, and ſtammered his thanks—but Lucy exclaimed:—"Spare your thanks and rather tell us your opinion!"

"Has not Amelia approved of it? I have no other will but hers!"

"The plan was now carried into execution. My brother could ſcarcely await the following day, ſo ardent was his deſire to know the effects of Lucy's artifice. He came to her houſe before the appointed hour, and his kind friend met him with the following account. "Amelia's mother was eaſier perſuaded of my conqueſt than I expected. At firſt ſhe fancied, indeed, that I was jeſting, but when I perſiſted

fisted firmly in my assertion, and rendered our romance as probable as possible, she began to give credit to what I had said—thus mortals are ever ready to believe what they wish. I am however sorry that sincerity obliges me to damp the pleasure which this information must afford you, by the indifferent account I can give you of Amelia's health. She has had a relapse of her fever, and although the physician affirms that it will have no dangerous consequences, yet it will retard for some time the execution of our design."

"My brother was inconsolable. Lucy did every thing in her power to cheer him up, but succeeded only in part. The following morning she surprised him with an intelligence which produced a better effect. "You shall see Amelia to-morrow!" she said, "the means by which this is to be done, will, indeed, appear to you rather extraordinary; however, it suits our plan admirably. The mother begins to entertain some doubts with regard to the account I have given her yesterday

of

of the ſudden change of your inclination. I muſt endeavour to refute them through facts, and with that view have told her, that to-morrow, after maſs, ſhe would ſee us walking arm in arm by her window. She promiſed to be at the window at the appointed hour, and on that occaſion you will ſee Amelia too."

"The latter circumſtance diſpelled every apprehenſion which was lurking in the heart of my brother, and he awaited the following morning with impatience. He met Lucy at church, in order to take a walk with her as it had been agreed.—Within a ſmall diſtance from Amelia's houſe, Lucy ſaid, "You will find your charmer a little pale, becauſe the fever has weakened her very much, but for God's ſake! don't forget what part you are acting, bridle your looks and aſſume a cheerful countenance." They arrived at the houſe, and Amelia was ſtanding at the window. My brother fancied he ſaw her ghoſt, and was rivetted to the ground with aſtoniſhment. Her cheeks were pale, her whole frame was emaciated; ſhe

ſtared at him with hollow eyes and diſappeared ſuddenly. "Are you a man?" Lucy whiſpered in his ear, and dragged him onward. My brother followed mechanically, without taking notice of Amelia's mother, and looking conſtantly at the window where he had ſeen the idol of his heart. They had paſſed the houſe a conſiderable time before the reproaches of Lucy rouſed my brother from his reverie. He wanted to go back, and only the moſt lively remonſtrances were able to diſſuade him from doing it.

"You have pulled down at once," Lucy ſaid when ſhe ſaw him the ſucceeding day, "a ſtructure, the building of which has coſt Amelia and my mother ſo much trouble, and which was conſtructed with ſo much ſkill and pains; are theſe the thanks which you return for our endeavours to render you happy?" Shame ſealed my brother's lips. "Or do you perhaps think to execute your plan without aſſiſtance! if ſo, I am ſorry you did not appriſe us ſooner of it." My brother begged her pardon; however her anger was not ſo

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eaſy to be pacified. "No!" ſhe ſaid, "your conduct of yeſterday cannot be excuſed. I cautioned you repeatedly, and conſequently you could have been prepared. Or did you perhaps think it ſingular that the ſick Amelia does not look ſo roſy and round as the healthy? This circumſtance, ſo natural and expected, how could it throw you ſo entirely off your guard?" Thus ſhe continued ſcolding for ſome time, till the moſt ſubmiſſive ſupplication of my brother pacified her anger. She vowed, however, ſolemnly never to meddle again with his affairs, if he would not promiſe her upon his honour, to obey more punctually in future. My brother ſeeing no poſſibility of executing his plan without her aſſiſtance, found himſelf neceſſitated to comply with her requeſt.

"Lucy told him the day following, that ſhe had agreed with Amelia, to remove from her mother every ſhadow of ſuſpicion by one deciſive blow. "With this view," ſhe added, "I told the mother that you viſited me every evening, and if ſhe would take

take the pains to overhear us in a bye room, ſhe could convince herſelf of your ſentiments towards me. She reliſhed this propoſal ſo well, that ſhe fixed to-morrow evening for the execution of her deſign, conſequently it will be in your option, to render to her your love for me as plauſible as our plan requires."

"My brother repaired to Lucy's apartment at the appointed hour. He was ſhown into a ſpacious room, faintly lighted by the gleam of a ſingle candle, and communicating in the back part with a cloſet, the door of which was bolted.—Lucy met him at the entrance, and appriſed him by ſigns that Amelia's mother was in the cloſet. He began inſtantly a converſation which ſoon led to the appointed mark. His confidant aſſiſted him as far as female delicacy would allow, and the converſation became very ſoon animated and tender. "O! Lucy," he exclaimed at length, with the warmth of an inſpired lover, "you have kindled a flame in my boſom which devours me. Do not longer keep in painful ſuſpenſe a heart

heart that adores you, a heart whose every wish concentrates in the possession of your hand, and whose violent turbulence can brook no longer the delay of a happiness which will imparadise its owner. Allow me to apply to-morrow for your mother's consent to our union." "Enthusiast!" Lucy replied, "and if I should allow it, and if you should take possession of this hand, (here my brother imprinted numberless kisses upon her hand) how long will your trance last? who will ensure me your faith which you have pledged already to Amelia?" "Don't talk thus, dearest Lucy!" he exclaimed, "you pierce my heart! I confess that Amelia, whom you mentioned, was one time not indifferent to me, her charms had blinded my eyes, but never fettered my heart. I have never loved her. You, Lucy, have first rendered me sensible of the omnipotent power of love. And, besides, what will Amelia care for a fidelity which is of no use to her and myself? Can I contend against fate, which renders our union impossible?"

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"Merciful God!" a perſon exclaimed in the cloſet, and at the ſame time a violent fall was heard. My brother grew as pale as aſhes, ſtarted up and exclaimed in a trembling accent, "this is Amelia's voice!" ruſhing at the ſame time towards the door of the cloſet, with a deſign to force it open. Lucy kept him back. 'Have you forgot your promiſe? will you ſpoil every thing once more?' This produced the deſired effect. Lucy hurried him in an adjoining room and bolted the door from without. Some time after, ſhe returned with the intelligence that Amelia had been liſtening with her mother in the cloſet and ſuddenly fainted away. "Amelia!" exclaimed my brother, "you did not tell me a word of it!" "No, I did not," ſhe replied, "for two reaſons; firſt of all, Amelia accompanied her mother without my knowledge, and it was impoſſible to ſend her away. Secondly, I did not inform you of her being preſent, becauſe you would have acted your part in ſo bungling a manner, that our plan would have been ruined entirely." "Is ſhe ſtill

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in your houſe?" "No; ſhe was carried home inſtantly!" "But why did ſhe faint away?" "How can I know it? She is an enthuſiaſt! perhaps her imagination has played her a trick, and ſhe has taken for a moment that ſcene, which was mere fiction, for reality. Imagination, perhaps, has affected her nerves and produced a fainting fit. At preſent, I can, however, only gueſs at the cauſe of her ſwooning; but to-morrow I ſhall inform myſelf in a manner more ſatisfactory." My brother went home in a dreadful agony of mind.

"Thus far," ſaid the Count, riſing from his ſeat, "my relation has been an extract from a letter of my brother. However, the extraordinary turn this tale is now going to take, you ſhall know to-morrow from a letter which my brother wrote to me".

The next day I received the letter, and incloſed in it an almoſt illegible note, by the ſame hand. I ſhall ſubjoin copies of both.

'She is dead! you do not believe it; 'however, ſhe is really dead—I have ſeen

'seen her in her coffin. I have paid her 'a laſt eternal viſit, at midnight. My hair 'briſtled up; but if you knew what ſhe 'has ſaid. To day ſhe has been buried. 'I followed her funeral train, more dead 'than alive. But now I am eaſy. Alas! 'I cannot even weep. Her image hovers 'before me whitherſover I turn my looks. 'She has loved me dearly; however, ſhe 'was doomed to an early grave, and I 'cannot conceive how it is poſſible that 'I am alive yet. Where ſhall I be when 'theſe lines will be peruſed by you.

* * *

'I cannot recollect a word of what I 'wrote you in my laſt letter. A kind of 'frenzy had taken poſſeſſion of me; but 'be eaſy brother, that dreadful ſtate is 'paſt, and I can again ſleep eaſy. This 'perhaps is the conſequence of my obe- 'dience to her laſt will.

'You know that Amelia was carried 'home after the late accident had hap- 'pened. The next day Lucy informed me

'me that she had not been seized with a 'fainting fit, on account of our discourse, 'as we supposed, but had made a slip in 'getting upon a chair, in order to look 'through a crevice in the door, and hurt 'herself much by the fall, which, as the 'physician apprehended, might have oc-'casioned a contusion in the head, and be 'of very bad consequences. You will 'spare me the description of the lament-'able situation in which this intelligence 'has thrown your unfortunate brother.

'One evening I was sitting alone in my 'apartment, immersed in nameless grief, 'when a loud knocking against my door 'roused me from my reverie. Who is 'there? I exclaimed, rather angry. "Fer-'dinand!" a voice groaned in a doleful 'strain; the door was opened, but no one 'entered. A dreadful foreboding chilled 'my very soul; the voice which had pro-'nounced my name was Amelia's voice. 'I flew to the door with a candle, but no 'person could be seen nor heard. I ran 'down stairs, searching every corner, but 'no human being could be found. Now

'I re-

'I recollected firſt, that it would be la-
'bour loſt, if I ſhould ſearch here for
'Amelia, who was confined to her bed by
'ſickneſs; but in the ſame moment, an
'idea ruſhed upon my ſoul which thrilled
'me with horror. I haſtened to Lucy's
'houſe; ſhe met me pale and trembling.
'"Alas!" groaned ſhe, hiding her wan
'face, "Amelia is very ill!" She is dead!
'I exclaimed, all in a tremor. "Merci-
'ful God!" ſhe replied, "then you know
'it already." My miſery was now con-
'firmed, and I dropt to the ground in a
'fainting fit.

'When I opened my eyes, I perceived
'Lucy and her mother ſtanding weeping
'by my ſide. The firſt word my trem-
'bling lips uttered was, Amelia! I was
'informed that ſhe had been found dead
'in her bed. To the queſtion, how I
'found myſelf? I replied, "ſtrong enough
'to ſee the departed hapleſs girl!" I
'perceived that both of them were ſtartled
'by my reply. The mother ſpoke firſt:
"You ſhall ſee her, but not now! At
'preſent I ſhould oppoſe it, even if I paid

"no

'no regard to *your* ſituation. Conſider 'the confuſion in which this incident muſt 'have thrown her family; and how could 'you be ſo imprudent to face her mother 'under *ſuch* circumſtances? how can you 'hope to be admitted!"

'However, ſhe promiſed me to bribe 'the nurſe, and to procure me admiſſion 'when the family ſhould be gone to reſt. 'We agreed that the huſband of the nurſe 'ſhould call on me after midnight, and 'conduct me to Amelia's houſe. Lucy's 'mother was as good as her word. Half 'an hour after twelve o'clock a man ap-'peared under my window, giving the 'ſignal which we had agreed upon. Hav-'ing charged a brace of piſtols, I put 'them in my pocket, and followed my 'conductor. The night was as dark as 'my mind; only a few ſolitary ſtars were 'gleaming through the black clouds, like 'the lamps in a church-yard. Awful ſtill-'neſs, not interrupted by the leaſt ruſtling 'of the wind, had covered the face of 'earth. In my ſoul too a profound ſtill-'neſs reigned; but it reſembled that dread-

'ful ſilence which reigns at night in a 'fortreſs which is to be ſtormed the ſub-'ſequent morn. Such a ſtate of mind 'ſurpaſſes all deſcription.

'I arrived, with my conductor, ſilently 'and unobſerved at Amelia's houſe: he 'opened the door, and led me ſoftly up 'ſtairs. The nurſe, who was waiting for 'me at the top of the ſtair-caſe, took me 'by the hand, and conducted me through 'two dark apartments. When the third 'door was opened, a ſmell of corruption 'aſſailed my organs; this was the room 'where Amelia lay.

'Six torches were burning around the 'coffin in which the wrecks of her angelic 'form were reſting, covered with a white 'cloth. My conductreſs made a ſignal to 'me to ſtep nearer, removing the cloth. 'The ſight of the corpſe changed my pro-'found apathy into a dreadful commotion 'of mind. Amelia was ſtretched out in 'the coffin dreſſed like a nun, holding a 'crucifix in her hand; her face was not 'diſtorted by convulſions, her lips ſeemed 'to ſmile. "Amelia!" I exclaimed, in a

'moſt

'moſt vehement emotion, and threw my-
'ſelf upon her; however the nurſe pulled
'me forcibly back, throwing herſelf at
'my feet, and conjured me, for God's
'ſake, not to betray her by my turbu-
'lence. I promiſed to be eaſy, and
'walked up and down the room, wring-
'ing my hands in dreadful agony of body
'and ſoul.

'Meanwhile the firſt violent tempeſt
'which raged in my ſoul abated, making
'room for the recollection of a deſign
'which will make you ſhudder. I found
'myſelf unable to ſurvive Amelia, and
'this notion had begot the horrid reſolu-
'tion to die by her ſide. With that view
'I had put the piſtols in my pocket, and
'ſettled my worldly affairs. I was now
'going to write only a few lines to Ame-
'lia's mother, and then to execute my
'black deſign, becauſe I apprehended I
'ſhould be prevented from accompliſhing
'it if I ſhould poſtpone it any longer. I
'deſired the nurſe to cover the corpſe
'again, and to leave me a few moments
'to myſelf, putting a couple of louis d'ors

'in her hand. The gold, and my appa-
'rent tranquillity, had the desired effect.
'As soon as I was left alone, I was going
'to execute my design.

'But, brother, over us rules a higher
'power, whose slaves we are, though we
'dream that we are the arbiters of our
'fate. Listen to a tale which surpasses
'all powers of conception, and the recol-
'lection of which thrills me to the mar-
'row of my bones.

'I had already placed the note for
'Amelia's mother on the table, was pre-
'paring to rush into eternity, and going
'to approach the dead with a pistol in my
'hand, when suddenly the coffin began to
'shake, the boards to crack, and the cloth
'to move. I stopped, seized with terror.
"Ferdinand!" it resounded from the cof-
'fin, and at the same time Amelia arose.
'Her cheeks were still covered with a
'livid hue, her eyes shut, her lips blue,
'and her hands folded. Amazement and
'horror had fixed me to the floor, my
'blood curdled in my veins. "Ferdi-
'nand!" the corpse addressed me in a
'hollow

'hollow accent, "Ferdinand, don't be 'afraid! My ſpirit has got leave to re-'turn once more to its former abode in 'order to take leave of thee. Our love 'was not for this world. Retire to a 'cloiſter, and there await the hour which 'will ſoon unite us by indiſſoluble bonds". 'Having pronounced theſe words, ſhe 'ſhut her lips and dropped down again 'into the coffin.

'The nurſe who ruſhed into the room, 'awakened me from the ſtupor in which 'that ſcene had thrown me. She looked 'fearfully around, and when her eyes 'met me, ſtaggered back. I muſt have 'had the appearance of a dying man. "Jeſu! Maria! what is the matter 'with you?" ſhe exclaimed, "I have 'heard ſomebody talking in the room!" "Nothing, nothing!" I replied, wiping 'the cold ſweat from my face, "I have 'been talking to myſelf." Perceiving 'that ſhe did not believe me, I went away, 'in order to avoid all farther queſtions.

'Amelia was buried at ſix o'clock in the 'morning. I followed the funeral at

'ſome diſtance, with tottering ſteps, and 'now my tears began firſt to flow. Co-'pious torrents eaſed my heart, which, till 'then, had laboured under the weight of 'ſilent agony. I followed the train to 'the church of the Carmelites, in whoſe 'vault the remains of Amelia were re-'poſed. During the funeral ceremony, 'I fancied ſeveral times that the whole 'ſcene was but a deluſion of a horrid 'dream. But when the men took hold of 'the coffin, in order to let it down into 'the tomb, I awoke at once to ſenſations 'which only can be equalled by the 'agonies of death. What I felt in that 'moment of eternal ſeparation, I ſhall 'only feel again when body and ſoul will 'be parting.—I expanded my hands me-'chanically, as if going to take hold of 'the coffin—it diſappeared—and I thought 'I ſhould ſink into the ground.—

'Three hours had now elapſed after the 'burial was over, and I was ſtill ſtanding on 'the ſpot from which I had witneſſed that 'afflicting ſcene. It appeared impoſſible 'to me to leave a place, where all my

'hope

'hope and all my happineſs was intombed. 'However, the ſexton reminded me at 'length, that it was time to ſhut the church, 'and I was obliged to leave it reluctantly. 'I walked from the church through the 'porch, and was in the monaſtery ere I 'was aware of it. Here Amelia's laſt words 'ruſhed ſuddenly on my memory, and I de-'termined on the ſpot to enter into the or-'der of the Carmelites. I was rejoiced at the 'opportunity to put Amelia's requeſt in 'execution, in a place to which her tomb 'attracted me irreſiſtibly.

'My aim is now gained; for ſeven 'days after Amelia's interment, I have been 'received into the order of the Carmelites, 'and from their monaſtery you receive this 'letter. I beg you will not reproach me 'for having taken a ſtep which will lead me 'to peace of mind. Within theſe cloiſter-'ed walls I have found a tranquillity which 'the world could not have afforded me. 'Farewell!"

"The contents of this letter," ſaid I, after I had peruſed it twice, "are as dreadful as they are incredible. The

ſcene of Amelia in the coffin reminds me of a ſimilar one, of which Paleſki has given me an account."

"That account was a forgery, and Pileſki an impoſtor. I hope you will not form a ſimilar opinion of my brother and his narrative."

"God forbid!—however—could not your brother have been deceived by a deluding dream?"—

"The whole narrative ought to convince you of the contrary!"

"Then the incident has really happened?"

"Exactly as my brother has related it."

"I beg your pardon, Count, I have all due regard for your word, however—you muſt give me leave—to pay ſome regard to my underſtanding too. It is not my fault that I entertain doubts which"—

"Will diſappear when you ſhall have heard the continuation."

I was impatient to hear the reſt and the Count reſumed the thread of his narrative:

"The

"The contents of this letter aſtoniſhed me not leſs than you. The idea of my brother's being in a cloiſter was inſupportable to me. Having however, no reaſon to expect that, in his ſtate of mind, he would liſten to my arguments, I determined to wait five or ſix months, flattering myſelf with the hope, that his former diſguſt againſt a cloiſtered life would awake again and render him more inclined to liſten to the voice of reaſon and fraternal love. But two months previous to the time when I intended to pay him a viſit for that purpoſe, I was ſo fortunate to get acquainted with a man whoſe interference effected a more happy and more unexpected change in my brother's affairs than my moſt ſanguine hopes would have divined.

One evening when I was at the theatre, and juſt going to take a nap, I was ſuddenly rouſed by a noiſe in the box contiguous to mine, which attracted my notice. A man wrapt in a blue cloak entered the box, ſeating himſelf oppoſite to me. His eyes wandered with an uncommon quick-

neſs through all parts of the theatre—ſtopped ſuddenly, and ſeemed fixed on one object which they had ſought and found. Soon after, the man took a miniature picture out of his pocket, comparing it with the perſon whom his looks had examined ſo attentively, and who was the Duke of Orleans.—However, on a motion which that nobleman made, my neighbour removed to the back part of the box, where the greater diſtance and the darkneſs rendered him undiſcernible to every one except myſelf. Now he pulled off his cloak, uncovered his head, and I ſaw a face which ſurpriſed me in an aſtoniſhing manner.

"I have ſeen many human countenances, but none like his; ſo much ſimplicity and greatneſs, ſo much myſteriouſneſs and openneſs! His majeſtic arched forehead, which diſplayed a thinking mind, his clear and ſparkling eye, his quick diſcerning looks, his aquiline noſe, which ſeemed to ſcent from a diſtance his friends and foes, his cloſed and cloſing lips—his round protuberant chin—every, every

every thing beſpoke, from my ſmall phyſiognomical knowledge, the man who was born to rule, and to act in ſecret and to give laws to empires. Yet this deſcription is highly imperfect, is only a rough profile which firſt derives ſingularity and intereſt from the reſt of its features. His brow diſplayed no veſtige of either joy or ſadneſs. His eyes beſpoke an uncommon equanimity. His mouth betrayed neither love nor hatred. The whole of his countenance did not command confidence, and yet, his eaſy and meditating phyſiognomy attracted me forcibly. Now and then a flaſh of inward motion ſhot forth and repelled me irreſiſtibly. His pale hue encreaſed the ſtrange impreſſion which his countenance produced upon me.—

"What is that?" I exclaimed, "You are painting the picture of the Iriſhman ſo lively and faithfully, that one ſhould think he were ſtanding before you."

"How? the Iriſhman?"

"No original can fit your copy better than the face of that man."

"It would kill me, if your obſervation ſhould be confirmed."

"You will be the beſt judge of it, for you have ſeen him when you arreſted him."

"True! but this was at night, by the light of torches, and in a diſguiſe, which never would have made me ſuſpect his being the perſon in queſtion, although the ſtate of mind in which I then was, would have allowed me to examine his countenance more minutely. Impelled by the unfavourable opinion which your tutor entertained of the *Unknown*, and the account of the magiſtrate, I have arreſted a man to whom my brother and Amelia owed their happineſs."

"Count! recollect yourſelf."

"If it is true that the Iriſhman and the perſon of whom I have been ſpeaking are one perſon, then you behold in me one of the moſt ungrateful wretches upon earth."

"I am aſtoniſhed; but I don't comprehend you."

"Well

"Well then, liſten to the continuation of my narrative:

"That ſtrange man whom you fancy to have been the Iriſhman, appeared to pay not the leaſt regard to the play. He took a packet of letters out of his pocket, and read one after the other. Having peruſed them and obſerving that my looks were conſtantly directed at him, he viewed me more attentively. I perceived very ſoon that I had attracted his notice, and deſiring to know the reaſon of it, I endeavoured to enter in converſation with him. I aſked him how he liked the play? and was aſtoniſhed to hear a ſhort but extremely ſenſible criticiſm, not only on the play, but alſo on every player. But my aſtoniſhment roſe to the higheſt degree, when he called me by my name, and aſked me whether I had not heard lately of my brother at the monaſtery of the Carmelites. Concluding from this queſtion, that he was intimately acquainted with him, I did not heſitate to give him a faithful account of his hiſtory. He liſtened attentively. When I had finiſhed, his looks were fixed

to

to the ground for ſome time, and he ſeemed immerſed in profound meditation. At once he took me by the hand and ſaid, "come to this place again to-morrow! I will reſtore your brother to happineſs.' So ſaying, he left the box."

"You may eaſily conceive how I was ſurpriſed! I awaited the following day with the greateſt impatience, and was at the theatre a great while before the play began. However, my curioſity was on the rack, for he did not come before the play was almoſt over. "It will be neceſſary," ſaid he, "that you depart for the monaſtery ſooner than you intended at firſt. You muſt be there next week. As ſoon as you arrive, go to the Provincial and give him this ſealed note. He will give you farther inſtruction." So ſaying, he left me without giving me time to thank him for his kindneſs, and I ſaw him no more in ſpite of all my endeavours to find him out.

"Who may that man be?" ſaid I within myſelf, "how came he to know my name? What may have prompted him to intereſt

intereſt himſelf for my brother? And how can he aſſure me with certainty that it will be in his power to reſtore him to happineſs? Has he read the book of fate? or can he recal the dead to life? For without Amelia my brother never can be happy. The whole was a profound myſtery to me. I departed in the beginning of the enſuing week. Hope and fear, how this myſtery would be unfolded, were my companions. As ſoon as I was arrived, I went to the Provincial, and delivered to him the ſealed note. "Then you are the brother of Count Clairval," ſaid he, after he had read the note. Having affirmed it, he aſked me whether I had ſeen my brother? When I denied it, he reſumed: "I wiſh you would conceal from him the purport of your viſit; time will unfold to you the reaſon I have for this requeſt. Go now, embrace and tell him that I ſhall be glad to ſee him in about half an hour." Having made me promiſe to take up my abode in the monaſtery during my ſtay, he diſmiſſed me. I haſtened to my brother; but gracious heaven! how he was

altered!

altered! He was quite emaciated, reſerved, diſguſted with every worldly pleaſure, and determined never to leave the cloiſter. My heart bled, and my conſolations were without effect. When he returned from the Provincial, he told me that he had been ordered to depart the day following for the cloiſter of the Urſulines at Anneville, and to deliver two letters, one to the Abbeſs and another to ſiſter Seraphine Albatroſſi. "It is the Provincials deſire," added he, "that I ſhall make that journey in your and father Eugene's company." "But why that journey?" I aſked. "We dare not aſk that queſtion," was his anſwer.

"The whole affair was ſtill an impenetrable myſtery to me. We went on our journey the next day, and arrived in the evening at the village, where we beheld the nunnery, which was ſituated on an eminence between two rows of fir trees. The ſetting ſun was gilding the tops of the weſtern mountains, and his parting rays reflected in radiant ſplendor from the cupola of the cloiſter, which was proudly

proudly towering over the trees. The ſurrounding trees were awfully ſilent, like the entrance of a ſanctuary; only a ſingle bell was tolling from the minaret. It was the ſignal for the veſper, and father Eugene inſiſted upon our ſtaying in the chapel till it was over, becauſe the nuns could not be ſpoken with before that time. We had ſcarcely entered the chapel when the veſper began. It was ſung in the gallery by nuns, who, however, were concealed from our ſight by the grate work. At once a ſweet angelic voice among the choriſters intoned; I fancied I knew that voice, and ſaw my brother's face turn pale as aſhes. "This is Amelia's voice!" was all that he could ſay; and I repeated the ſame. Father Eugene ſeemed not to take notice of it; the well known voice intoned again; my brother could check his emotions no longer, ſtarting up, and communicating his remark to the father. A ſmile of pity, and the obſervation, that the dead were not uſed to ſing, was his whole reply. This ſeemed to work upon my brother. He relapſed

in

into his former gloomineſs; however, as often as that voice reſounded, I could obſerve the violent ſtruggles of his mind. I myſelf did not know what to think of the matter.

"Veſpers being finiſhed, we ſent our reſpects to the Abbeſs, deſiring to be admitted. She received us in the parlour; a fine woman, not above forty. The ſilent grief which was viſible in her large blue eyes, was ſoftened by an amiable ſmile upon her lips. Dignity and modeſty were joined in her deportment. When my brother told her who I was, ſhe welcomed me in a moſt engaging manner. On her queſtion, what had brought the reverend fathers to her cloiſter? my brother delivered his letter.—The looks which ſhe ſtole at my brother, while reading it, did not eſcape me. When ſhe had peruſed it, he told her he had another letter to deliver to Seraphine Albatroſſi; however the Abbeſs begged to defer it till next morning, becauſe the rules of the order allow not to ſpeak to a nun after veſper.

"We

"We had already taken, leave when my brother addreſſed the Abbeſs once more. "Reverend Lady," ſaid he, "I have been ſtruggling during veſper, with a doubt which has been raiſed by the voice of one of the choriſters. Has not a young lady of the name of Amelia been received in your order ſome months ago?' "I know the name of all the nuns, (was her reply) however I aſſure you none of that name has been received."—"How could I aſk ſuch a fooliſh queſtion," my brother reſumed, "I could have known that a lady whom I ſaw buried, cannot be in a nunnery.—But why muſt I hear that voice which almoſt has turned my brains?" The Abbeſs ſmiled in a moſt ſignificant manner, and we left her.

"The next morning I obſerved, on our way to the cloiſter, a man whoſe carriage and dreſs, reſembled in a ſtriking manner thoſe of the ſtranger whom I had ſeen at the theatre, ſtepping in great haſte out of the gate, and turning round a corner. However the diſtance being too great to diſcern his features, I could not be

be ſure whether I was not miſtaken. So much, however, is certain, that I took this accident for a favourable omen, which raiſed my drooping ſpirits, although I could not foreſee the poſſibility of a happy cataſtrophe.

"Being arrived at the cloiſter we were ſhewn into the parlour. The Abbeſs entered.—"You wiſh to ſpeak to Seraphine Albatroſſi?" ſaid ſhe to my brother, "you ſhall ſee her," and retired. After a few moments ſhe returned with a nun, whoſe face was covered with a veil. My brother was going to deliver the letter, when, on a ſignal of the Abbeſs, ſhe removed the veil, and my brother lay fainting in my arms.

"O poverty of human language! thou art never felt more lively, than when one wants to paint ſcenes of ſuch a nature. I ſhould torment myſelf in vain if I were to give you, by words, an idea of the ſenſations which ruſhed upon me, when I beheld the face of the nun. Conclude what muſt have been the feelings of my brother when he ſaw—his *Amelia*, whom he

he had lamented as dead. Even when he had recovered from his ſwoon, I obſerved by his looks, his motions and his faultering accents, that he fancied the whole ſcene to be a deluſion of his imagination or a ſecond apparition. He was on the point to have a ſecond fainting fit, when the Abbeſs led Amelia to his arms, and thus convinced him of the reality of her perſon.

"Father Eugene and the Domina were ſo kind as to retire, and to ſuffer me to be the ſole witneſs of the firſt emotions of the happy couple. But how was my brother ſeized with terror and aſtoniſhment, when he was ſcornfully repelled by Amelia, whom he was going to preſs to his panting boſom! "Stand off, perfidious man!" ſhe ſaid, "are you come to mock me?" My brother was rivetted to the floor, ſpeechleſs, and with the wild looks of a poor wretch who has dreamed he was the happieſt man living, and when awaking, finds himſelf in a noiſome dungeon. Seeing him almoſt petrified, and unable to utter a ſyllable, I ſaid, "I beg your pardon,

don, my Lady, for meddling with your concerns: however, it cannot be indifferent to hear my brother called a villain. Who has dared to inſtill that fatal ſuſpicion in your heart?" "Would to God!" ſhe replied, "it were nothing but mere ſuſpicion! would I wear this veil if I had not the moſt convincing proofs of his perfidy?" So ſaying, ſhe threw herſelf on a chair, and covered her face again to hide her flowing tears. This ſight reſtored my brother at once to life, and the power of utterance. O! Amelia!" he exclaimed, "would I appear before you in this garment, if I really was a perfidious villain. Yet, before I exculpate myſelf on that head, anſwer me only one queſtion. By what miracle are you come to this cloiſter, you whom I have ſeen in the coffin, and at whoſe tomb I have ſhed ſo many torrents of burning tears?" Amelia gazed at him with looks which ſeemed to ſay: art thou mad, or going to mock me? Her aſtoniſhment roſe to the higheſt degree when he reſumed: "Alas! how have I deſerved theſe ſcornful

ful looks, and that contemptuous ſilence? Have I not literally executed the laſt command you have pronounced in the coffin? is not this garment which I wear, an inconteſtible proof of my obedience?"— "What do you mean by death and coffin?" Amelia replied, ſtill miſtaking his ſpeech for the language of inſanity, "when have I ever given you a command to that purpoſe?" "The night before you was buried." At the ſame time he mentioned the month and day when this had happened. "The night of which you are ſpeaking, is the ſame in which I entered theſe cloiſtered walls. Do you call taking the veil to die?" "As ſure as I am alive (my brother exclaimed) I *ſaw* you really in the coffin, followed your funeral to the chapel of the Carmelites, where you have been entombed." "My God! this is too much!" exclaimed Amelia, when father Eugen entered the parlour with the Abbeſs.

"Children!" ſaid the latter, "you will never come to an eclairciſſement while you are deſtitute of the key to your hiſtory.

tory. Both of you have been impoſed upon in a moſt villainous manner. Have patience only a few days, when the myſtery ſhall be unfolded, and the moſt complete ſatisfaction given to you.

"The confirmation of my brother's innocence, pronounced by the Abbeſs, and the letter from the Provincial, were ſufficient to reconcile Amelia to her lover.—The conſequence of it was, that both of them left their reſpective order, and were married five days after.

"God be praiſed! indeed Count you have alarmed me very much on account of that couple."

"The affair does not end here. The marriage ceremony was performed at night, at the caſtle of Baron Perpignan, a relation to father Eugene. The father had juſt pronounced the marriage benediction, and the happy couple were yet ſtanding at the altar, when the folding doors of the chapel were flung open and Amelia's mother and brother appeared on the threſhold. A momentary aſtoniſhment enſued on both ſides. Charles recovered

covered his ſpeech firſt, roaring, "treachery! treachery!" however, a look of the father ſealed his lips. Father Eugene having requeſted the witneſſes who had ſigned the marriage contract to retire for a few minutes, he ſtepped forth with awful ſolemnity, and ſaid: "I have ſummoned you hither partly in order to witneſs a union which all your infernal machinations could not prevent, and partly to force you to a confeſſion of the villainous tricks which you have played this injured couple, and to atone for the wrongs they have ſuffered from your malice. If you don't comply inſtantly with theſe juſt demands, I ſhall find means to oblige you to do it in a manner which will make you repent your obſtinacy. As ſoon as Amelia's mother and brother heard this energetic language, they ſubmitted and made the following confeſſion:

"Charles had planned the deſign not only to make a breach between Amelia and my brother Ferdinand, but alſo to ſhut the former up in a cloiſter without the knowledge of the latter, in order to

prevent the poſſibility of a reconciliation. The execution of this plan promiſed him the additional advantage to get poſſeſſion of her paternal inheritance—a circumſtance which was the principle view which had prompted him to perpetrate that infernal deed, becauſe the fortune his father had left him was inſufficient to defray the expences of his licentious manner of living. Charles was beloved by Lucy, and conſequently found it not difficult to draw her into the plot which he had formed with his mother againſt the unhappy couple. She conſented with ſo much the leſs reluctance to lend her aſſiſtance to thoſe wretches, becauſe Charles had repreſented my brother to her as a very diſadvantageous party for his ſiſter, and promiſed to marry Lucy if ſhe would join them in the execution of their deſign.

"The means which were employed for accompliſhing their artful plan, I have already acquainted you with at large; they were the ſame which were made uſe of (as my brother had been perſuaded) to

to deceive Amelia's mother. The ſnare was laid in ſuch a manner, that my brother could not well eſcape it. The acquaintance which he made with Lucy at chapel, was the firſt deciding ſtep to his ruin. Charles repreſented their connection to his ſiſter as the effect of a conqueſt which Lucy's charms had gained over Ferdinand's heart. Amelia laughed at it at firſt; but Lucy, who confirmed his aſſertion, invented every day ſo many plauſible lies, that Amelia's heart at length became the reſting place of jealouſy, and the whole terrible train of that infernal monſter."

"But how could Amelia in that ſituation write to your brother that he ſhould do every thing that Lucy, her rival, ſhould deſire?"

"The note was forged, Charles having imitated the hand of his ſiſter."

"I comprehend you; go on, if you pleaſe."

"Amelia had been tormented, as yet, by the bare poſſibility of Ferdinand's perfidy; however, the poſſibility attained the

higheſt degree of probability, when ſhe ſaw Lucy paſs her window in triumph on Ferdinand's arm. But having witneſſed the ſcene which was acted at Lucy's houſe, the probability of Ferdinand's infidelity was raiſed to the moſt indubitable certainty; the conſequence of which was a fainting fit, and the profoundeſt contempt for my brother. Charles had waited with impatience for this criſis, and took advantage of Amelia's lamentable ſituation, to perſuade her to take the veil. He ſucceeded without difficulty; and ſhe conſented with a melancholy pleaſure to leave a world which had no longer any charms for her. However, the villain was not ſatisfied with ſeeing his ſiſter immured in a cloiſter! although he had taken the greateſt precaution to render her reception as ſecret as poſſible, by perſuading her to aſſume a fictitious name, yet he did not think himſelf ſufficiently ſecure againſt Ferdinand's ſearches. In order to prevent for ever any inveſtigation, he gave out that ſhe had died. In order to confirm my brother ſtill more in

that

that perſuaſion, he announced her death one evening by the groans which Ferdinand had heard before his door, and acted, in the night when ſhe was carried to the cloiſter, the part of the dead Amelia. You are aſtoniſhed. You gaze at me with doubtful looks. Yet this was really the caſe. Charles had watched the time when my brother's ſervant was out of the houſe, ſtole ſoftly to his door, and imitating the voice of his ſiſter pronounced the name Ferdinand! in a doleful accent, opened the door, and made his eſcape.—

"That point I will not diſpute with you; however, you will never make me believe that he acted the part of a corps, and expoſed himſelf to the almoſt certain danger of being caught in the fact, and that your brother ſhould have ſuffered himſelf to be deceived in ſuch a blunt manner."

"And yet what I have told you is literally true. The features of Charles bearing a great reſemblance to thoſe of his ſiſter, and the reſt of the body being

covered by the pall, the deception was not so very difficult. Besides, if you consider, that my brother entertained not the least doubt against Lucy's account of Amelia's death; that the groans which he had heard before his door, and the mysterious manner in which he was introduced in the apartment where the pretended corps was lying, and other similar circumstances had been prepared to make the scene which was displayed before his eyes pass for reality, then you will not think him over credulous, nor the people he had to deal with too daring, and too sanguine in their hopes of deceiving him. If you add, that the sight of the coffin surrounded with lighted torches, the artificial smell of corruption, and the skilfully imitated livid colour of death which the face of Charles was painted with, the profound awful silence which reigned around, and the solemn midnight hour spread over the whole illusion the appearance of reality; and if you at the same time reflect on the dreadful state of Ferdinand's mind, you will easily conceive

that

that it was almoſt impoſſible for him to detect the fraud, nay, even to harbour the leaſt ſuſpicion of a deception!—Charles would have ſucceeded, even if he had poſſeſſed only half the temerity which he was gifted with."

"Nevertheleſs, Charles was not entirely ſecure of ſucceſs. How would he, for example, have extricated himſelf, if Ferdinand had perceived life in him, when he threw himſelf upon the corps?"

"It was impoſſible my brother could have made that obſervation during the firſt violent workings of his ſoul, which almoſt had bereft him of the uſe of his ſenſes, and if he had approached Charles a ſecond time, he would have erected himſelf inſtantly, and pronounced thoſe ſolemn words which he addreſſed afterwards to him."

"Pray, to what purpoſe did he addreſs theſe words to him? was it only to keep him at a proper diſtance, or did he really wiſh the execution of that requeſt?"

"Both. As ſoon as Ferdinand had begged the nurſe to retire, Charles expect-

ed a farewell ſcene, which appeared dangerous to him; for that reaſon, he roſe as ſoon as he obſerved that he was ſtepping near. The injunction he laid on Ferdinand to take orders was very ſeaſonable, becauſe that ſtep promiſed to ſeparate my brother and Amelia for ever. That the event has not confirmed Charles's hope, was certainly no fault of his."

"Thus far every thing is very clear to me; however, the burial is ſtill a myſtery to my underſtanding; for I do not think that Charles had a mind to be buried alive."

"A piece of wood, dreſſed in the garments of a nun, and an artificial face of wax, covered with a veil, repreſented him, or rather Amelia, and was ſolemnly entombed in the church of the Carmelites."

"But how could the Iriſhman develope fraud which was deſigned and executed with ſo much infernal art, and how could he ſo ſucceſsfully deſtroy the conſequences which it was to produce?

"That I cannot tell you!"

"The

"The Iriſhman is a God!" I exclaimed.

"And I am his betrayer!" groaned the Count, hiding his face.

I endeavoured in vain to conſole him, by repreſenting to him that he had arreſted him out of a pardonable error. "I am nevertheleſs the cauſe of his death!" was his reply. Paleſki's obſervation that the Iriſhman had regained his liberty, was equally fruitleſs. "What reliance can I have on an intelligence which comes from ſuch a ſuſpicious ſource?" he replied, and his ſerenity and cheerfulneſs ſeemed to have left him for ever.

I put him in mind that he ſtill owed me the concluſion of Amelia's adventures, when he reſumed the thread of his narration:

"Mother and ſon having finiſhed their humiliating confeſſion, father Eugene aſked the new married couple what ſort of ſatisfaction they wiſhed to have? Ferdinand examined anxiouſly the looks of his lady, who, after a ſhort pauſe, ſtretched out her hand with heavenly goodneſs to her mo-

ther and brother, and solemnly renounced every satisfaction. My brother imitated her example. Neither of the criminals had expected such an act of generosity, and a ray of joy displayed itself on their countenance; however father Eugen overclouded it in a moment. "This generosity," said he, turning to the mother, "challenges your equity. It is not customary to marry a daughter without giving her a dowry; I think thirty thousand livres will not be too much. I need not to remark, that this sum is not to be deducted from Amelia's paternal inheritance, which is her lawful property. Within four weeks that money must be delivered to the Carmelites at Anneville, who will put it into the hands of the Countess without delay. Their cloister, which you have so daringly prophaned by that mock burial, demands the sum of six thousand livres, as a satisfaction for the injury it has received from you." Having pronounced this sentence he rang a bell, and the witnesses who had retired re-appeared.

"Gen-

"Gentlemen," ſaid father Eugene, "I beg you will have the goodneſs to atteſt a donation which this lady is going to make, and to give it a legal validity by your ſignature."

"And what did Amelia's mother ſay? what Charles? did they not refuſe to comply with the requeſt of father Eugene?"

"All their reluctance availed them nothing, the menaces of the eccleſiaſtic made them obedient. When the donation was executed, and lawfully atteſted, and the witneſſes were retired, he informed Charles and his mother that the whole affair was a ſecret to every one, even to the lord of the caſtle; he would therefore adviſe them not to raiſe ſuſpicion by an abrupt departure, and to give them their company at the wedding feſtival. The invitation was accepted, but you may eaſily think with what ſenſations.

"The Baron had omitted nothing that could contribute to render the feaſt ſplendid and cheerful. A ſelected company, a ſumptuous meal, and heavenly muſic

ſpread the glow of merriment around; even Charles was uncommonly jocund; however, black, malicious revenge, was rankling in his breaſt. When dinner was over Ferdinand opened the ball with Amelia.—Heavens! what a dance! my imagination made me fancy the golden age of ancient Greece was returned. Every look ſeemed to be charmed by a magic ſpell, tracing with viſible delight the elegant movements of the accompliſhed pair, who expreſſed in a ſpeaking manner, the harmony of their ſentiments by every geſture and attitude. This enchanting ſpectacle occupied the attention of every one preſent in ſuch a manner, that a new gueſt, who meanwhile had mixed with our circle, was not obſerved before the dance was finiſhed, amid the univerſal loud applauſe of the whole company. It was a white maſk of a middle ſize, of a noble majeſtic appearance, and dreſſed like a genius. Curioſity ſoon drew a gaping circle around him, and every one aſſailed him with queſtions and inquiſitive looks, but the maſk returned no anſwer. However

ever this ſerved only to raiſe the curioſity of the company to a higher degree, particularly when the lord of the caſtle declared that the maſk was not among the number of the gueſts who had been invited to the feaſt. The examinations and queſtions were now renewed with additional inquiſitiveneſs; ſeveral names were delineated in the hand of the maſk, and numberleſs different conjectures ſtarted, however the unknown gueſt returned to every inquirer a denying motion of the head. The taciturn genius continuing to refuſe to make himſelf known, the Baron was perſuaded to addreſs him. "Sir," ſaid he, "whoever you be, you are welcome at my caſtle; however, the impatient deſire of theſe ladies and gentlemen puts me under the neceſſity to requeſt you to unmaſk. The ſtranger paid, however, no attention to this requeſt, taking father Eugene by the hand, and drawing ſome myſterious characters in it, the father inſtantly ſtepped forth, ſignifying to the company that the maſk would not be known, but was ready to diſcover himſelf

ſelf to the Baron after the feaſt ſhould be finiſhed. We were therefore obliged to bridle our curioſity, and to await patiently the developement of the myſtery.

"The maſk did not join in the dance, but wandered from place to place and was a mere obſerver. The latter part he acted particularly with reſpect to Charles, never loſing ſight of him during the whole night, without his ſeeming to notice it.

"Morning began to dawn, when Ferdinand, tired with dancing, retired to a table which was covered with wine bottles and goblets. Charles placed himſelf at the ſame table and entered into converſation with my brother. I concluded from ſome words which I caught while dancing, that they ſeemed inclined to be reconciled. This ſuppoſition was confirmed when I ſaw Charles exchanging his goblet with my brother. However, the whole ſcene was ſuddenly altered. When Ferdinand had taken up the goblet of Charles, and was going to empty it, the maſk who was ſtanding at ſome diſtance

diſtance exclaimed, "ſtop!" with ſo loud a voice that the attention of the whole aſſembly was excited. The dancers and muſicians ſtopped, and every one crowded around the table. The maſk took the goblet from my brother's hand, and begged him to deſire Charles to return him his. The latter was alarmed; however, he ſoon recovered his preſence of mind, addreſſing the maſk in a ſcornful ſtrain: "Who has given you leave to meddle with other people's buſineſs?" "That you ſhall know," replied the ſtranger coolly, "as ſoon as you ſhall have emptied the goblet which you have offered to the Count." A murmur, which grew louder every moment, was raiſed by the company. Charles attempted to beat the goblet out of the hand of the maſk; however, the latter ſeemed to have foreſeen it, holding it faſt. "Then you will not drink?" the maſk reſumed, "I expected it; for you know what the goblet contains; however," approaching a ſtep, and darting a piercing look at Amelia's brother, "I know it too." Charles was almoſt frantic with

with rage, and challenged the ſtranger to make good his words. "Well, if you will abſolutely have it ſo," he replied: "it is —— whiſpering a word in the ear of Charles, which covered his face with a death-like paleneſs. He attempted in vain to conceal his terror, trembled and ſeemed ready to ſwoon. All eyes were directed with horror at him and the maſk; all perſons preſent were ſtanding in profound awful expectation. Charles recovered his ſpeech firſt, after a conſiderable interval. "Man or devil!" he exclaimed, darting at the maſk, "I muſt ſee thy face!" However, the maſk puſhed him back with ſuch violence that he fell on the ſofa. "Poiſoner!" he ſaid with a terrible voice, "thou doſt not deſerve to ſee my face." The word poiſoner raiſed a general commotion. The maſk ſeeing it, turned to the ſpectators, ſtill holding the goblet in his hand: "I am going to account to the Lord of this caſtle for my actions; but previouſly I deſire you not to ſuffer this young ſpark to eſcape, for he is ripe for the gibbet." The

mother

mother, who ſeemed to have had a preſentiment of her ſons villainy, had retired without noiſe, after the beginning of this horrid ſcene. Amelia, whom that abominable incident had thrown in a ſwoon, began to recover when her brother was ſeized. The ruffian exerted every ſtrength which deſpair afforded him, to draw his poniard. "I will not die by the hand of the public executioner!" he roared, plunged the poniard in his boſom and dropped down; Amelia too ſunk to the ground. I am not capable to deſcribe the horror which thrilled every one of us at that ſhocking ſight; and the impreſſion which this event produced gained additional ſtrength by ſurpriſing us amid the flow of merriment and joviality. The maſk however retained his equanimity, taking care of Amelia, whom he carried to the adjoining apartment, where ſhe was reſtored to recollection with the greateſt difficulty. He then haſtened to Charles, who was ſtretched out on the floor without the leaſt ſign of life, and ſwimming in his blood. He examined and dreſſed his wound,

wound, and aſſerted, contrary to the general opinion, that he was not quite dead, ſending at the ſame time for chirurgical aſſiſtance. Charles really recovered before the ſurgeon arrived. His firſt queſtion was: "Whether Ferdinand was poiſoned?" Receiving a negative anſwer, he uttered a ſhocking curſe. Father Eugene exhorted him to repent; however, Charles tore the bandage from his wound, ſpirted blood in the face of the eccleſiaſtic, and expired."

Here the Count ſtopped. The change of his countenance, which the recollection of that ſcene produced, gave me an idea of the dreadful effect which the fact itſelf muſt have had upon him and the ſpectators. "Let us draw the curtain before this ſhocking ſcene!" I exclaimed, "and return to the maſk. Did the ſtranger not diſcover who he was?"

"Yes, to the Lord of the caſtle, of whom he deſired a private converſation in his cloſet, which nobody was admitted to, except father Eugene. However, as both of them vowed eternal ſecrecy, it is not

not known who that ſtrange apparition was."

"But did no perſon watch the maſk when he left the caſtle?"

"No one had the courage to do it. The maſk returned with ſlow and ſolemn ſteps to the hall, was reſpectfully conducted to the door by the Baron and father Eugene, and diſappeared ſuddenly."

"And have you no ſuſpicion who that ſtrange being may have been."

"What I am able to gueſs is very uncertain."

"I think I can divine whom you ſuſpect. The Iriſhman?

"He reſembled him in ſize and deportment, however, his voice was entirely different."

"O! that can be diſguiſed. Only conſider that it was entirely his mode of acting. Even the myſterious veil which he drew around himſelf is to me an additional proof that my ſuppoſition is not unfounded."

"Alas! I then owe him not only the happineſs, but alſo the preſervation of my brother,

brother, and have committed a two-fold crime by having arreſted him." The Count relapſed into his former melancholy, and was ſilent. I attempted to amuſe him by putting ſeveral queſtions to him:

"Was the wine which Charles offered to your brother really poiſoned? what became of Amelia's mother? what of Lucy? what was the fate of the new couple? did no farther diſaſter overcloud their happineſs!"

"A part of the wine was poured into the mouth of a dog, who died that very evening, amid dreadful convulſions. Amelia's mother died a few months after of grief, on account of the loſs of her ſon. Lucy was deprived of her reaſon, and Ferdinand lived three years in happineſs with his Amelia at his eſtate."

"They have amply deſerved the favours of fate; but what interrupted after three years a happineſs, which ought to have laſted for ever?"

The Count's countenance was viſibly overſpread with gloomineſs. He remained ſilent. A violent emotion ſeemed to work

work in his ſoul. He attempted ſeveral times to ſpeak, but could not utter a word, and exhibited a ſight which touched me to the ſoul.

"O! my brother!" he exclaimed at length with a faltering voice, "Why does the recollection of thee ſeize me this moment with ſo much vehemence? Two years are now elapſed ſince I ſtrained thee the laſt time to my heart with fraternal affection, while thou wert ſqueezing my hand with weeping eyes, and ſaidſt farewel, in three months we ſhall meet again! Alas! thy promiſe has never been performed; we never have ſeen each other again, and the wound which the loſs of thee has ſtruck me, is ſtill bleeding."

Tears ſuppreſſed his voice, and heavy ſighs of deep affliction beſpoke the violence of the grief which rent his heart. At length the working of his ruffled mind abated, and he was again able to continue his doleful tale.

"Ferdinand," he reſumed, "went to Spain on buſineſs of great importance. Two months after his departure, he wrote

to us that he had formed an acquaintance with a Portugueſe Grandee who had come to Spain on buſineſs, and of whom his next letter would give us a more ſatisfactory account. Neither that letter nor himſelf arrived, and the time fixed for his return was expired a long while before we heard the leaſt tidings of him. At length we received a letter from an unknown hand, which contained the afflicting intelligence that my brother had been found dead in the ſtreet covered with many wounds. This letter fell unfortunately into the hands of Amelia, who then carried the firſt pledge of her mutual love under her heart. An abortion was the conſequence. The child was born dead, and we trembled for the life of its mother."

Here the Count broke off. "I have now finiſhed my tale," ſaid he after a ſhort ſilence. "Perhaps I have been more prolix in my narrative than I ought to have been; however the fate of two perſons ſo dear to my heart appeared to me ſo important, that it was impoſſible for me to be more brief. Forgive me, there-

fore, if I have trefpaffed too long on your patience." I fqueezed his hand affectionately, affuring him, with warmth, that he had rendered me a piece of fervice by his tale, for which I ever fhould be beholden to him, and we parted equally affected by the lamentable fate of his brother.

I was wont to amufe myfelf frequently at night with my guitar for which inftrument I always have had a great predilection. One evening I had played longer than ufual. It was already paft ten o'clock, and I was not yet tired of playing, drawing melancholy tones from the ftrings. Looking by accident out of the window, I difcovered that I had been overheard. The moon fhone bright and affifted me to remark, that a female was ftanding in a window of the oppofite houfe, liftening attentively to my play.—The liftener was a heavenly girl, clad in a white night-gown, which was overfhaded by her long black treffes. The fair one could not but obferve my taking notice of her, and ftealing every now and then an inquifitive

glance

glance at her lovely form, but nevertheleſs did not retire. I continued playing and ſhe ſtayed, and at the cloſe of the piece heaved an audible ſigh. The muſic ceaſed, and ſhe retired. My curioſity was excited, and I enquired the following day of my landlord who ſhe was, when I was told that ſhe was the orphan daughter of a rich merchant, who, with her mother, had been dead ſome years ſince, and at preſent was under the care of her uncle, who treated her very tyrannically.

"She refuſed ſome weeks ſince," my landlord added, "a very advantageous match, but I do not know for what reaſon."

I took the greateſt pains to ſee her the next day, but in vain! at ten o'clock at night ſhe re-appeared at the window.—The ſcene of the antecedent day was repeated.

Meanwhile the Count was entirely abſorbed in gloomy melancholy; the veſtiges of corroding grief were ſtrongly marked on his countenance. Entirely taken

taken up with his reveries and sorrow, he avoided me and the conversation with men, wandering about in retired and unfrequented places, and coming home late at night, or shutting himself up in his apartment. Even in his dreams he was haunted by the idea of the melancholy fate of the *Unknown*. His servant confessed to me, that he frequently started up in his sleep, uttering strange incoherent speeches.

His lamentable state of mind afflicted me severely. I had already tried several means to cheer him up, however, as I observed with great concern, without success. I communicated to him my nocturnal adventure with the young lady, and his curiosity being excited, he wished to have a sight of her, and I appointed him to come to my apartment at ten o'clock at night. He came, but our beautiful neighbour did not appear. However, I had not played two minutes when she shewed herself at the window. The Count seemed charmed with her lovely person, the furrows of grief disappeared suddenly

from his brow, and I read ſerenity and love in his looks.

Although his lips did not confeſs the ſenſations of his heart, yet his whole deportment beſpoke plainly enough the change which had taken place in his mind. He appeared quite a new man. The ſight of that beauty had worked a miracle, which the moſt affectionate efforts of friendſhip had been incapable to effect. His cheerfulneſs and his fondneſs of ſociety returned. His former gloomineſs made room for a ſofter melancholy; he ſpoke but very rarely of the Iriſhman, but more frequently of our fair neighbour.

Thus ſix days elapſed; on the ſeventh I propoſed a ride into the country; however I found it very difficult to perſuade him to accompany me.

When we returned the following day, our landlord met us with news which almoſt petrified us. "Franciſka," ſaid he, "after whom you have lately enquired, has been taken up. She is ſuſpected to have poiſoned her uncle, who has been found dead

dead in his bed. Her ſervant has informed againſt her; the inqueſt of the coroner has confirmed her aſſertion, and poiſonous drugs have been found in Franciſca's poſſeſſion; very likely ſhe will die by the hands of the public executioner."

Our landlord had told us the truth, and what I and the Count thought impoſſible, really happened. The rack extorted from the hapleſs girl the confeſſion of her crime, and ſhe was beheaded eight days after her uncle's death. I followed the train in company with the Count, flattering myſelf with the hope of hearing her pardon pronounced at the place of execution. She was ſitting in the cart by the ſide of a prieſt, and dreſſed in a white garment. The horrors of the impending execution were ſtrongly painted on her pallid, diſordered countenance; her eyes were continually directed at the crucifix, which ſhe carried in her trembling hand, and every now and then moved to her quivering lips, and very rarely ſhe ſtole a look at the ſpectators, which ſeemed to implore aſſiſtance. I obſerved pity and

emotion on every countenance, on many faces confidence in her innocence and tears. This confirmed mine and the Count's hopes.

At length we arrived at the place of execution. Having made her confeſſion to the prieſt, ſhe was led forth by two executioners. He eyes, which ſtill beamed with the hope of being pardoned, ſeemed to be in ſearch of the meſſenger of ſalvation. But when he did not arrive after a long and anxious expectation, her countenance was overſpread with a deſponding gloom, and ſhe aſked the executioner with a trembling voice, whether no pardon could be expected. No ſooner had the fellow denied it, than ſhe wrung her hands in an agony of grief, and exclaimed with dreadful emotion:—"Alas! then I am doomed to die innocently in the bloom of my life?"

A murmuring aroſe among the multitude, which grew louder and louder. The prieſt went to her to perſuade her to reſign herſelf to her fate; but her horror at the impending death rendered his endeavours

vours fruitleſs. No fear of death can be more horrible than her's was. However, her ſtruggles and abhorrence ſerved only to increaſe the horrors of her doom, and ſhe ſuffered herſelf at length to be perſuaded to ſubmit with reſignation to her fate. She placed herſelf on the ſtool, to which ſhe was tied faſt. The approach of the deciding moment commanded general ſilence. Her eyes were blindfolded; the executioner unſheathed his ſword, and ſtill her hope of pardon was unaccompliſhed. The multitude were ſtanding in anxious, ſilent expectation. Her head was ſevered from her body, and the Count ſunk in my arms, uttering a loud ſcream.

The dreadful ſcene is ſtill hovering before my eyes, and the impreſſion which it produced on my mind never will be obliterated.

The unhappy girl had been executed innocently. The Count, whom I had not ſeen the whole afternoon, gave me that ſhocking information when he came home at night. "The real criminal," he

ſaid," has been detected too late. The old man has been poiſoned by the ſervant, who placed the poiſonous drugs in the drawers of her miſtreſs, in order to draw upon her the ſuſpicion, and the puniſhment of the deed which ſhe had perpetrated. She was bribed by the mother of the young man to whom Franciſca lately has refuſed to give her hand; but that very young man, who to-day has witneſſed her execution, and taſted the infernal pleaſure of a diabolical revenge, that very young man has accuſed himſelf, his mother and the ſervant, this afternoon, forced by the pungent ſtings of polluted conſcience. A numberleſs multitude are now going in proceſſion to the place of execution, in order to ſave the honour of the dead, and to remove the corpſe from the place of infamy where it is interred."

The Count perſuaded me to go with him to the place of execution. When we came into the fields we beheld at a diſtance the glare of innumerable torches, and a mournful ſolemn muſic vibrated in our

our ears. On coming nearer, we beheld a great number of people who had aſſembled to follow the funeral train, which was headed by the relations and friends of the innocent victim.

The Count and myſelf went with the funeral to the cathedral, where, on my entrance, I ſeated myſelf in a dark corner, in order to obſerve the ceremony more at leiſure. The corpſe was carried three times round the altar, amid the ſound of trumpets and mournful dirges, and then left expoſed in the cathedral till the following day.

A chilly awe, anxiety, and melancholy were the ſenſations which thrilled me alternately during that ſcene. My mind was affected in ſuch a manner by this melancholy tranſaction, that it willingly caught and took hold of every idea which bore a reſemblance to the objects before my eyes. The lamentable fate of the Iriſhman was the firſt idea which formed itſelf upon my imagination, and at the ſame time recalled the recollection of my tutor and Amelia. My imagination re-

preſented theſe objects to me in the blackeſt hue, and filled my ſoul with doubts, apprehenſions, and ſorrow. It was late, and almoſt every perſon had retired, when I awoke from my reverie as if from a profound ſleep. All objects around me were veiled in darkneſs, and ſolemn ſilence reigned in the church. I ſearched for the Count, but could find him no where, and haſtened to the door. On my way thither, the faint glimmering of a dying lamp made me obſerve a man who was clad in black, and placed himſelf in the midſt of the entrance. Stepping nearer, he retired a few paces to let me paſs. When I looked round, I perceived that he followed me cloſely. Having left my ſervant at home, and the night being extremely dark, I grew apprehenſive, and ſtopped in order to let him paſs by; but he too checked his pace. I quickened my ſteps, and he did the ſame, and when I ſtopped again he followed my example. This appeared to me very ſingular and ſuſpicious, and I addreſſed him to know the reaſon of his ſtrange conduct, but

but he returned no anſwer. I accoſted him a ſecond time, when he approached me ſlowly, looking inquiſitively at me, and exclaiming—"How are you, my Lord Duke?" "You are miſtaken in the perſon!" I replied; his anſwer was: "I beg your pardon, I am not miſtaken in the perſon of your Grace!" "Indeed you are, becauſe I am no Duke." "Yes you are!" he replied with emphaſis. I did not know what to think of the matter. I could not ſee his face, nor could I remember ever to have heard his voice. I ſtill thought that he muſt have miſtaken me for another perſon, reſuming: "It is very ſtrange that you pretend to know better than myſelf who I am."

"Strange, but not impoſſible! you are the Duke of Ca*ina."

"Not yet!" I replied ſtruck with aſtoniſhment—"but who are you?"

"A meſſenger from the Iriſhman."

Nothing could have ſurpriſed me in a more pleaſing manner. I embraced him with rapture. "Then he is yet alive!" I exclaimed—"and where is he?"

"If you are at leiſure to follow me, you ſhall hear his hiſtory."

"Tell it me inſtantly, I will follow you whitherſoever you pleaſe."

"The Iriſhman" ſaid the ſtranger as we were walking along, "was pronounced guilty of ſorcery, and at firſt condemned to be burnt alive. However, his judges receiving ſeveral accounts concerning his perſon and power, which filled their hearts with fear and awe, decreed afterwards to have him executed privately, in order to avoid all needleſs noiſe. At the ſame time, I muſt not forget to tell you, that they had employed every means to ſecure his perſon in ſuch a manner that his eſcape ſeemed to be utterly impoſſible, having ordered him to be removed to a ſubterraneous dungeon where he was hung up in chains, and placed ſtrong guards all around his impenetrable priſon. Conceive therefore the aſtoniſhment and terror of the judges, when the executioner was diſpatched to behead him in private, and returned with the intelligence that he had found the priſon empty."

"Won-

"Wonderful!—and has it not been diſcovered by what means he has effected his eſcape?"

"Notwithſtanding the moſt minute examinations having been made, none has been diſcovered, and in ſpite of the moſt careful ſearches and enquiries, no veſtige of the priſoner has been traced out."

"But who unchained him from his fetters? how could he deceive the watchfulneſs of the guards? how could he find a way through impenetrable walls?"

"That I cannot tell you, ſuffice it that he has regained his liberty!"

"Then is it true, what Amelia's valet has told me, and what I could not believe; but where is he at preſent?"

"He is not far from hence."

"Not far? and why does he delay to ſhew himſelf to me? O lead me to him!"

"What do you deſire of him?"

"What do I deſire? I wiſh to know the fate of my tutor! or can you perhaps give me information of it?"

"What do you expect to hear?"

"Alas! that he is dead!"

"You ſhall ſee him."

"Beyond the grave?"

"You ſhall ſee and ſpeak to him in this world; but at preſent, do not enquire further!"

"Your promiſe is ſufficient. But Amelia?—what do you know of her?"

"It is very ſtrange that you enquire ſo anxiouſly after theſe perſons, and entirely forget the object that ought to be the moſt important to you!"

"The moſt important object?"

"Woe unto the man who is not told by his own heart, that this object is his country!"

"What can I do for my country?"

"The queſtion is not what you *can*, but what you *will* do!"

"But how do you come to aſk that queſtion?"

"I have put this queſtion to you, becauſe you ſhall ſee neither the Iriſhman, nor your tutor, nor Amelia, if you don't give a deciding anſwer."

I remained ſilent.

"Per-

"Perhaps you doubt the truth of this ménace; however, it will certainly be carried into execution—as certain as Franciſca has bled here innocently.

I looked around. We were arrived at the place of execution. Entirely taken up with our diſcourſe, I had neglected to take notice of the way which the ſtranger had led me. His laſt words pierced my heart like a dagger.

"Upon my honour" ſaid I, "it is my warmeſt, ſincereſt wiſh to ſerve my country; but conſider the reſentment of my father, the dangers which ſuch a daring ſtep would expoſe me to, the improbability of its ſucceſs——"

The ſtranger ſeized me violently by the arm! "Ha! fickle, inconſtant young man," he exclaimed in a different accent, which I inſtantly knew to be that of the Iriſhman, "do you fulfil your promiſe thus?"

I was going to reply, but the word died on my lips. I trembled as if ſtanding before a dreadful being of ſuperior order.

"Or have you forgotten," continued the Iriſhman, "that you have promiſed me

me to exert every power in the ſervice of honour and your country which groans under the unlawful oppreſſion of foreign deſpotiſm, while the lawful king, baniſhed from the throne of his anceſtors, languiſhes in inglorious obſcurity ?"

" The old king ? ſhould he really be alive ?" I enquired in a timid whiſper.

" If you will ſwear a ſolemn oath not to divulge the ſecret, you ſhall ſee him, and if the ſight of the reverend hoary man, who is worn down by the burden of 108 years, does not make you ſtrain every nerve to enforce his title to the crown, then you do not deſerve to be a man."

" Name the place of his abode, that I may go and do homage to him. My life ſhall be a pledge of my ſecrecy."

" If you come to the foot of the Pyrenees, near Pampelona, inquire after the pious hermit, and when you come in his preſence, you will behold the King!"

" Paleſki," ſaid I, with aſtoniſhment, " has told me lately of ſuch an hermit—"

" He is the ſame perſon. There I ſhall

ſee

ſee your Grace again, and demand a categorical anſwer."

"You have ſtyled me Duke of Ca*na; how am I to underſtand that?"

"You will know it ſhortly. Farewell!"

He was going to leave me, when ſuddenly the ſight of the place of execution put me in mind of the fate of the unhappy innocent girl. "You have been here—" ſaid I—"and yet Franciſca died innocently?"

"The thread of her life has been cut aſunder according to an eternal decree of fate; I could not prevent her execution; all that has been in my power was to ſave the honour of the hapleſs victim; and I have done her that laſt ſervice; for it was I who awakened the dormant conſcience of the villain who perpetrated the horrid deed, that he went himſelf to the judge, and diſcovered the guilty perſon."

So ſaying, the Iriſhman left me, and was inſtantly out of ſight.

I haſtened to the Count, who had been returned long before me, and was waiting for

for me with anxious apprehenſion. "The ſight of the funeral," ſaid he, "produced ſuch a dreadful impreſſion upon my mind, that I could not remain at the cathedral; but where have *you* been all the time?"

"With the —— Iriſhman!"

A ſudden redneſs flufhed in the pale face of the Count when I pronounced theſe words; he meaſured me awhile with gazing looks, which ſeemed to enquire whether I was ſerious or jeſting.

"Upon my honor, dear Count, I have ſeen the Iriſhman and converſed with him." So ſaying, I related to him at large the incident.

"Then he has made good what he promiſed when he was taken up!" the Count exclaimed joyfully when I had finiſhed my account. The apparition of the Iriſhman was balſam to the bleeding wound which his heart had received by the death of Franciſca.

Now I ſaw clearly what deſigns the *Unknown* had upon me, and ſtill a ſecret inward voice continued whiſpering to me,

not

not to ſuffer myſelf to be entangled in ſo dangerous an undertaking. However, the Count diſpelled my doubts. "What the Iriſhman," ſaid he, "has performed as yet is an undubitable proof that he is endowed with ſupernatural powers. His mental faculties are as much ſuperior to ours as his aſtoniſhing power. I think therefore it will be leſs dangerous to follow his guidance, than to oppoſe his will. Or do you fancy that the Iriſhman will engage in any undertaking, the ſucceſs of which he has not calculated exactly? In ſuch a head no plan can be engendered, which cannot be carried into execution. The mark at which he aims is undoubtedly always the beſt, and the means he employs to attain it are certainly the ſafeſt that can be deviſed. His wiſdom is the greateſt ſecurity to me, that he only will undertake what he can perform; and his power, that he will be able to execute ſucceſsfully what he deſigns."

"But will his power alſo protect me againſt the reſentment of my father, or his wiſdom

wiſdom find means to conceal from him my undertaking?"

"Is the latter not probable to you? At leaſt to me it is; for concealment is the channel through which the Iriſhman uſes to act. Your actions too he will conduct through that channel, and render it impoſſible they ſhould come to the knowledge of your father."

"If he can promiſe that, then I am determined."

I was ſurpriſed at the joy which the Count diſplayed on account of my reſolution, and we determined to ſet out in two days for the abode of the royal hermit. Previous to our getting into the carriage, I received a letter from the magiſtrate, who informed me that a dangerous illneſs had prevented him from acquainting me ſooner that the Iriſhman had eſcaped from his priſon in a moſt myſterious and unaccountable manner. This confirmation of the miraculous eſcape of the Iriſhman, was an additional incitement to me to accelerate our journey, and we arrived on the fourth evening after our ſetting out

at

at the place of our deſtination. We enquired without delay for the pious hermit, and ſoon found him out. The firſt ſight of the hoary recluſe convinced me, that the garment of a monk concealed a king.

I had no ſooner told him who we were and who had ſent us, than he welcomed us cordially and led us to his cell. There he treated us with a ſimple frugal fare, and liſtened attentively to a brief account which I gave him of my adventures. Having finiſhed my tale, he led us to the inner cell, where, as Paleſki had told me, the picture of the *Unknown* was ſuſpended over the altar and covered with a curtain, which being removed, he aſked me, "whether I knew whom it was to repreſent?"

"It is he, it is the *Unknown*!" I exclaimed; and to ſpeak the truth, no likeneſs could be more ſtriking. It reſembled him to the higheſt degree, with only that difference that the dreſs was in the Arabic faſhion. "Thus," ſaid the king, "he looked when I ſaw him the firſt time after the unfortunate battle in Africa, where I fell from my horſe, dangerouſly wounded.

I found

I found myſelf in his arms when I recovered from a fainting fit, at a great diſtance from the field of battle. He was the benevolent Samaritan who poured oil and wine in my wounds, and nurſed me during my illneſs, till I recovered my health. In order to enſure my ſafety, he propagated the rumour of my death, and ordered ſome of his people to bring him the body of a chriſtian which was entirely disfigured by numberleſs wounds, pretending it was my corpſe. That body he put in a cheſt, and carefully marked the place where it was buried with a heap of ſtones. When my kingdom was uſurped by the Sp * * ſh crown, government ordered my ſuppoſed corpſe to be removed from the place where it was known to have been buried to B * * m, and to be ſolemnly entombed in that town.

"Inſtructed by my benefactor, I learned the Arabic language, aſtronomy, and natural hiſtory. He at the ſame time communicated to me ſome medical arcana, to the application of which I owe my long life, and which has enabled me to cure

cure many diſeaſes that generally are thought incurable. By theſe means I alſo have acquired the name of the wonder-working hermit, by which I am known in all the neighbouring towns and villages.

" Hiermanſor (for this was the name of my benefactor) led, in a paradiſiacal ſpot, a retired, ſolitary life. The greateſt part of his time he ſpent in my company. There were only two hours of the day when I could not ſee him, at twelve at noon and at midnight. At thoſe hours he always retired under ſome pretext or other, and I could find him no where, in ſpite of my unremitted endeavours to explore the place of his retirement. I had attempted ſeveral times to ſpeak to him on that point, but perceiving that he always aſſumed a very ſerious look whenever I put that queſtion to him, I did not dare to ſtart it any more. However, I watched ſecretly every opportunity of unfolding that myſtery. An accident gave me at length an opportunity to ſatisfy my curioſity. One evening I was in purſuit of a beautiful

a beautiful ſky-blue ſerpent, and when I thought at length to lay hold of my game, it ſlipped through my hands into a buſh. I forced my way through the underwood, and diſcovered the entrance to a low grotto, which led to a ſmall ſtair-caſe under ground. I went down, tempted by curioſity, and came to an iron door. All my endeavours to force it open were fruitleſs. As I was ſtanding before the door, I heard ſuddenly a loud noiſe like the roaring of the ſea, but could not diſcover any thing elſe. However, I fancied I had traced out the place to which Hiermanſor retired, and went away ſatisfied with my diſcovery, expecting to know the reſt at twelve o'clock at night. With that view I concealed myſelf againſt midnight in the neighbourhood of the grotto. Hiermanſor appeared with a dark lanthorn, and paſſed me without perceiving that his ſteps were watched. I heard him open the iron door, and ſhut it again with a tremendous noiſe. I deſcended the ſtair-caſe with timid ſteps, ſcarcely daring to fetch breath. The iron door was ſhut, however,

however, a crack which I diſcovered after a long ſearch enabled me to ſee the inner part of the cavern. An old faintly lighted vault preſented itſelf to my inquiſitive looks; three black cuſhions were placed in the middle. Hiermanſor flung himſelf upon one of them, folding his hands, and ſeemed to pray fervently. After an interval of about five minutes, he roſe and went to the dark back part of the vault. He returned with ſlow ſteps and a pale countenance, carrying a ſkull in his right, and a cryſtal goblet in his left hand. He ſtepped before a lamp which was ſuſpended to the ceiling, pouring ſomething which ſeemed to be blood out of the ſkull into the goblet. His nature ſeemed to revolt againſt the noiſome beverage; however, he emptied the goblet with one draught, ſtretched himſelf upon the cuſhion, ſhut his eyes, and was motionleſs. At once I heard a ruſtling, and two white figures appeared, placing themſelves upon the cuſhions by Hiermanſor's ſide. They appeared to be two new animated corpſes,

corpſes, which had juſt left the grave. No ſooner had they touched him, than he aroſe, looking at them in a manner which plainly proved that he was uſed to ſee ſuch objects of horror. I concluded from the motion of Hiermanſor's lips, that he was talking to one of the white figures, however, I could not hear the leaſt ſound. A little time after, he turned to the other figure, and ſeemed to be converſing with it too. At once his countenance was overſpread with a dark gloom, he began to tremble, the apparition aroſe, the faint light of the vault ſuddenly encreaſed to a glaring brightneſs, which in a moment was ſwallowed up by the blackeſt darkneſs; the ground beneath my feet began to ſhake, a thundering noiſe ſtruck my ears, I heard Hiermanſor ſcream violently. I was ſeized with a chilling tremor, ran up the ſteps, and arrived in my apartment almoſt deprived of the uſe of my ſenſes.

"I lay ſleepleſs in my bed all night long, and when morning began to dawn, Hiermanſor entered my apartment to tell me that he was obliged to leave me a few days,

and bade me a tender farewell, cautioning me at the ſame time to be on my guard during his abſence. He departed, and I neglected his kind advice. Youthful thoughtleſſneſs led me the next day after his departure farther from my abode than it was prudent; ſome Saracens who had ſeen me in the fatal battle, which had almoſt coſt me my life, diſcovered and ſeized me. Fortunately they miſtook me for a Chriſtian general, not ſuſpecting that I was the king, who generally was believed to have loſt his life in the field of battle. I ſhared the fate of their ſlaves, was forced to work very hard, and to ſuffer the moſt cruel treatment, till at length Hiermanſor redeemed me, paying an immenſe ſum for my liberty.

"I cannot deſcribe the ſentiments which I entertained for my benefactor ſince that night when I had watched him. Although my gratitude remained unaltered, yet my love for him was conſtrained by a kind of awe, which in his preſence bordered on anxiety. He ſeemed to obſerve it, as I perceived by ſome queſtions which he

occaſionally ſtarted; however, I had not the courage to return a frank anſwer.—His conduct towards me ſuffered no alteration, but my notions of him were changed. I was aware that there was a diſtance between us which rendered his converſation painful to me. My temper made me unfit to reliſh the retired peaceful life which he led. The fire of youthful ardour, and the ſpur of honour, ſtimulated me violently to mix again in the variegated buſtle of the world: I would ſtay no longer with him, and declared to him that I was determined to travel."

"That you ſhall," Hiermanſor replied, "but you ſhall travel to your kingdom, in order to re-aſcend your throne?"—"However all his arguments and perſuaſions were thrown away upon me, and I was firmly determined not to return to my country before I ſhould have ſignaliſed myſelf by ſome great feats of gallantry; the idea of meeting thoſe who had ſo ſtrongly diſſuaded me from the cruſade againſt the infidel, being too humiliating to my lofty mind.

"It

"It was utterly improbable that I ever ſhould be able to blot out, by a ſecond victorious cruſade, the ſhame of a loſt battle, having loſt my whole army and the flower of my knights. My plan, therefore, was firſt to acquire ſome renown in foreign countries by the valour of my arm, and then to return to my country, crowned with honour. Hiermanſor cautioned me in vain againſt repentance, which would come too late. I perſiſted in my reſolution, and travelled.

"My benefactor accompanied me. A faithful hiſtory of my travels would, at the ſame time, be a hiſtory of his miraculous deeds. However, ſome days would ſcarcely be ſufficient to delineate only a ſhort ſketch of his wonderful exploits; one incident which happened on our way to Algiers may, therefore, ſuffice to afford you a juſt notion of the power of that ſingular man.

"Travelling one day through a little wood, we perceived in the thicket a young man, who ſeemed to be the victim of the moſt pungent grief, and ſtruggling

with deſpair. His face was emaciated, his right hand was armed with a poniard, and his eyes ſtared wildly at it. We approached without his perceiving us, in the very moment when he was going to plunge the dagger in his heart. I arreſted his hand, and wreſted the fatal inſtrument from him. He dropped ſenſeleſs in my arms. Having with great difficulty reſtored him to the uſe of his ſenſes, we perſuaded him, after repeated fruitleſs prayers, to relate to us the hiſtory and origin of his deſpair. "I am the ſon of the firſt officer of ſtate at Algiers; my name is Morgan. My heart pants for the daughter of the Dey, and hers for me. Her father was privy to, and approved of our mutual flame, till a powerful rival, Benharad, a Mauritanian prince, came to his court. He courted the hand of my miſtreſs, and the Dey promiſed to give him his daughter in marriage. Neither the former promiſe which he had given me, nor the tears of the hapleſs girl, could ſhake his mind, and to-morrow evening my

my miſtreſs is to be married to my rival."

"Is the Dey fond of his daughter?" Hiermanſor enquired.

"He doats on her, however pride and ambition have rendered him cruel."

"Thou ſhalt have her."

"A convulſive ſmile of the young man, and his looks, which were gazing at the poniard in my hand, proved how little confidence he repoſed in that promiſe; however Hiermanſor ſoon re-kindled, by the power of his perſuaſion, the dormant hope in the heart of the young man. Who is not willing to believe what he ardently wiſhes? hope crimſoned the pale cheeks of Morgan.

"Hiermanſor aſked me the next morning whether I had no deſire to try my fortune at a tournament, to which Benharad had invited the nobles and knights of Algiers, in order to prove by the valour of his arm, that he was not undeſerving the beautiful daughter of the Dey? I accepted his propoſal with pleaſure. When I was going to enter the liſts, he wiſhed

me once more ſucceſs, and diſappeared in the throng of the numerous ſpectators.

The Dey himſelf honoured the tournament with his preſence, his daughter being ſeated at his right hand. The charms of her beautiful perſon were heightened by the dazzling ſplendour of her attire; however the ſufferings of ill-fated love had bleached the roſes of her cheeks. She beheld with indifference the valour of Benharad, who conquered one antagoniſt after the other, which increaſed my vexation at this ſight. I met the proud victor with my lance, in order to avenge the conquered knight. He ruſhed upon me like a tempeſt, and the blow which I received was ſo vehement, that I maintained the ſaddle with difficulty, while my lance had been ſhivered to atoms by the ſhield of the immoveable Mauritanian.

"Emboldened by ſo many victories, Benharad challenged one knight after the other, however none of them would riſk a ſecond time the ſhame of being unhorſed. He was already going to approach

proach the throne of the Dey, in order to receive the prize from the hands of his beautiful daughter, when ſuddenly a comely youth ruſhed forth, offering to fight the proud conqueror. The new comer attracted the notice of the whole aſſembled multitude. His face was covered with a black maſk, and on his ſhield was written with golden characters, "My antagoniſt will have ſufficient time to ſee my face when he is conquered."

"This is Morgan!" was the general exclamation. "It is Morgan!" ſeemed the ſparkling eyes, and the glowing cheeks of the princeſs to ſay.

"Thou art the man whom I have been ſeeking for in vain!" Benharad exclaimed, "I know thee by thy ſhape, in ſpite of thy diſguiſe. Miſerable braggard! if female beauty is to be the prize of valour, then my arm ſhall teach thee who of us is moſt worthy to receive it!' The maſked knight was going to throw his lance at the proud Mauritanian in lieu of an anſwer; however, Benharad got the ſtart of him, darting his lance at his anta-

goniſt, and would have pierced him if he had not ſaved himſelf by a ſudden turn. Benharad's horſe was wounded mortally by the lance of the maſked knight, and fell to the ground.

The motions and looks of the princeſs beſpoke plainly her rapture. Benharad darted up, foaming with rage, and drew his ſword; the maſked knight alighted inſtantly and did the ſame. A furious combat enſued, and after it had been undeciding a long time, Benharad was dangerouſly wounded in his right arm, and carried away by his Eſquires, exhauſted through the loſs of blood. The maſked knight approached the ſteps of the throne, in order to receive the well-earned prize; he received it from the trembling hands of the princeſs, amid the loud acclamations of the ſpectators; however, a death-like general ſilence enſued when the conqueror removed the maſk, and an unknown face ſurpriſed the multitude; for it was not Morgan, but —— Hiermanſor.

He took advantage of the general ſilence,

ſilence. "Daughter of the powerful Dey!" he ſaid, "I accept gratefully the prize from your hand; however, I pray that the latter may be the reward of Morgan, for whom I have taken up arms in order to humble his proud rival."

The Dey replied with haughty ſcorn: "Morgan has no claim to my daughter, nor to the valour of thy arms. Both are the property of other perſons."

"And whoſe property is the hand of your daughter?"

"Benharad's!"

"But did not Benharad himſelf ſay that female beauty was to be the prize of valour, and who was conqueror?"

"Neither Benharad nor Morgan! but I am maſter." So ſaying, the Dey roſe with evident marks of anger.

"Be a father too!" Hiermanſor exclaimed, "thy daughter loves Morgan, and he returns her love; he would have proved to-day by deeds how much he deſerves her hand, if the anguiſh of diſappointed love had not confined him to the bed of ſickneſs. Thou haſt one time ap-

proved the mutual love of that noble couple, crown now their felicity by thy conſent to their union." "Ha! traitor, who preſumeſt to terminate with borrowed arms the differences of other people, who art thou that thou dareſt to preſcribe laws to me?" "Thou ſhalt ſoon know who I am." Hiermanſor replied with a menacing look, and was going to retire, when the Dey exclaimed in a furious accent: "Guards, ſeize the traitor, confine him in the darkeſt dungeon, and to-morrow let him publicly be caſt before the lions."

"He was inſtantly ſeized and dragged to the priſon; however, he had gained his aim, for Benharad's wound appeared to be mortal, and the wedding was poſtponed.

The day following, I went to the place where the moſt ſhocking death awaited Hiermanſor. The ſpot where he was to be devoured by the ravenous beaſts was encloſed with a ſtrong iron railing, and ſurrounded by a numberleſs crowd of ſpectators. The Dey himſelf appeared, in order to ſatisfy his burning thirſt for revenge,

venge by the ſight of that horrible ſpectacle. Hiermanſor was led forth. The lions ſaluted him from their receptacles with a dreadful roaring; however, his countenance beſpoke a firm unſhaſken reſolution, which did not leave him when, on a given ſignal, an iron grate was opened, and a lion whoſe red rolling eyes threatened death and deſtruction, was let looſe. Hiermanſor met his foe unarmed, thruſted his arm between his wide extended jaws, and the lion fell dead to the ground. The Dey grew pale. Hiermanſor turned towards him and ſaid: "thou knoweſt now who I am, do not force me to make *thee* ſenſible of my power; give thy conſent to thy daughter's union with Morgan."

Theſe words, which were pronounced in a menacing accent, provoked the pride of the Dey.

"Let us ſee," ſaid he, "whether thy power can ſtand the teſt." At the ſame time he ordered a ſecond lion to be let looſe upon him. The ferocious animal

darted at Hiermanſor, but ſhared the fate of his comrade.

A general aſtoniſhment ſeized the gazing ſpectators; the Dey left his place in great emotion, and ordered the conqueror of the lions to follow him. He led him to the moſt retired apartment of his palace, and queſtioned him about his power.

"My power," Hiermanſor replied, "has been granted me by Allah in order to curb the pride of the powerful, and to raiſe the oppreſſed ſlave from the duſt. Be adviſed, and unite thy daughter to Morgan."

"Fear alarmed the heart of the Dey, he trembled at the powerful *Unknown*; however, pride and ambition prevailed over his fear. He refuſed to conſent to Hiermanſor's propoſal.

"The latter was going to retire, but the Dey, who ſeemed to apprehend dreadful conſequences from his reſentment, took him kindly by the hand, and ſaid, "One half of my empire is at thy command, only ſuffer me to follow my inclination in this point!"

"Hap-

"Happineſs is the will of Allah—thine to render two human beings miſerable—and one of them is thy daughter."

"She will not be miſerable, the progreſs of time will calm her paſſion; ſhe will forget Morgan."

"Thou art miſtaken. My looks penetrate farther into futurity than thine. Grief will kill her."

"O! thou to whom ſupernatural power has been granted, canſt thou deviſe no means to cure her of that fatal paſſion; for I cannot change my reſolution?"

"Hiermanſor ſeemed to meditate. "I will compoſe a beverage," ſaid he, at length, "that will cure her of her paſſion." The Dey embraced him with marks of rapturous joy. The potion was prepared, the princeſs drank it, and went to bed. The next morning ſhe was found dead.

The intelligence of her death almoſt broke the heart of her father. He tore his ſilver beard, and promiſed immenſe rewards to the phyſicians, if they ſhould be able to rekindle the dormant ſpark of life;

life; but his ravings and his promiſes were fruitleſs; the ſpirit of his daughter ſeemed to have taken its flight to the manſions of eternal reſt.

"Hiermanſor, on whoſe head had been ſet an immenſe price, was ſearched every where, but could not be diſcovered. At length he made his appearance voluntarily. The ſight of him reduced at once the rage of the Dey, who ſtared ſpeechleſs at him. "Thou didſt deſire me," Hiermanſor ſaid, "to cure thy daughter of her paſſion; I have executed thy command. No other means were ſufficient to extirpate her love!" "Return, my child, to me!" exclaimed the Dey: "Return me my child!" "That anguiſh may kill her a ſecond time?" Hiermanſor replied, "No! no! I ſhall leave thee to the conſequences of thy ſtubbornneſs! thou deſerveſt to end thy life childleſs." So ſaying he offered to go, but was ſtopped. "Villainous traitor!" roared the Dey—"the moſt agonizing death ſhall be the puniſhment of thy treachery, and thou ſhalt expire under the moſt excruciating torments

ments, if thou doſt not inſtantly recal my child to life." Hiermanſor looked at him with cold contempt, and did not deign to return an anſwer. The Dey threw himſelf on his knees, conjuring him with weeping eyes and amid heavy groans to reſuſcitate his child, and offered one half of his kingdom as a reward. "Keep thy kingdom!" ſaid Hiermanſor, "and ſwear a ſolemn oath to marry thy daughter to Morgan, and I will recal her to life!" The whole court was aſſembled, Morgan ſummoned to appear, and the Dey ſwore ſolemnly to marry his daughter to him. Hiermanſor knelt down by the bed of the deceaſed, praying fervently, and then took her by the hand. No ſooner had he touched her than ſhe began to move. The roſes of her cheeks returned, and ſhe opened her eyes in Morgan's arms: the ſight of her lover reſtored her to life and recollection, and the darling of her heart ſeemed ready to die with joy.

"Hiermanſor gazed joyfully at the charming ſcene, which was his work; but when Morgan recovered from his trance, and

and wanted to thank the author of his bliſs, he retired ſuddenly, and was ſeen no more. The day following the loving pair celebrated the feaſt of eternal union."

Here the king pauſed awhile, in order to let the firſt impreſſion of this extraordinary tale paſs over, and then he continued his narrative.

" My fondneſs for travelling and adventures abated by degrees. The years of youthful ardor were paſſed away. My calling to the throne and the deſire of reviſiting my ſubjects awoke powerfully in my ſoul, particularly when Hiermanſor told me, that already three impoſtors had dared to repreſent my perſon, and to claim the ſway over Port***l. But the very ſame reaſons which ſpurred me to return to my kingdom, were repreſented to me by Hiermanſor as a juſt ground for poſtponing the execution of my deſign. " One would miſtake you for the fourth impoſtor," he ſaid; " or at leaſt the king of Sp**n would leave no ſtone unturned to repreſent you in that light." He adviſed me to wait for a better opportunity,

and to preſerve the ſtricteſt incognito. He then accompanied me to a monaſtery, where he took leave of me with the requeſt to await his return. However, my deſire to reviſit my paternal ſoil and my ſubjects encreaſed every day. I thought Hiermanſor's apprehenſions over anxious. The truth and juſtice of my cauſe I fancied would plead in my behalf, particularly as my perſon was diſtinguiſhed by marks which could not but confirm my aſſertion of being the identical king who was ſuppoſed to have been killed. In ſhort, I conquered every doubt, and travelled towards the confines of my kingdom, without waiting for the arrival of my kind protector.

"Hiermanſor was at that time at Lif**n, the capital of my kingdom, and knew of my deſign, although he was then far diſtant from me. He endeavoured to promote the execution of it, though I had deſerved his reſentment, becauſe I had neglected his advice. With that view he went, in the diſguiſe of a monk, to the Prince of Br****za, in order to perſuade

ſuade him to favour my cauſe; but ſeeing that the Prince ſeemed to be diſinclined to lend his aſſiſtance to the execution of my plan, he waited for a more favourable opportunity of being ſerviceable to me, and ſoon found one. The people had been provoked by the oppreſſion of the king of Sp**n in ſuch a manner, that a conſpiracy was formed and loud complaints were uttered. Hierman-for, diſguiſed in the garment of a monk, went from place to place, endeavouring to raiſe a kind of religious enthuſiaſm in my behalf, and to enflame the minds of the multitude.

No ſooner had the news of that fermentation penetrated to Ven**e, where I then reſided, than I publicly declared who I was. I was ſummoned before the ſenate, through the inſtigation of the Sp***ſh miniſter, in order to prove the identity of my perſon. I did it in the cleareſt manner, and nevertheleſs was impriſoned three years till my proceſs was finiſhed. Alas! if you knew what artifices my dreadful judges made uſe of to con-

convict me of impoſition, and what means the king of Sp**n employed to ruin me, you would not be able to refuſe me a tear of pity. If I had not revealed ſecrets which I could not poſſibly have known if I had not been the perſon who I really am, if I had been convicted of the leaſt falſehood, and if every circumſtance had not confirmed the truth of my aſſertion, my life would have been loſt inevitably."

"Meanwhile Hiermanſor endeavoured to blow up the fire which he had lighted in the heads and hearts of my people, partly through pamphlets which he had printed and diſperſed among the multitude, and partly by the arts of oral perſuaſion. It was he who cauſed the miraculous bell at Venezuella to be rung, that very bell which was believed to ring from itſelf previouſly to an impending great event which is to happen in the royal family, or the kingdom. In one word, Hiermanſor had left no ſtone unturned to ſtir up my ſubjects in my behalf; he even perſuaded the king of Fr**ce to intercede for me. My judges

not

not being able to refiſt any longer the loud and powerful interceſſion of thoſe who demanded my liberty, ordered at length the gates of my priſon to be thrown open. It is very ſingular that I was declared innocent, and nevertheleſs baniſhed the territory of the Republic; and not leſs ſingular it is that I was allowed eight days for the preparations for my departure.

"I heſitated ſome days which of the two roads leading to my dominions I ſhould chuſe. Hiermanſor propoſed to me to go by ſea; however, the greateſt number of my friends diſſuaded me from it, and adviſed me to go by way of Fl*****ce. I adopted the latter opinion, and thus delivered myſelf fooliſhly into the hands of my enemies; for I had no ſooner entered the Fl****ine dominions, than I was known, in ſpite of the dreſs of a Dominican friar in which I was diſguiſed, arreſted, and delivered up to the Spaniſh government."

Here the king ſtopped; his countenance was overſpread with a melancholy gloom,

glooom, and the ſad recollection of his misfortunes, ſeemed to overpower him, "O, Hiermanſor!" he reſumed at length, "Heaven has puniſhed me dreadfully for having neglected to follow thy advice; my diſobedience has deprived me of my crown and liberty. O, my benefactor, in vain haſt thou delivered me from the power of my dreadful judges, and paved the road to crown and ſceptre—I have myſelf deſtroyed the work of thy wiſdom!" He could not proceed farther.

I proſtrated myſelf before him, and exclaimed, "O, my Lord and King! your happier days ſhall return once more. Providence has not preſerved your life in vain above a century; your hoary age appears to me to be a pledge of better days. The preſent century will atone for the injuſtice of that which is paſt. Hiermanſor is yet alive, and I can boldly exhort you to repoſe your confidence and hope in him. And if I am deſtined to aſſiſt in rebuilding the ſtructure of your happineſs, I will cheerfully riſk my life for you."

The

The king ſeemed to be ſurpriſed by the enthuſiaſm with which I pronounced theſe words; his eyes ſparkled with tears of joy. He ſtrained me to his boſom, and his ſpeechleſs gratitude affected me more than the moſt animated eloquence would have done. After a long pauſe of profound ſilence he reſumed at length:

"I will not embitter this happy hour, by enlarging on the misfortunes which have rendered life a burden to me, and beſides, the proceedings of the Sp***ſh government with regard to me, and the hiſtory of the ill treatment which I have experienced, are ſufficiently known. Suffice it to ſay, that I was at length confined in the caſtle of St. L**ar. O how frequently have I implored heaven to cut the thread of my unhappy life aſunder; for what advantage could I derive from the prolongation of an exiſtence which was ſupported by a little bread and water, and rendered more painful every day by the ſad recollection of former greatneſs and the impoſſibility of regaining my liberty?"

One

One dark and tempeſtuous night, I had fallen aſleep on my hard couch, borne down with grief and ſorrow, when ſuddenly ſomebody interrupted the grave-like ſilence of my dungeon, by pronouncing my name. I ſtarted up, but the impenetrable darkneſs which ſurrounded me did not allow me to diſcern an object. On my queſtion who it was that had pronounced my name, a ſudden ray of light illuminated my priſon, and Hiermanſor was ſtanding before me with a lanthorn, which had been concealed under his cloak. He unlocked my chains and bade me to follow him. We paſſed the guards without being ſtopped, and I fancied the whole incident to be the deluſion of an happy dream. I was not convinced of the reality of what had happened to me, until we came into the ſtreet. Hiermanſor provided me with a dreſs to diſguiſe my perſon; we haſtened in a poſt-chaiſe which was waiting for us, drove away at a furious rate, and arrived at the frontiers of Port * * * I without being diſcovered. From thence we proceeded to my preſent abode, where Hier-

Hiermanſor left me. By his advice I have aſſumed this garb, under which nobody ſuſpects a king, who generally is believed to rot in the peaceful lap of mother earth, and no perſon except you and my benefactor knows of the ſecret."

"And no one ſhall know it (the Count exclaimed) till the ſhouting multitude, hailing their lawful king, ſhall proclaim it aloud. But does not Hiermanſor viſit you now and then?"

"Never, except when I requeſt his attendance."

The Count and myſelf ſtared alternately at one another, and at the king, ſeized with aſtoniſhment.

"You don't comprehend me!" ſaid the king, "I will ſpeak plainer. Hiermanſor taught me, previous to his departure, a ſecret which always has ſucceeded in the application, though it is a very ſingular one. I kiſs this picture three times, and pronounce ſome myſterious words, upon which Hiermanſor appears inſtantly, whereſoever he be. Only in the twelfth hour of the day and night, I am not allowed

lowed to make uſe of that ſecret. It is now paſt one o'clock, if you will be convinced of the truth of my aſſertion, I will ſummon him hither."

The ſerious mien of the King did not ſuffer us to ſuſpect him being in jeſt, and yet the matter was ſo incredible that it ſeemed to be utterly impoſſible. Whoſe curioſity could have reſiſted ſuch a charm? We begged the king to call him, and he ſtepped before the picture, which was ſuſpended over the altar cloſe to the entrance of the cell. Having looked at it in profound ſilence a long time, he pronounced ſome unknown words, and kiſſed the picture three times. Suddenly a ruſtling noiſe aroſe, the light in the lamp diſappeared and returned alternately, and a voice behind us exclaimed plainly: "What is the pleaſure of your Majeſty?" We turned round, ſeized with wonder and amazement, and ſaw Hiermanſor ſtanding in a corner of the cell, as pale as a corpſe, dreſſed in a black garment, and wrapt in a ſcarlet cloak.

I cannot but confeſs that the ſudden

apparition of the *Unknown*, thrilled me with the ſame awful ſenſations of admiration as his diſappearance in Amelia's apartment. My eyes, which in vain endeavoured to find out an inlet in the little cell through which Hiermanſor could have entered, returned with ſurpriſe to the perſon of that extraordinary, inexplorable being, who after a long pauſe of ſilence moved towards us and repeated his queſtion to the king.

"I have ſummoned thee by the deſire of my gueſts!" replied the latter.

Hiermanſor turned towards me and ſaid, "What reſolution have you taken?"

"To obey blindly your commands!" was my reply.

"Then haſte to Fr**ce. Let nothing interrupt your journey! nothing! mark well what I ſay. Endeavour to enter the reſidence at night, and never appear there in the day time. Pretend to be an Italian Abbe, who intends to ſtay ſome time for the ſake of amuſement, and try to get, through the Count, (pointing at my companion) admittance to the Queen. Your requeſt

requeſt will be granted as ſoon as you ſhall have delivered theſe papers." "He gave me a ſealed packet, and reſumed:— "However I muſt deſire you once more to be circumſpect, and to preſerve the ſtricteſt incognito. Do not enquire for the reaſon of this caution, which I dare not diſcloſe. I only can tell you, that your death will be unavoidable, if the King of Fr***ce, or the Cardinal Rich-***u ſhould diſcover who you are. Don't mind the words and actions of the Queen, farther than they will be connected with your commiſſion. Inſiſt upon your requeſt, that if a rupture between your country and the King of Spain ſhould happen, the Fr**ch government ſhall declare for the former. The Queen, who has a powerful influence upon the government, neither can, nor will refuſe your requeſt. But if ſhe ſhould preſs you to name the new claimant to the crown, take care to acquaint her with the real one."

"But whom ſhall I name?"

"The Duke of Bra***za!"

"Perceiving my aſtoniſhment, he examined me with penetrating looks, and replied after a ſhort pauſe: "You have voluntarily ſurrendered to my power, but you are yet at liberty to retire, provided you ſwear a ſolemn oath never to reveal what you know of the myſtery. But if you mean to perſiſt in your reſolution, then give me your hand as a token of your fidelity."

I gave him my right hand mechanically. He preſſed it vehemently, and ſaid in a ſolemn and ſerious accent, "Now you are mine!" Then his looks were directed to the Count, examining his countenance inquiſitively. My companion caſt his eyes to the ground, the packet trembled in his hand, and he proſtrated himſelf at Hiermanſor's feet. "Whoſoever you be, (he exclaimed) I have miſtaken your perſon. I am cured of my error; and if the ſincereſt repentance can atone for my groſs miſtake, if the ſolemn declaration of my eternal attachment to you can enſure me your forgiveneſs, then I

ſhall

ſhall not be unworthy of your future confidence!"

"Riſe!" exclaimed Hiermanſor with dignity, "I have forgiven your former errors, a proof of which is the commiſſion which I have intruſted to you. Do you think I would confide theſe important papers to a man whom I hate? I have known you theſe many years, though you knew little or nothing of me. If you will ſwear eternal ſecrecy, you alſo ſhall know my plan."

The Count ſwore the oath of eternal ſecrecy, and Hiermanſor continued:

"The hoary royal Hermit is ſupported neither by a powerful army nor foreign allies; his cauſe muſt therefore be placed in the hands of a powerful perſon. I know no man in Port***l who is poſſeſſed of greater authority and power than the Duke of Bra***za. The third part of the kingdom is his property; he is beloved by the multitude, who are deſirous to ſee him mount the throne. The Duke will, conſequently, not find it difficult to wreſt the ſceptre from the king of Sp**n. It

was, indeed, no eaſy taſk to perſuade him to join us in our enterprize; however, he has promiſed, at length, to aſſiſt us by his intereſt. The ſecret ſprings of the revolution are already in motion, and as ſoon as he ſhall have wreſted the crown of Por***al from the King of Sp**n, he is to reſtore it publicly to its lawful owner."

"Are you ſure of this ſelf-denial of the Duke of Br*****za?"

"I am not uſed to found my plans on uncertainties."—Hiermanſor replied, with marks of diſpleaſure, "I know that you deſpiſe the Duke, but you miſtake his character. His heart is good; the reſt you may confidently leave to my care."

"But what will be the conſequence when the Queen of France ſhall find that ſhe has been deceived, and intereſted herſelf for another perſon? will not her favour be turned to bloody revenge? will not the Fr**ch government declare againſt my country?"

"The reſentment of Fr**ce will come too late. If your country ſhall but have ſhaken off the Spaniſh yoke, and the king gained

gained a firm footing, means then will be found to fruſtrate the menaces of foreign powers. All that we at preſent deſire is, that they may not oppoſe the erection of the ſtructure, for when it ſhall be finiſhed, it will brave by its ſolidity all external attacks. However theſe attacks, very probably, will never happen, for it is entirely indifferent to every foreign power, whether the Duke of Br****za, or any other perſon, who can prove and enforce a juſt title to the crown, keeps poſſeſſion of it. To diminiſh the formidable power of Sp**n, and to check it by a new raiſed rival, is the intereſt of all Europe, and no neighbouring power will diſturb the future owner of the throne of your country in the quiet poſſeſſion of his dignity, no matter whether he be the Duke of Br****za or ſome other perſon. It is therefore not the Duke of Br****za for whom you are going to gain the aſſiſtance of Fr**ce; no, it is your country, for which you have undertaken to intereſt yourſelf. Hol***d, Eng***d, and Sar***ia have been gained over already to

our intereſt, and if Fr**ce joins theſe three powers, then the revolution will be ſecure againſt foreign enemies."

"Give me leave to make one objection: the Queen of Fr**ce is a ſiſter of the king of Sp**n; how can it be expected that ſhe will take our part againſt her own brother?"

"And yet ſhe will, from reaſons which I am not allowed to diſcloſe. Believe me, my Lord, there are incentives more powerful than ſuch a reſolution; nay, occaſions may happen when the intereſt of the blood muſt give way to the intereſt of ſtate policy. Don't you think ſo too?"

"I have ſworn to obey you implicitly."

"That oath only binds your will; you are not deprived of the liberty of thinking."

"But of what uſe can it be to me without the liberty of acting?—I ſacrifice my opinions to your better judgment."

"Then you are determined to depart?"

"With

"With the firſt dawn of day."

"I wiſh you an happy journey; and when you have executed your buſineſs return to Sp**n. At the ſame time you may reſt aſſured that your father never will ſuſpect your engagement, provided you can invent ſome palpable pretence or other to conceal from him your journey to Fr**ce. I have taken ſuch meaſures, that no one except the conſpirators ever can know what you are going to do for the revolution; and even if your actions ſhould tranſpire, yet the whole world would believe you to be not only unconnected with the conſpirators, but alſo the moſt active opponent to the revolution, Yet you will eaſily conceive that every thing depends on the ſtricteſt obedience to the injunctions which I have given you."

"Undoubtedly! you may have the utmoſt reliance on my punctuality."

"You may expect to receive the ſweeteſt reward if you perform your promiſe like a man."

"I claim no other reward but that which I ſhall derive from the conſciouſneſs of having aſſiſted in breaking aſunder the fetters of my country, and reſtoring the hoary royal hermit to his dignity."

"Your ſentiments do honour to your heart, and give you an additional title to the ſweet reward that awaits you, and which will ſatisfy the moſt ardent wiſhes of your heart."

I read the meaning of theſe words in his looks, and he could not but read in my countenance that I comprehended the ſecret ſenſe of his promiſe. He left me abruptly, without ſtaying to witneſs the eruption of ſenſations which made me the happieſt of mortals. The royal hermit, who ſaw him to the door, led us after his return to another cell, where he ſhowed us to our couch.

I laid down, but could not ſleep. My buſy imagination was entirely occupied with the lovely image of my Amelia, and dreams of happineſs which I expected to reap in her arms, according to Hiermanſor's

ſor's promiſe. The ſweet proſpect which he had opened to me animated my whole nature with new life, and inſpired me with a firm reſolution to do and to ſuffer whatever ſhould fall to my lot. My fancy drew Amelia's enchanting picture with every charm of novelty, the ſcenes of the few hours which I had ſpent in her company, with every force of reality, and the bliſs of futurity, with every variety of ideal enjoyment. In vain did my mind forebode many future impediments; omnipotent love aſſiſted me to conquer boldly every apprehenſion, and Hiermanſor's power raiſed my hope to the higheſt degree of enthuſiaſm. Occupied with theſe ſweet reveries, I fell aſleep againſt morning, and had not ſlept an hour, when the Count came to tell me that it was time to depart. We took leave of our royal hoſt, who parted with us with weeping eyes.

When we arrived at the inn where we had left our ſervant with the chaiſe, he gave me a packet which had been ſent after me by an expreſs. As ſoon as I

opened it, I found the diploma of my ducal dignity, and a letter from my father, of which the following is a copy:

'My dear Son!

'Wherefover thou art, haſten to the arms 'of a dying parent, who wiſhes to ſee and 'to bleſs thee once more. I write theſe 'lines with a faint and trembling hand, on 'the brink of eternity, in order to be the 'firſt perſon who greets you as Duke of 'Ca*ina. I reſigned this dignity to 'you, in the preſence of my whole court, 'as ſoon as my illneſs grew dangerous, 'and had it proclaimed publicly at Ca*-'ina. Although I ſhould recovér my 'health, by the grace of God, yet you 'ſhall remain Duke, and I

Marquis of Villa*eal."

Whoever has experienced the force of filial love will be able to form an idea of my dreadful diſtreſs. When I implicitly promiſed the *Unknown* to travel to Fr**e, I certainly could not have thought of the ſummons of a dying father; and this caſe had now really happened; the ſtrongeſt motives which filial duty and gratitude

can enforce, preſſed me to obey the call of my dying parent. What could I do in that diſtreſſing ſituation? return to my father and break the ſolemn oath I had ſworn to the *Unknown?* or continue my journey to Fr**e, and diſobey the juſt command of my dying parent? No one can conceive the dreadful conflict which took place in my afflicted ſoul. I could come to no determination, and felt, for the firſt time, the galling preſſure of the fetters which I had forged myſelf, by that vow of implicit obedience.

I communicated my diſtreſs to the Count, who found my doubts well founded but not indiſſoluble. "In caſes where different duties croſs each other," ſaid he, "not the *heart*, which is a blind and partial guide, but *reaſon* ought to decide, and the latter always will declare for that party which is ſupported by the ſtrongeſt arguments. What motives can you alledge for your returning to your father? Filial love? This ſentiment is a ſacred one; but is your vow to travel to Fr**e leſs ſo? and are not the duties you owe to your coun-

country and your lawful king, two additional important motives which ſpeak loudly for your journey to Fr**e? You ſee for which ſide the greateſt number of motives decides; let us now examine whether the weight of motives inclines the ſcale. For what purpoſe are you to return to the arms of your father? in order to afford him the *pleaſure* of ſeeing you once more, and beſtowing his paternal benediction upon you. For what purpoſe did the *Unknown* ſend you to Fr**e? Was it not for the *benefit* of your country, and the lawful king? What motive is moſt important, that of giving *pleaſure*, or that of being *uſeful?* What duty is moſt preſſing, that of ſatisfying the wiſhes of a *father*, or that of accompliſhing thoſe of one's *country?* But let us now examine the conſequences. If you travel to Fr**e, your father may perhaps die without having ſeen you once more, and this I cannot deny, would be painful to you and to him; however, his grief will be cured by death, and yours by time. But how could you repair the damage which your coun-

country would receive by your return to your father? It is evident that Hiermanſor intends to make uſe of your aſſiſtance as a chief ſpring in the great machine which his wiſdom has compoſed for effecting the reſtoration of the old King, and the releaſe of your country. What would you ſay, if you, by obeying the laſt command of your father, ſhould put a ſtop to, or perhaps entirely undo the motion of the machine? or do you know what an important influence your journey to Fr**ce may have on its motion? It is at leaſt certain that Hiermanſor makes uſe of that journey as a mean of executing the great plan which he has formed; and how much he has it at heart you may conclude from the emphaſis with which he has exhorted you not to ſuffer your journey to be retarded by any thing? you promiſed upon oath to execute your commiſſion faithfully, and now you heſitate whether you ſhall keep or break your promiſe."

"I will keep it! I exclaimed, covered with ſhame. "Yet the powerful influence of

of filial tenderneſs will excuſe my momentary heſitation."

"Your Grace!" ſaid the Count, taking me kindly by the hand," the ſweeteſt reward awaits you. Do you recollect that promiſe?'

This unexpected turn entirely changed my whole diſpoſition of mind in a moment. I would have travelled to F***e, from motives of duty, but was hurried on by a ſecret charm, which exerciſed a ſweet power over my heart, and made me anxious to execute my commiſſion with all poſſible expedition. All the delightful enchanting pictures of the preceding night crowded again on my imagination; Amelia ſeemed to bid me go to F***e, her image expelled that of my father. I fancied I heard the exhortation of the *Unknown*, of my country and the old King: the voice of honour and love ſilenced that of a dying father; the idea that he perhaps had been the cauſe of my ſeparation from Amelia, that the deed of which he had been accuſed by the apparition might have alienated her heart from

from me, made my blood ferment with additional violence; I had no reſt, and ordered the ſervant to prepare for our departure without delay.

"Not ſo raſh! my Lord!" ſaid the Count, "you cannot obey the commands of your father; however, you ought at leaſt not to offend him. His invitation deſerves an excuſe if you do not accept it."

I was ſenſible of the juſtice of his reproach; however, I could find no pretence which promiſed to juſtify my diſobedience to his command.

"I think I have hit upon ſomething that will do," ſaid the Count after ſome meditation. "I think—but I will go and ſettle every thing—"

So ſaying, he left me abruptly. I could not conceive what he was about.

After half an hour he returned with a ſurgeon:

"You have been thrown off your horſe," he ſaid to me, "and received a violent contuſion on your left arm. This gentleman will atteſt it for the conſideration

tion of twenty ducats; you may send the certificate to your father, as a proof that you cannot travel."

I paid the sum to the surgeon, received the certificate, wrote a few lines and sent both to my father.

We settled that in case my father should write a second letter, the surgeon should return an answer in my name, pretending that on account of the inflammation of my arm, he could not allow me to make the least exertion, and keep my father's letter till I should acquaint him by a few lines to what place I should wish to have it sent. An additional present of twenty-five ducats made him promise to execute every thing with the greatest punctuality, and we got in our carriage. "Why," said I, on the road to myself, "why has Hiermansor selected *me* for this secret embassy, in a country which my father has so frequently and anxiously advised me never to enter? What ground can he have to hope that the Queen will have the kindness for *me* to grant a prayer, the completion of which will prove so detrimental

to

to her brother? For what reaſon has my father cautioned me ſo repeatedly againſt a country, to the centre of which Hiermanſor allures me by the moſt powerful arguments and promiſes? On what ground does that ſingular man expect me to have ſo much power over the heart of the Queen Regent, whom I never have ſeen, while he on the other ſide endeavours to fill my heart with fear and ſuſpicion, with reſpect to the Regent, who never has ſeen, nor received the leaſt injury from me? What may be the reaſon that the Queen will receive me ſo kindly, while my preſence in the capital is to be kept ſo ſecret from the King and his Prime Miniſter? Has perhaps my father committed a crime againſt the ſtate of Fr**ce? but how could I in that caſe expect to be received favourably by the Queen? Or ariſes the hatred which the Regent entertains againſt our family from private reaſons, and if ſo, why ſhould my father think it ſo neceſſary to conceal them from his ſon? Or ſhould the favour of the Queen and the hatred of the King ariſe from one ſource, will the

the former be obliged to conceal her interview with me from the monarch, from fear of the King, or of the consort of her bed? Did my father conceal from me the real reason of his earnest injunction to beware of the Fr**ch territory from political or domestic motives? Is the favour of the Queen and the hatred of the King confined only to my father, or are they perhaps extended to my person on account of my parent? and if that should be the case, how great and of what a singular nature must the obligations be which the Queen owes to my father, if she shall sacrifice to his son the interest of her brother? How great and singular must be the crime which my father has committed against the King, since the latter will punish the son for it with death! Should perhaps the crime which my father has committed against the Regent form the base of the obligations which the Queen seems to owe to my parent?"—

These questions which I put to myself, in order to unfold so important a mystery, led me to no kind of certainty, but only

to

to conjectures which, however, ſoon were deprived of their force by other reflections, for which reaſon I reſolved to check my curioſity till the expected interview with the Queen ſhould put me in a way to develope the myſtery in a more ſatisfactory manner.

Meanwhile we continued our journey with the greateſt expedition; however, the impetuoſity with which we drove cauſed the carriage to be overturned within thirty miles of the frontiers of Fr**ce. I eſcaped without the leaſt injury, but the Count received a violent contuſion on his left arm which obliged him to keep his bed four days, and taught us the diſagreeable truth that impetuoſity leads as ſlowly to the mark as tardineſs.

On the fifth day the impatience of the Count could not be bridled any longer by the arguments of the ſurgeon; he inſiſted upon our departure, and we arrived in Fr**ce againſt midnight.

We continued our journey the night following, and arrived with the firſt dawn of the twelfth day at P***s. The Count went

went that very day to beg an audience of the Queen, and his triumphant looks on his return gave me reaſon to hope he had ſucceeded in his application. His words confirmed the truth of my conjecture: "O! my Lord!" ſaid he, "I have ſeen her, have put the papers in her hand—Heavens! what an amiable woman!—born to be a queen, ſhe needs not the ſhallow aſſiſtance of artificial dignity, in order to inſtill that awe which cannot but ſeize even the ſtrongeſt mind at the ſight of her!—Born to conquer every heart, ſhe knows how to raiſe up to her, by her condeſcending affability, thoſe whom the ſplendor of her greatneſs has ſubjected to her. The ſenſation which prevailed in my heart when I ſtood before her, was a mixture of profound regard and confidence, which, however, made room for the livelieſt joy, when the Queen, after the peruſal of the papers, approached me with a ſiſterly confidence, ſaying, with unſpeakable ſweetneſs: "Dear Count, tell the Duke of Ca**na, that I ſhall be very glad to ſee him, that the King will go

go into the country to-morrow afternoon, and that I expect your friend at night." Then she told me what measures we are to take in order to escape the vigilance of intruding looks, and dismissed me, having previously made me a present of this ring."

This account raised my curiosity to the highest pitch of impatience. I scarcely could await the night when I was to be introduced to the Queen. My hotel appeared to me a prison, and time to proceed with the tardiness of a snail. At length the wished for hour arrived. It was ten o'clock at night when I went to the park which joins the palace, disguised in the garb of an Italian Abbe. The chief lady of the bed-chamber who was waiting for us at the gate, conducted us through several rows of trees, in order to know whether we were not watched by invisible witnesses, and then directed her steps towards the palace, requesting the Count to await my return behind a thick hedge. Having advanced a few steps, she turned into

into a by walk leading to the walls of the palace, which, on one ſide, were covered with an eſpalier, behind which my conductreſs bade me to follow her. We had not proceeded twenty ſteps when ſhe deſired me to ſtop, making ſome motions againſt the wall, upon which a part of it opened in form of a little gate, through which ſhe puſhed me. There I was received by a ſecond lady, who had been waiting for me with a dark lanthorn, leading me up a narrow ſtaircaſe into an apartment which was faintly lighted.—Then ſhe rung a bell and left me ſuddenly.

I had waited five minutes, and no one came. Undeſcribable emotions agitated my mind. I had waited five minutes more, when at length ſomebody was ſtirring in the next room. A ſecret door was opened, and the Queen appeared on the threſhold, with a light in her hand. My head bowed to her while my heart met her, harrowed by ſtrange ſenſations. Her eye gazed at me a long while, and her wan cheeks aſſumed a crimſon hue.

"Are

"Are you the Duke of Ca*ina?" she said after a long silence, with an undescribable sweetness, and in a trembling accent. "Yes, I am the Duke of Ca*ina!" was my reply. "Then follow me!" she resumed. I followed her, and she seated herself on a sofa, commanding me to take a seat by her side. "Give me leave, most gracious Queen," said I, bending my knee, "previously to address a prayer to your Majesty, to which nothing but the confidence in the greatness of your soul, and love for my country, could have emboldened me."

"Not before you rise and take a seat by my side!" she replied, raising me up.

Her unexpected gracious condescension, and a certain perplexity which she seemed anxious to conceal, confounded me so much, that I could not find a proper preamble to my prayer, and yet I had taken so much care to prepare myself for that occasion. She relieved me from my confusion, which she seemed not to notice. "Count Clairval," said she, "has

delivered to me, the day before yesterday, some papers which have prepared me for your visit and prayer."

"Then it will be no secret to your Majesty, that a design is carrying on to deliver my oppressed country from the tyrannic yoke of Sp**n, and to restore the reins of government to the lawful King? I am come, most gracious Queen, to implore you in the name of justice, to make use of your powerful influence in behalf of that undertaking."

"How? I should lend my assistance to a design tending to injure my brother?" So saying, she looked at me, not with anger, but with undescribable inquisitiveness.

"Most gracious Queen! I could—it is—if your Majesty ——"

"How could you form the design to travel hither in order to stir up the sister against the brother? Dear Duke, you cannot but confess that this is rather singular. How did this idea come in your head?"

"Is it possible your Majesty should be ignorant of what has prompted me to risk this

this daring ſtep? Should not the papers which the Count has put in the hands of your Majeſty, have cleared up this point in a ſatisfactory manner?"

"Thoſe papers contain nothing but a previous account of your arrival, of the impending revolution, and proofs of its juſtice. The writer neither has ſigned his name, nor do I know the hand-writing."

This I had not expected, having been confident that Hiermanſor would have diſcovered himſelf to the Queen, in order to ſupport my prayer by his authority. You may therefore eaſily conceive how great my conſternation was, when I ſaw myſelf neceſſitated to enforce, as an utter ſtranger to the court, a prayer which could not but appear to the Queen daring to the higheſt degree. My conſternation was too great to be concealed. "Speak without fear:" ſaid the Queen, with inimitable ſweetneſs. "Tell me without reſerve, who has perſuaded you to take this ſtep."

"An unknown being," I exclaimed, "that has haunted me every where on my travels, has directed all my actions with irreſiſtible power, governs me inviſibly, with equal goodneſs and terror, has ſaved me from a watery grave, and penetrated through the flames in order to ſave the picture of my mother."

A glowing redneſs covered the countenance of the Queen. "Your mother?" ſhe ſtammered, "the picture of your mother?"

"It is a miniature painting, ſet in jewels—"

"Have you got it with you?" ſhe enquired haſtily.

It was in my letter caſe. I took it out of the caſe; ſhe received it with trembling hands, holding it againſt the light, and endeavoured in vain to check the tears which were ſtarting from her eyes; her boſom was heaving violently, as if retaining with difficulty the vehement emotions which ſeemed to be going to burſt forth. She fixed her eyes a long while on the picture in ſilent emotion, as it ſeemed

to

to gain time for recovering from the ſtrong effect of ſenſations, the ſource of which, I was unable to divine.

"Is ſhe dead?" ſhe enquired at length, without looking at me.

"She died twelve years ago," I replied, ſighing.

"Your features, dear Duke," ſhe reſumed after a long pauſe, "have no reſemblance with thoſe of this picture; and yet, the originality of the face is ſo remarkable to me, that it would afford me the greateſt pleaſure, if you would give it me."

"If your Majeſty ſhould know how dear it is to me—"

"Well, that will enhance the value it has in my eyes. Whenever I ſhall look at the picture of the mother, I will remember the ſon. I will give you *my* picture, in lieu of it; will you reſign it to me on that condition?"

I bowed reſpectfully, ſhe opened a drawer, putting my picture in it, and took another out of it, which was adorned with jewels much more precious than that of my mother.

"Take it, Duke, and whenever you look at it, think that it is the picture of—a very unhappy woman." So saying, she gave me the picture.

The accent and the mien with which these words were pronounced, wounded my heart. I prostrated myself—"How, amiable Queen, should you really be unhappy? and this pledge of your condescension should be to me a remembrancer of your misfortunes? O, name the source of your sorrows, and if the power of a mortal being can remove it, I will do it with pleasure, will attempt it even at the peril of my life!" So saying, I pressed my lips with vehemence on her hand.

"Rise! the interest which you take in my unhappiness renders me less unfortunate. It will not be in your power to make me happy, though I should be at liberty to unfold a mystery to you which never must be revealed. Rise, Duke!" She stooped to raise me up, her cheek touched my face, and a tremor of joy rambled through my frame. "Take courage!" I exclaimed, "though neither my

my power nor that of any man living ſhould be able to render you happy, yet I know a perſon who poſſeſſes ſupernatural powers, and I flatter myſelf he will not refuſe to grant my prayers. He ſhall make you happy, my Queen!"

She looked at me with weeping eyes, then up to heaven, and then again at me. "Your prayer," ſhe ſaid at length, "would be fruitleſs; for if an angel would deſcend from heaven to offer me his aſſiſtance, he could not reſtore me to happineſs, while certain human laws and political relations are in force."—

I plainly perceived the dreadful ſtruggles of her ſoul, and it would have been cruel to render her victory more difficult by farther perſuaſions.

I beheld with reſpectful ſilence the workings of her mind; however, ſhe could not but obſerve that I adored her—her looks beſpoke the grateful emotions of her heart.

"You have told me a few minutes ago, that your mother is no more," ſhe began

after a long pauſe. "I hope your father is yet alive?"

"I have little reaſon to think he is."

The Queen turned as pale as a corpſe. "You doubt?" ſhe ſtammered, "you doubt whether your father is alive?"

"A dangerous illneſs which has confined him to his bed, gives me reaſon to apprehend—but what is the matter with your Majeſty?"

"Nothing—nothing at all—A dangerous illneſs, did you ſay?"

"So he has informed me ſome time ſince, by a letter, and requeſted me, at the ſame time, to haſten to his arms, that he might ſee me once more before his death, and give me his bleſſing."

The Queen ſtarted up, and went to another part of the room, as if in ſearch of ſomething, but ſoon came back again:

"He wants to ſee you, and you are *here?*"

"Before I received the letter of my father, I had promiſed to that *Unknown* of whom I have been ſpeaking, that nothing ſhould detain me from travelling to

Fr***e, and imploring your assistance in behalf of my unhappy country."

"Poor father!" said the Queen, absorbed in melancholy, "how anxiously will he have expected the arrival of his son—I fancy I see the dying Marquis, how he extends his arms in vain to receive the child of his love—"

"Does your Majesty know my father?" I enquired hastily.

She gazed at me. "If I know him?—no!—yes—I saw him several times when at the court of my father—But why do you ask this question?"—Without giving me time to reply, she resumed, "Make haste! make haste, to return to your native country; perhaps he is yet alive—the sight of you will animate him with new strength, he will recover in your arms, and perhaps be restored to health!" The last words she pronounced with a visible joyful emotion.

"Shall I leave your Majesty," I replied, "without having my prayer granted? Is my unhappy country to expect no assistance from a Queen whose sentiments

are so sublime? Is the picture of the best of women to be to me a lasting mark of her favour and displeasure?"

She seemed to meditate. "It is true," she said at length, "we have entirely wandered from your concerns. Did you not tell me that you are haunted every where by an apparition? I too have seen an apparition some time ago. It was the ghost of my departed father, who, at midnight, drew the curtains of my bed, and said, "I am very wretched, my daughter! neither prayers nor masses will give me relief, while Por****l which we have usurped shall be submitted to the Sp***sh sceptre. O! my daughter, if the least spark of filial love is left in thy bosom, if thou wilt relieve me from unspeakable torments, then make use of all thy interest at this court, in order to support the endeavours of those who, at present, are secretly occupied to deliver Por***l from her oppressors. A noble youth will arrive in a few days and implore thy assistance. He is sent from heaven; grant his prayer. He has a mole on his left breast, which

which will be to thee a token of his miſſion."

I ſtarted up. "That youth ſtands before your Majeſty," I exclaimed, uncovering my breaſt, "behold here the mole. O! relieve the ſuffering ſpirit of your father, relieve my country!"

She ſeemed to be in a trance, encircling me with her arms, and ſtraining me to her boſom. "Thy prayer is granted!" ſhe ſaid in a faint accent.—No ſooner had the laſt ſyllable eſcaped her lips, when the ſound of a little bell was heard in the adjoining apartment. She diſengaged herſelf from my neck and ſtarted back, "Gracious heaven!—" ſhe exclaimed pale and trembling, "the King is returned. Begone! for God's ſake begone!"

I was going to obey her command; ſhe ſtopped me: "Never reveal a word of what has happened between ourſelves," ſhe whiſpered; "leave the palace and the kingdom as ſoon as poſſible: beware of the King, I conjure you!"

I proſtrated myſelf and encircled her knees, ſhedding tears of anguiſh; wanted to take leave, but could not utter a ſingle word. The bell in the adjoining apartment was rung a ſecond time; the Queen diſengaged herſelf, ſeized with terror: "make haſte!—flee!—O ſtay!" ſhe exclaimed, when I haſtened to the door, "come back!" She opened her arms to receive me; I flew to her boſom; ſhe imprinted three burning kiſſes on my lips, and hurried into an adjoining apartment.

I do not recollect how I got out of the room. On the ſtaircaſe I obſerved firſt, that the ſame lady who had conducted me to the Queen was walking by my ſide. We returned the ſame way by which I had entered the palace, and I arrived happily at our hotel in the company of the Count.

After I had communicated to him my ſucceſs, I went to my apartment in order to give audience to my thoughts; however I was not able to account for the behaviour of the Queen, and my feelings during

during the whole ſcene. Was it love that I felt for the Queen? certainly not; at at leaſt my ſentiments for her were quite different from thoſe I entertained for Amelia; was it mere eſteem that endeared her ſo much to me? impoſſible!—My heart left me entirely in the dark with reſpect to that point, as well as my reaſon. It is true, *one* particular idea prevailed in my ſoul, however it appeared to me ridiculous, as ſoon as I reflected on other circumſtances. The account which the Queen gave me of the apparition of the ghoſt of her father, completed my confuſion. Was it the work of the *Unknown*, and did ſhe really believe ſhe had ſeen the ghoſt of her father? In that caſe the grant of my prayer was perhaps merely the conſequence of her love for her father, whom ſhe hoped to releaſe thus from his ſufferings; even her tears, embraces, and kiſſes were then nothing elſe but means of alluring me to ſtrain every nerve, in order to bring to a happy concluſion an undertaking, from the execution of which the eternal happineſs of her father depended.

pended. But perhaps—and that, I thought, was not less possible—has she only invented that apparition in order to prevent me from suspecting the real source of her willingness to grant my prayer, and her confidential and endearing deportment? Even the manner in which she mentioned the mole on my breast, appeared to me an artifice which she might have made use of, rather to assure herself of the identity of my person, than of my mission from above; and this supposition received an additional confirmation, by her singular behaviour after the discovery.—Thus I was wandering in the mazy labyrinth of conjectures and doubts till sleep stole upon me by degrees, and shut my heavy eyes.

We left P**is the following night, and directed our road to Sp**n as Hiermansor had ordered.

I stopped a few days at **cia, a hundred miles from the frontiers of Fr** ce, in order to rest a little from the fatigues of my journey, and received from the bribed surgeon a letter from my father,

who

who informed me that he was in a fair way of recovery. This welcome intelligence animated me with new life, and dispelled the gloom which had overcast my mind. We continued our journey without delay, and arrived at ***pala, where we alighted at the principal hotel. The first object that attracted my attention, was a handsome well dressed man, whose features struck me at a great distance, because I fancied I knew them. He was engaged in close conversation with a tall thin man, and did not observe me till I was close by him. My sudden appearance seemed to surprise him, and the sight of him produced the same effect upon me, for now I perceived that it was Paleski, Amelia's former valet. He approached me with evident marks of uneasiness, and welcomed me in broken accents. I ordered him to follow me to my apartment. The first question I put to him, was where Amelia resided, and how she was. Paleski lamented that it was not in his power to give me the least information on that head. I inquired after the *Unknown*, and he

he aſſured me that he had not ſeen him ſince the laſt ſcene in the wood. "However," ſaid I, "you ſtill owe me an account of a dreadful accident concerning the *Unknown*, of which you pretended to have been informed on your pilgrimage." Paleſki heſitated a few moments, and then promiſed to ſatisfy my curioſity the day following, being prevented by buſineſs of great importance from doing it on the ſpot. I diſmiſſed him, with the injunction not to forget to come to my apartment in the evening of the next day. He promiſed it; however I waited in vain for him, for in his room a Capuchin friar came to my hotel, deſiring to ſpeak a few words to me in private. I ordered him to be admitted, and was told by him that Paleſki had had a quarrel with ſome young men, who firſt had intoxicated and then provoked him; and that he had received ſome mortal wounds, by which he was confined to his bed at the hoſpital, where he deſired to ſee me, in order to diſcloſe to me important ſecrets. The friar offered to conduct me to the hoſpital,

tal, and I drove thither in anxious expectation.

When I alighted at the gate of the hospital, I met Count Clairval. He seemed to be petrified when he saw me in the company of the friar. "Whither are you going?" he enquired at length. "To Paleski, who is on the brink of eternity." The Count changed colour, and whispered in my ear: "Don't go, the fellow is infected with a contagious disease."—"You are mistaken, (was my answer) he has been wounded dangerously, as his confessor tells me." "I have just come from him," the Count resumed with visible uneasiness, "the fever has deranged his head, and he will tell you a number of foolish things." "No matter," I replied, "I must see him, for he has sent me word that he has important discoveries to make." "What can he discover to you?" said the Count, "Paleski has ever been an impostor." "This will render his confession on the brink of eternity so much the more remarkable. But I must not lose a moment. Farewell, Count, till I see

I ſee you again!" So ſaying I tore myſelf from him, and haſtened with the friar to Paleſki's apartment. When the nurſe had left the room, the former ſaid: "you need but to ring the bell, if you ſhould want me, I ſhall be within hearing."—With theſe words he went out of the room. Paleſki ſtared at me for ſome time. The livid colour of death covered his haggard countenance, and the moſt agonizing anguiſh of a tormented conſcience was ſtrongly painted in his looks. "My Lord!" he at length began, "I owe you a thouſand thanks for your condeſcenſion; I ſhould undoubtedly have fallen a ſacrifice to black deſpair, if you had refuſed to give me an opportunity to unfold myſteries to you which lie heavy on my mind."

I took a ſeat cloſe by the bed, ſeized with dreadful bodings.

"But, my Lord," he continued, folding his hands, "will you be able to pardon the manifold injuries which you have received from me, if I can convince you that

that I have been only the tool of greater impoſtors."

"Speak frankly, and without reſerve! I will forgive you every thing."

"My Lord!—you are in dreadful hands. That *Unknown*—"

"Who is he?" I interrupted him impatiently.

"*Who* he is, I do not know! as ſure as I am going to appear before the omniſcient ſearcher of hearts, I do not know it. He always has obſerved the greateſt ſecrecy on that head. "I am who I am!" he always replied, when I queſtioned him on that point, "and I never am what I ſeem to be!" Three days before you made your firſt appearance at the caſtle of the Counteſs, he came late at night to the gate, diſguiſed as a beggar, and enquired for me. Suppoſing that he wanted alms, I gave him a piece of money. He raiſed a loud laughter, whilſt he took a handful of ducats out of his pocket, and put them in mine. "This is only a prelude to what I am going to do for you," ſaid he, without paying the leaſt regard to my aſtoniſhment,

ment, "if you will aſſiſt me in executing a plan which I have formed, without betraying our connection to the Counteſs." "And what plan is it?" "It is a very innocent one," he replied, "I wiſh to work ſome miracles in the caſtle, and ſhould be glad if you would aſſiſt me." "For what purpoſe?" "I want to make two people happy," was his reply, "the Counteſs, and a young nobleman, who will arrive within three days. The Counteſs abandons herſelf too much to her grief, on account of her deceaſed huſband, and I know no better means to cure her of it, than to baniſh the dead huſband from her heart by a living lover. As a mediator between the Counteſs and the young nobleman, I muſt render myſelf important to both, and for that purpoſe I muſt work miracles; if I ſucceed in getting the ſway over their underſtanding, then I ſhall eaſily make myſelf maſter of their hearts." He then aſked me whether he could rely upon me, and if the reſt of the ſervants could not be gained by money? I aſſured him of my readineſs to ſerve him,

and

and promiſed to attempt the latter, in which I ſucceeded. My fellow ſervants were eaſily bribed, becauſe they were perſuaded that it was a laudable, or at leaſt an innocent undertaking in which they were to be engaged. The cheat which was to be played on you and the Counteſs was believed to be innocent, as it appeared to be a mean of gaining a ſalutary purpoſe. To be brief, I informed the *Unknown* the day following, that all of us were firmly determined to aſſiſt him in the execution of his plan; a reſolution which he again rewarded with a handful of ducats.

"As ſoon as the Counteſs was gone to bed, I introduced the generous ſtranger to my fellow ſervants. He ſoon convinced us that he was no ſtranger in the caſtle; for he knew every apartment, and every corner. "I was acquainted with the Prince of Ge**," he ſaid, "the former poſſeſſor of the caſtle. He was extremely fond of phyſic, and chemiſtry, and his great ſkill in theſe ſciences procured him publicly, the name of a man of great learn-

learning, and privately that of a ſorcerer. His rank protected him againſt the fate which would have been the portion of every body elſe, if ſuſpected of ſorcery. He built the caſtle in this foreſt, in order to indulge here, without being interrupted by intruding viſitors, his inclination for phyſical and chemical operations, by means of which he frightened many uninvited gueſts out of the caſtle. The moſt extraordinary tricks he played in the laſt room, on the firſt floor, which is connected by means of a machine, with a ſecret apartment on the ground floor. The latter having neither a door or windows, has very likely not yet been diſcovered by any of the inhabitants of the caſtle. This was really the caſe. The *Unknown* demanded a candle, and requeſted us to follow him. He led us to a wall which we never had noticed. There he took a ſtone out of the floor, put his arm in the opening, and puſhed a part of the wooden wall back. We followed him through the aperture to a ſmall room, where we inſtantly obſerved the machine

of which he had been ſpeaking. It conſiſted of a ſtrong ſpring, which was connected with a large wooden cone, fitted in the ceiling, and faſtened by a bolt. As ſoon as the bolt was puſhed back, and ſomebody placed himſelf on the cone in the upper apartment, the ſpring was preſſed down and the perſon ſunk into the lower apartment, between four poſts, in the joints of which the cone was ſliding down. However as ſoon as one jumped from the cone, the ſpring made it ſnap back by its elaſtic force into its former place. In order to convince us of it, the *Unknown* mounted up to the ceiling upon a ladder which was in the room, and ſuſpended ſome heavy weights to hooks which were faſtened to the under part of the cone, which made it ſlide down as ſoon as he removed the bolt, and was forced up again in its former place, by the elaſtic force of the ſpring, as ſoon as he had taken away the weights. This machine could not be perceived in the upper apartment, the floor of which conſiſted of cubical ſquares, reſembling

in

in form, colour and poſition, the moveable cone to which they ſeemed to be cloſely joined.

" Beſides this machine, he ſhewed us a crooked tube, which was fixed to the ceiling, and reached down into the middle of the room. This tube, ſaid the *Unknown*, is in communication with the wall of the upper apartment where it ends in the open jaw of one of the four lions which are ſtanding in the corner of that room. By means of that tube, one can not only hear very diſtinctly in this room what is ſpoken in the upper apartment, but one alſo hears in the upper room equally diſtinctly what one ſpeaks here, without ſuſpecting from whence the voice proceeds. You know, my Lord, from your own experience how well the *Unknown* knew how to render theſe machines ſerviceable to his plan.

" Before the *Unknown* left the caſtle, he aſked me in what apartment the Counteſs was uſed to receive ſtrangers? " In the room," I replied, " contiguous to that in the floor of which the moveable cone is fixed.—

fixed."—He left us with visible marks of satisfaction.

"The next day he came again to the castle, and meeting me at the gate, exclaimed in accents of joy, "To-morrow already we must begin to work miracles. I have invented a plan which cannot miscarry. The young nobleman will come to the castle to-night. Place some lights in the windows of the upper and lower apartments, that he can find his way to the castle, and order the gate to be opened without delay, as soon as you hear him ring the bell. The Countess, who will be gone to bed by that time, cannot see him before to-morrow morning. When you shall have introduced him to her, then you must return to her apartment, after a short interval, and deliver this box and the note which I am going to give you, in the hands of the Countess. If you are asked who has brought it, describe me as you have seen me the first time I came to the castle gate. The young nobleman will be desirous to see and to speak to me, but you must tell him

that I had left the caſtle after the box and the note had been delivered. He will order you to purſue me without delay; however, I will ſave you that trouble, for I ſhall ſtay at the caſtle, and ſurrender to you as ſoon as you ſhall want me. Keep ſome cords ready, which muſt be cut aſunder and ſlightly ſewn again together. With theſe cords you muſt tie me, and charge ſome of the ſervants to conduct me to the Counteſs, pretending that I had refuſed obſtinately to return. Then I ſhall tear the cords aſunder, fly in the adjoining room, and bolt the door after me. Meanwhile you muſt expect me in the lower apartment and unfaſten the bolt beneath the cone, that I may ſink down as ſoon as I ſhall get upon the latter. When the cone ſhall have ſnapt back in its former place, you muſt be ready to faſten it by means of the bolt. When the Counteſs and her gueſt, impatient to ſeize me, ſhall force open the door and find the room empty, they will fancy me to be a ſupernatural being, not being

being acquainted with the ſecret of the machine."

"You know, my Lord, how punctually and ſucceſsfully this deſign has been put in execution. An accident was the cauſe of a ſecond more important plan, the execution of which has not been leſs ſucceſsful. The *Unknown*, who after his diſappearance was liſtening attentively, in the ſecret chamber, heard among other diſcourſes, by means of the tube, the prayer which the Counteſs addreſſed to him on account of the apparition of her deceaſed Lord. He reflected a few minutes on the poſſibility of granting it, and promiſed to ſatisfy her wiſhes. The tube was the channel through which the *Unknown* conveyed his anſwer to the Counteſs."

Seized with aſtoniſhment at Paleſki's narration, and impatient to hear its continuation, I had not interrupted him once; but now I could not refrain any longer from ſpeaking. "Then Amelia is really innocent?" I exclaimed, "and was not privy to the artifices of the *Unknown*?"

"Not in the leaſt!" Paleſki replied, "as I wiſh to be ſaved! The Counteſs is innocent; ſhe has been deceived as well as your Lordſhip, and probably her faith in the ſupernatural power of the *Unknown*, is ſtill as firm as it was then."

This declaration leſſened my anger at having been deceived in ſo villainous a manner, and I begged Paleſki to continue his account.

"Does your Lordſhip recollect all the particulars of the apparitionſcene?"

"Yes! I do."

"Well, then I will explain it to you. On the day previous to the magical farce, the *Unknown* told me that he had gained over to our party the brother-in-law of the Counteſs, who had arrived lately, in order to ſurpriſe Amelia unexpectedly, and promiſed to act the part of the ghoſt—"

"Impoſſible!" I exclaimed, "you muſt be miſtaken. At leaſt you are not ſpeaking of Count Clairval?"

"Yes, the very ſame perſon, who at preſent is your travelling companion."

A chilly

A chilly tremor thrilled through my whole frame; my mind meaſured with a look of horror the time paſt and preſent. I beheld myſelf in the power of two men, one of whom had impoſed upon my heart by means of the maſk of ſincere friendſhip, and the other upon my underſtanding, by diſplaying a ſhew of pretended ſupernatural powers, and both of whom were leagued to work upon my credulity, and to make me run into the greateſt dangers.

"Alas! Paleſki," I exclaimed, after a long pauſe, "how dreadfully have you opened my eyes!"

"Compoſe yourſelf, my Lord, I am ſenſible that my time is very precious, and I have to reveal to you a great deal more. The Count acted the part of the ghoſt, which he could do with ſanguine hopes of ſucceſs, as he reſembles his deceaſed brother in a ſtriking manner. He covered his body with a doe ſkin, which, as well as his face, was painted of a corpſe-like colour. A ſpunge filled with a red mixture was concealed betwixt his body

and the doe ſkin, which had five inſciſſures. As ſoon as the clock ſtruck twelve, and the lights were extinguiſhed, the moveable cone was drawn down into the lower apartment, the Count got through the aperture by means of a ladder, and the cone ſnapped again in its former place as ſoon as the ladder was removed. The ſhroud in which the Count was wrapped had been rubbed with a ſpirit that diffuſed a corpſe-like ſmell through the apartment. Whenever the Count gave a ſignal, a flaſh of lightning illuminated the apartment, and you ſaw the pretended ghoſt, who addreſſed the Counteſs in a ſolemn, ſerious manner. The red colour penetrated through the inſciſſures of the doe ſkin as often as the Count preſſed the ſponge.—Having finiſhed his part, he ſtepped back upon the moveable cone, and ſunk down into the lower apartment."

"Unheard of fraud!" I exclaimed, "ſo ſimple, and yet ſo impenetrable—But, Paleſki, can you explain how the lightning and thunder, which was ſo extremely natural, was effected?"

"Both

"Both were produced by two men in the apartment over your head. One ſhook a large round copper plate which the *Unknown* had found in the ſecret chamber, and cauſed the thundering noiſe by its vibrations. The other was ſtanding at the window, and produced the lightning by directing the light of a magic lanthorn in ſuch a manner, that it was received by a large mirror which was ſuſpended oppoſite to the window of the apartment where the ghoſt appeared, in ſuch a manner that it reflected the light into the room, and illuminated the ghoſt, who ſtood in a ſtraight line with the window. The trembling motion in which the mirror was put, gave the illumination the appearance of flaſhes of lightning, which diſappeared as often as the ſhutter of the lanthorn was let down."

"But how did it happen that I did not obſerve the mirror when I looked out of the window?"

"It was faſtened to the branches of an oppoſite tree, while you were at ſupper; however the darkneſs of the night, the

diſtance of the tree, and the black cloth with which it had been covered till twelve o'clock, had rendered it inviſible. Your ſervant, from whom we carefully concealed our proceedings, had been removed to a diſtant apartment, where he was amuſed by a game at cards till midnight had ſet in."

"But why did the *Unknown* not endeavour to gain him over to his party?"

"We had really been charged by him to attempt it, however he diſplayed ſo much fidelity and unſhaken attachment to you, that we found it prudent to drop the attempt."

The confirmation of the good opinion which I always had entertained of Pietro's fidelity, gave me ſo much the more pleaſure, becauſe I ſaw myſelf ſo dreadfully miſtaken in my opinion of the Count and the *Unknown*.

"I do not know," Paleſki continued, "whether the ſucceſs of the whole deſign is to be aſcribed to the Count or the *Unknown*, the former of whom had taken upon himſelf the execution, and the latter the

the regulation and direction of the plot. All of us were enraptured at the ſucceſsful execution of that undertaking; however conſternation ſoon ſtepped in the room of joy, when we perceived the fatal effect which that juggling farce produced on the health of the Counteſs, and we ſhould certainly have betrayed the whole cheat, if the immenſe preſents which the *Unknown* diſtributed, and his ſolemn declaration that he would reſtore the health of the Counteſs, had not ſilenced us."

"Was the illneſs of Amelia really ſo dangerous as I have been told by my ſervant?"

"The accounts we gave him were very much exaggerated by the direction of the *Unknown*, who perſuaded us, that if you had a ſincere love for our lady, it would increaſe with the danger of loſing her. When we aſked him, on your departure, for what reaſon he did not oppoſe it, if he really deſigned to promote your and her ladyſhip's happineſs: he replied, "Your notions of love are very erroneous, if you cannot

ſee my drift. The ſpark which glimmers in their boſoms, muſt be blown up into a blazing flame, by obſtacles and difficulties; a forcible ſeparation of two loving hearts, unites them more firmly."—Even the fictitious account which I gave you of the death of the Counteſs was written by the deſire of the *Unknown*; for he pretended to try the ſtrength of your love, by obſerving the effect which it would produce upon your heart. The intelligence which I gave you of the pretended miraculous reſtoration of the Counteſs was forged, with the deſign to obliterate the impreſſion of the former, and to give you at the ſame time a high notion of the power of the *Unknown*."

"But, certainly, you did not write that letter by his direction?"

"Yes, my Lord, I did."

"And your recantation in the wood near ****n?—

"Was a new cheat."

I gazed at him with aſtoniſhment.

"You will recollect, my Lord, that I told you the *Unknown* had given up all hope

hope of ſeducing your ſervant; and yet he ſtood in need of a man who enjoyed your confidence, in order to be informed by him of all your actions, wiſhes, and ſentiments, and to govern you at his pleaſure, by his aſſiſtance, without your perceiving it. The Count offered to attempt to get acquainted with you. In order to deceive the keen-ſightedneſs of your tutor, who was a principal obſtacle to the execution of his deſigns, he pretended to join with him in his hatred againſt the *Unknown*, whom he declared to be an impoſtor, and thus made your governor believe that he was an unprejudiced honeſt man. For that very reaſon he perſiſted in his declaration, accepted your challenge, and produced the letter by which Amelia had informed him of the particulars of her recovery, and proved *my* letter to be a forgery. He even accuſed the *Unknown* of acting in concert with me, with the view to remove the moſt diſtant ſuſpicion of being connected with either of us. The Count would certainly not have hazarded to puſh matters ſo far, if

he had not foreſeen that a ſcene like that which I acted in the wood near ***n would retrieve every thing, and clear the *Unknown* of the ſuſpicion of having acted in concert with me. The event has proved that he had not been miſtaken, and now he thought it ſeaſonable to change the ſcene. Till then the Count had appeared to counteract him, though he had rendered him the moſt important ſervices; but now, thinking to have gained a firm footing in your confidence, he began to declare openly for the *Unknown*. He could eaſily foreſee what a ſeducing effect this ſeeming change of opinion would have upon you. For it was natural you ſhould conceive the idea, that the unfavourable prejudice which the Count had manifeſted againſt the *Unknown*, had been conquered by the reality and greatneſs of his miracles; and ſuppoſing this, you could not but think to have an additional motive for yielding without reſerve to the ſublime notion of the power of the *Unknown*, which you till then frequently had entertained reluctantly. However

ever the Count could not change his tone before the *Unknown* appeared juſtified, as well in his as in your opinion, if he would not expoſe himſelf to the danger of exciting your ſuſpicion, and for that reaſon the farce in the wood near ****n was acted."

"I comprehend you!" ſaid I, grinding my teeth with anger. But what of the farce?"

"It was partly of my, and partly of the Count's invention. I had kept myſelf concealed in the wood of ****n, ſome days previous to that farce, and carefully conſulted with the Count, what I ſhould do and ſay in your preſence. We fixed on purpoſe on an evening on which we had juſt reaſon to expect a thunderſtorm, in order to give the whole ſcene more ſolemnity. We choſe an unfrequented, ſolitary ſpot of the wood, for the ſcene of action, where I diſguiſed myſelf in the ruins of an old houſe, and awaited your arrival without being obſerved. I painted my face with a light yellow, and my feet with a red colour,

and

and ruſhed from my ambuſh with loud ſcreams, as ſoon as I ſaw you at a diſtance."

"You dropped ſenſeleſs to the ground; and behaved like a maniac; what view had you by doing ſo?"

"I only wanted to ſtrengthen the impreſſion of my tale."

"You pretended to ſee the *Unknown*; was he really not far off, or did you only deceive me?"

"It was mere deception, for he was then many miles diſtant from ****n."

"But what you told me of the hermit was true? or was it alſo a preconcerted tale?"

He was prevented from returning an anſwer by a ſudden fainting fit, which probably was the conſequence of his having talked too much. I rang the bell for the nurſe, and retired with the intention of hearing the next morning the continuation of Paleſki's confeſſion. A nameleſs ſenſation thrilled my whole frame when I went home. I wiſhed and dreaded to find the Count at our hotel, being enraptured at the

the idea of treating the unmaſked impoſtor with that humiliating contempt which he ſo well deſerved; but ſhuddering at the thirſt for revenge which I felt in my boſom, and that animated me to take a ſatisfaction, againſt which, my good genius warned me. However, to my and his fortune, he was not at home. He had, as Pietro told me, taken ſome papers out of his trunk, during my abſence, and left the houſe ſuddenly. The evening and the night paſſed without his being returned, and he was not come back in the morning when I went to the hoſpital."

I entered Paleſki's apartment, burning with impatience to hear his farther diſcoveries. But, alas! he was on the brink of eternity, and died a few minutes after my arrival.

I would have given worlds if I could have prolonged the life of this man only for a few hours. His relation had thrown a light only over a part of my myſterious hiſtory, and a far greater part was ſtill ſurrounded with impenetrable darkneſs. I have never been ſo ſenſible how much

more

more painful half ſatisfied curioſity is, than utter ignorance, or the moſt dreadful certainty. How much did I now repent that I had not interrogated Paleſki the day before, on the fate of my tutor, Amelia's ſentiments for me and her abode. The *Unknown* had indeed given me very flattering hopes, with regard to theſe dear people; however, what reliance could I have on the promiſes of an impoſtor? Entirely left to myſelf, I was obliged to leave it to ſome fortunate accident, or to his generoſity, whether I ever ſhould have the happineſs of meeting them again? Frail hope! and yet it was my only ſupport in my friendleſs, diſtreſſing ſituation, the only prop on which I could lean. Being in a world to which I was almoſt an utter ſtranger, without a friend or guide, ſurrounded with the inviſible ſnares of two impoſtors, threatened by an uncertain, and gloomy futurity, I readily gave myſelf up to the ſweet ideas of poſſibility, in order to conſole myſelf for the melancholic reality.

Two

Two days were now elapſed, and the Count was not yet returned, which confirmed my apprehenſions that he had fled. A look at his trunk ſuggeſted a thought to me which I could not ſhake off; the conſequence was, that I opened it with a maſter-key, with an intention to ſearch whether I could not find ſome papers, which would throw a light upon ſeveral dark parts of my hiſtory. I found indeed a number of letters, however, they were written in cyphers. Now I comprehended why the Count had aſked repeatedly whether I could read cyphers? Having made it a rule, in regard to this point, always to deny the queſtion, he had probably left theſe writings on the ſuppoſition that I ſhould not be able to read them, and ſaved only thoſe which were written in common characters. However, the Count had deceived himſelf this time, for I am pretty well ſkilled in the art of decyphering. I took one of the papers which were marked 1. 2. 3. &c. &c. however, I perceived on the firſt attempt, that my art would encounter a hard trial.

Yet

Yet this did not deter, but rather animated me to exert all my ſkill to find the key to theſe papers, while my ſervant was occupied with taking an exact copy of the reſt."

I had already been working above twenty-four hours without ſeeing my labour crowned with ſucceſs, when my ſervant, whom I had ſent to the poſt, returned with a letter. Conceive my aſtoniſhment, when I found it was from the Count."

'Whatever Paleſki may have diſcovered to your Grace, with reſpect to me, 'yet I am aſſured that he cannot have 'ſaid any thing for which my conſcience 'condemns me, though I ſhould not be 'able to defend it before an eccleſiaſtical, 'or a civil court of juſtice. I have de'ceived you; however, I have done it 'for a great and noble purpoſe, and by or'der of a powerful being, whoſe authority 'I and you acknowledge. I ſhould de'ſpiſe myſelf, if mean, or ſelf-intereſted 'views, could have prompted me to do 'what I have done. To ſtimulate you 'to take an active part in the delivery of 'your country, was the ſole reaſon for

'which

'which you have been impoſed upon. 'Although Paleſki ſhould not have diſ-'cloſed the ſecret to you, yet you would 'not have remained in the dark much 'longer, becauſe it was the plan of the '*Unknown* to remove the veil from your 'eyes, and to introduce you into a new 'world, for which you was to be pre-'pared by the deluſions which you have 'experienced. Man is led to truth by 'error, according to an eternal law of na-'ture. It was neceſſary that you ſhould 'be made acquainted with deluſions, that 'your look might be ſharpened for future 'knowledge; it was neceſſary you ſhould 'experience the higheſt degree of delu-'ſion, that you might acquire the prero-'gative of diſcerning fraud from reality, 'and of never ſuffering yourſelf to be 'impoſed upon again. Then, and not 'ſooner, the time would have arrived, 'when the *Unknown* would have ſhown 'himſelf to you in his real ſhape, and em-'braced you not only as a preſerver of 'your country, but alſo as a member of 'that ſacred ſociety of wiſe men, who are

'admit-

'admitted behind the curtain of nature,
'whither no eye of common ſhort-ſighted
'men can penetrate. A power and a hap-
'pineſs of which you can form no ade-
'quate notion, would have been your re-
'ward. Your tutor already enjoys that
'reward, and if you had been keen-ſighted
'enough to penetrate, without aſſiſtance,
'the miſt of deluſions with which you have
'been encompaſſed, you would have
'been admitted ſome time ſince to the
'ſanctuary where that reward awaits you.
'More I dare not ſay at preſent; how-
'ever, I would adviſe you not to poſt-
'pone your journey, and neither to be-
'tray me or the *Unknown*. If you ſlight
'my advice, then you muſt aſcribe to
'yourſelf all the bad conſequences which
'may ariſe from it, and you never will
'meet again in this world your tutor or
'Amelia. I conjure you not to miſtake
'this for a new deluſion. If you, on the
'other ſide, are inclined to profit by this
'advice, you will continue your journey
'with all poſſible expedition, and not
'think it finiſhed before you ſhall be ar-

rived

'rived at Ma**d, the capital of Sp**n, 'you will meet the *Unknown*, Amelia and 'your tutor, on the road. At *ubea you 'will ſtop at the inn which bears the ſign 'of the golden mirror, where you are to 'receive an important viſit. You will 'have the goodneſs to ſend my trunk to 'the poſt-houſe, where one of my people 'will call for it. I remain, with that 'reſpect and love with which I always 'have been,

'Your Grace's &c. &c.

I muſt confeſs, I never ſhould have expected *ſuch* a letter. I fancied it would be couched in terms of repentance and ſubmiſſion, and when I opened it, found it to be a letter of a man of good conſcience, who took it upon himſelf to adviſe and to warn me. What he told me of a hidden ſanctuary to which the *Unknown* had deſigned to introduce me after I ſhould have completed my time of probation, was an utter riddle to me, but what he told me about my tutor was ſtill more ſo. At firſt I fancied this to be nothing

thing but a varniſh, by which he would conceal his deceptions, and an artifice to enſnare me a ſecond time; however the idea that the matter *might* be as he had ſtated it, made me uneaſy, and his menaces with reſpect to the bad conſequences of my diſcontinuing my journey, frightened me. The bare poſſibility of the execution of his threats, was ſufficient to determine me to continue my journey.—Pietro, my faithful ſervant, endeavoured indeed to perſuade me to drop my deſign aſſailing me with tears and prayers; however nothing could change my reſolution. I would have encountered any danger and difficulty in order to meet Amelia and my tutor again, and departed with the firſt dawn of day. I left the Count's trunk at the poſt-houſe at **zin. At ***jelo I was, at length, ſo fortunate as to find a key to the cyphers which I had deſpaired to unfold. I had already tried all languages which I was maſter of, and ſucceeded at length with the latin. How amply did I think my trouble rewarded, when I found the papers to be copies of letters

letters which the *Unknown* had wrote on my account to Pinto Ribeiro, privy counſellor of the Duke of Br'**'*za. Here follows the tranſlation:

'Your Excellency knows how carefully we endeavoured to conceal the place 'of our ſecret meetings from the intruſion 'of prying ſtrangers, by ſpreading the 'report that it was haunted. However, 'this did not deter a young nobleman who 'is on his travels, from entering laſt night 'the caſtle, in company of his tutor, with 'the intention of forming an acquaintance 'with the ghoſts. No ſooner had we 'been informed of their being arrived at 'the caſtle, when Georgio de M**** 'offered to chaſtiſe them for their in'quiſitiveneſs, fixing twelve o'clock at 'night for the execution of his deſign. 'He diſguiſed himſelf as the moſt dread'ful ſpectre which ever has appear'ed at midnight. Concluding from the 'undertaking of the two ſtrangers that 'they were men of ſpirit and reſolution, 'he put on a coat of mail, and covered 'his face with a maſk made of bull-ſkins,

'in

'in order to be proof againſt ſwords and 'piſtols; a precaution which, as the event 'proved, was not ſuperfluous. Thus 'accoutred, he approached at twelve 'o'clock the apartment of the ſtrangers 'with a tremendous noiſe, Their door 'was bolted from within as he had appre-'hended; however, all the locks and 'bolts in the caſtle being conſtructed in 'ſuch a manner that they can be opened 'from without, Georgio found it not dif-'ficult to puſh their door open. I re-'mained at the threſhold in order to 'await the event. Georgio no ſooner had 'entered the room with a deſign to chaſ-'tiſe the young man who was ſitting near 'the window, at a table on which two 'candles were burning, than his tutor 'ſtarted up, aiming a blow at him from 'behind which would have done his buſi-'neſs at once, if Georgio had not been 'protected by his coat of mail. The 'pretended ſpectre threw the old gentle-'man ſo violently on the ground that he 'was unable to move a limb. This ſight 'entirely diſconcerted the young man,

'who was on the point of firing a piſtol at 'his frightful viſitor, ruſhed upon him 'with a thundering voice, extinguiſhed 'the candles, and beating him in ſuch a 'manner as if he was going to beat him to 'atoms. Georgio's dreſs being anointed 'with a ſalve compoſed of phoſphorus, he 'appeared in the dark, to be all on fire. 'The dreadful impreſſion which this ſight 'produced on the mind of the young man 'was encreaſed by the howling, groaning, 'and the tremendous noiſe which ſome of 'our company raiſed in the apartment 'over his head; he ſeemed to be ſenſe-'leſs. As ſoon as Georgio perceived his 'helpleſs ſtate, he lighted the candles with 'phoſphorus, and left the apartment which 'he carefully bolted and locked.

'An hour after this ſcene had been 'acted, Georgio returned to the apart-'ment, partly with the intention of ſeeing 'what effect the incident had produced 'the ſtrangers, and partly with a view 'to deter them from paying a ſe-'cond viſit to the caſtle, and renewed 'the former ſcene. Both of them were

'again ſtretched ſenſeleſs on their beds.
'As ſoon as Georgio had done with the
'young nobleman, he left the room with-
'out kindling the taper, for fear of being
'watched by the young ſpark, if he ſhould
'recover his recollection a little too ſoon.
'He was not miſtaken. But who would
'have thought that the young man would
'be ſo daring to purſue the ſpectre on his
'return through the dark paſſage? Geor-
'gio, who did not entertain the moſt
'diſtant idea of ſuch an attempt, neither
'looked back, nor ſhut the trap-door
'through which he had jumped down into
'the ſubterraneous vault, upon a heap of
'hay and ſtraw. He had not advanced
'four ſteps, when the report of a piſtol
're-echoed through the ſubterraneous
'fabric. Some of our company, who
'were at hand, haſtened to the ſpot from
'whence the report of the piſtol had pro-
'ceeded, wrapt in black cloaks, and pro-
'vided with torches and ſwords. They
'found the young man lying upon the
'ſtraw upon which he had fallen in the
'dark through the trap-door. He was
'inſtantly

'inſtantly ſeized and conducted to the 'aſſembly-room, where the conſpirators, 'who had previouſly maſked their faces, 'were ſitting around a long table. Hear-'ing that he was to pay with his life for 'his raſhneſs, he drew his ſword, but was 'ſoon diſarmed and confined in an ad-'joining chamber.

'Conceive our aſtoniſhment, when we 'heard who the man was whom we had 'handled in ſuch a dreadful manner! It 'was Miguel, the ſon of the Duke of 'C****na, and Count ***cz, his tu-'tor. Moſt of the conſpirators pro-'poſed to diſpatch both of them, leſt our 'ſecret ſhould be betrayed; I inſiſted 'however upon their being examined 'before any thing ſhould be determined, 'to which they conſented. Miguel con-'feſſed that he had been ſent by his father 'to viſit the principle towns of Europe in 'company of his tutor, and that the ac-'count of the prieſt at whoſe houſe he had 'ſupped, had made him curious to have a 'ſight of the inhabitants of the caſtle.— 'Their examination being finiſhed, they

'were ordered to retire, and I harrangued 'the assembly in the following manner:

'You expect to avoid a discovery by 'destroying our prisoners; however, I 'believe just the contrary will happen. 'The servant, the priest, and his family, 'know that they have spent the night at 'the castle, and if they do not return to-'day, the whole village will be alarmed. 'The old Duke will be informed of the 'incident, and who can seriously expect 'that he will be so credulous as to 'attribute the death of his son to ghosts. 'His life is too important to the father 'and the state, not to cause the strict-'est investigation. The castle will be 'surrounded, searched, and we shall be 'detected, or obliged to save ourselves by 'flight. In either instance, we must leave 'the castle. This will be the natural 'consequence, and the death of these two 'men will certainly be the surest means of 'betraying our asylum. I would there-'fore advise you to spare their lives, 'I know the family of Villa R***l too 'well, to apprehend the least danger 'from

'from the execution of this propoſal. 'Miguel and Count ***rez, are men of 'honour, and if they pledge their word to 'conceal the events of this night we ſhall 'be ſafe. However, this is not the ſole 'reaſon for which I would adviſe you to 'ſpare their lives; I have a more import-'ant view at heart; I intend to gain 'Miguel over to our party. He ſhall 'become a principal actor in the great 'drama which we are going to perform, 'and untwiſt the knot which we have 'tied. You are aſtoniſhed? however, I 'would have you to recollect that I am 'not wont to attempt what I am not ſure 'to be able to perform. I will tell you 'my plan more at large, at ſome other 'time; at preſent let us demand an oath 'of ſecrecy from our priſoners and ſet 'them at liberty.

'My propoſal was adopted, and I ſat 'inſtantly down to inform your Excel-'lency of that incident.'

I ſhould never have believed the *Unknown* to be the writer of this letter, if

I had not been convinced of it by the other papers. I had always looked upon my adventure at the caſtle, as a ſcene which I thought to have been cloſed with the recovery of our liberty, and entirely unconnected with the ſubſequent events of my life. I had not entertained the moſt diſtant ſuſpicion that the reſt of my adventures were any ways connected with that incident. I ſuſpected indeed, from the beginning, the maſked perſons at the caſtle to be men of high rank, however, I ſhould never have thought that they were the heads of the conſpiracy which had been formed to ſet my country at liberty. I fancied the *Unknown* had framed his deſign upon me when we met him in the diſguiſe of a beggar; but I never dreamed that he had formed it already at the caſtle, and that I and my tutor owed our lives to his mediation. You may, therefore, eaſily conceive how much I was ſurpriſed at this diſcovery. I vowed never to forget how much we were indebted to the *Unknown*. How remarkable was this letter

to

to me! however the ſecond was ſtill more ſo.

'I intend to ſubmit Miguel to my will 'by the deluſions of magic. Your excel-'lency perhaps may think, that this plan 'will be rendered abortive by a young 'man who gives ſo little credit to the re-'ality of apparitions, that he dares to take 'up his night's lodging at a caſtle which 'is famed for being the haunt of ghoſts. 'However, even if I ſhould ſuppoſe that 'he had no other view in his viſit to the 'caſtle, than to encounter an adventure, 'yet I muſt conclude from that ſtep that 'he has a tendency for enthuſiaſm, which, 'however, is very different from that 'which I want him to have; yet enthuſi-'aſm, however it may diſplay itſelf, is 'always enthuſiaſm; and the only thing 'I have to aim at is to give it a turn 'moſt conſiſtent with my plan, which will 'be no difficult matter with a young man 'of his temper, his thirſt for knowledge, 'and unſtable principles.

'Certainly it would be a great miſtake, 'if one ſhould conclude from his viſit to 'the caſtle, that he does not believe in 'the reality of apparitions. On the con- 'trary, I think I have reaſon to make 'juſt the oppoſite concluſion from it. If 'Miguel had been convinced of the va- 'nity of apparitions before he came to the 'caſtle, he would not have taken the 'trouble of acquiring that conviction 'by experience; a ſecret voice, which, 'in ſpite of his philoſophy, pleaded for 'the poſſibility of apparitions, excited his 'curioſity, and gave riſe to that reſolu- 'tion which he carried into execution. 'If Miguel had been convinced, that the 'inhabitants of the caſtle could be no 'other beings but men, his reſorting to 'the caſtle would have been not only ſu- 'perfluous, but alſo fool-hardy, as he 'would have expoſed his life to unknown 'and ſuſpected people, for no other rea- 'ſon but to convince himſelf of a truth 'which he already knew. However, his 'want of a firm conviction, his wavering 'between belief and unbelief, was the

'ground

'ground on which he riſked ſo much in 'order to come to the truth. I am cer-'tain Miguel's philoſophy would have re-'ceived a mortal blow, if Gregorio had 'acted his part with more moderation.

'It will be my chief, and, I hope, no 'fruitleſs aim, to effect this by means of 'magical deluſions and art. If I can but 'gain ſo much advantage over Miguel, 'that he, from want of capacity to explain 'my deeds naturally, ſhall begin to think 'me gifted with ſupernatural power, then 'he will ſuffer himſelf to be entirely ruled 'by me. His thirſt for knowledge, and 'his fondneſs of adventures, will aſſiſt me 'to gain my aim, which would be a diffi-'cult matter, if he were of a different 'turn of mind. In order to enthral his 'head and heart at one time, I intend to 'make him acquainted with a female en-'thuſiaſt, who has been prompted by the 'extraordinary incidents of her life, to 'believe in wonders and apparitions of 'all kinds. Enthuſiaſm is catching, and 'particularly ſo, if the enthuſiaſt is ſuch 'a beautiful and charming woman as the

'Counteſs of Clairval. In her company 'Miguel will eaſily become an enthuſiaſt, 'who will be equally capable of ſeeing 'ghoſts, and ſtaking his life for his miſ-'treſs and his country. If that point is 'but gained, then I ſhall find it eaſy work 'to lead him with rapidity to the mark. '*All arguments of philoſophy and patriotiſm* '*never would be able to gain him ſo decidedly* '*and ſo rapidly to our party, as the word of* '*a man whom he fancies to poſſeſs ſupernatu-*'*ral power, and to have been ſent from above.* 'I ſhall think it my duty to account to 'your excellency for every important 'ſtep I ſhall take in this matter, becauſe 'your being the ſoul of our undertaking, 'renders it neceſſary you ſhould be in-'formed of every action of each indivi-'dual member, in order to regulate your 'conduct accordingly. I only beg not 'to acquaint the Archbiſhop of Liſbon 'of my magical operations. Your Ex-'cellency is no ſtranger to his rigid prin-'ciples; how active ſoever he be in our 'cauſe, and how great ſoever his ſatisfac-'tion at the conqueſt of Miguel will be, 'yet

'yet he would condemn without mercy the 'means by which I intend to gain him 'over to our party. My own heart would 'certainly reproach me ſeverely for the 'fraud which I am going to commit againſt 'that excellent young man, if the import-'ant end which I am aiming at, did not 'plead my excuſe, and I was not firmly 'reſolved to open the eyes of the deluded 'man, as ſoon as I ſhall have gained my 'purpoſe.

'I am, &c. &c. &c.'

The laſt lines confirmed the declaration of the Count, that the *Unknown* would have removed himſelf the veil from my eyes. But this did not juſtify him in my opinion. Though he ſhould have deſtroyed the deluſion at ſome future period, was I on that account leſs impoſed upon while the deceit laſted, and can ever low and illicit means be ennobled by laudable views?—However, I cannot deny that the ſagacity with which the *Unknown* had explored my weak ſide, the

dextrous uſe he made of that diſcovery, and the fineſſe of the artifices which he employed to deceive me, excited my admiration to the higheſt degree; but at the ſame time, I muſt confeſs, that I was ſeverely vexed at the eaſe with which my philoſophy yielded to his deluſive artifices. I was very agreeably ſurpriſed to find that the Archbiſhop of L*ſbon was one of the conſpirators. I knew him very well, and it flattered my pride to have a ſhare in an undertaking in which a divine of his worth and uncommon learning was concerned. His rigid principles, which the *Unknown* dreaded ſo much, were to me the beſt ſecurity for the juſtneſs of his undertaking. I took up the third letter, burning with an impatient deſire to know the names of the reſt of the conſpirators; but its contents were of a different nature:

'I have made my firſt attack upon Mi-
'guel and his tutor. Knowing by their
'own declaration on their examination,
'which road they intended to take, I

made

'made haſte to get the ſtart of them, ac-
'companied by my two ſervants, and
'waited for them at the ſkirts of the fo-
'reſt of ***ulano, three miles diſtant
'from the next town. Wiſhing to make
'a ſurpriſing and laſting impreſſion upon
'their mind, I choſe the moſt whimſical
'dreſs. An old tattered coat, which was
'compoſed of numberleſs patches, and a
'new embroidered ſatin waiſtcoat, which
'reached down to my knees, gave me a
'very ſinglar appearance; the reſt of my
'body was naked. I had faſtened to my
'chin a long artificial white beard, which
'accorded very little with my black hair.
'As ſoon as Miguel's chaiſe came to the
'ſpot where I was lying in ambuſh, I
'limped forth upon my crutches and beg-
'ged the tutor to give me his ſhoes and
'ſtockings. It would have highly amuſed
'your Excellency if you had ſeen the
'aſtoniſhment which my unexpected bold-
'neſs created. The old gentleman ſeemed
'at firſt to be very unwilling to comply
'with my extraordinary requeſt, how-
'ever, when I perſiſted in my prayer

'with

'with the impudence of an experienced 'beggar, without minding his menaces 'and curſes, and did not ſtir from the 'window of the coach; he condeſcended 'at length to grant my requeſt. When 'he ſtooped down to unfaſten his ſhoe-'buckles, I perceived a letter-caſe, lying 'by his ſide on the ſeat, which he proba-'bly had pulled out of his pocket with his 'handkerchief, and taking with one hand 'his ſhoes and ſtockings, I ſeized with 'the other the letter caſe, without his per-'ceiving it, and put it in my pocket. 'Then I went to Miguel, whom I beg-'ged to give me his coat and breeches. 'This new requeſt excited the anger of 'the two travellers to ſuch a degree, that 'they commanded me to take myſelf off 'without delay. Upon which I looked 'at Miguel with ſparkling eyes, and raiſed 'ſuch a dreadful laughter, that they were 'frightened, and ordered the coachman to 'go on. However, I darted ſuddenly 'forth and ſtruck one of the horſes ſo vio-'lently againſt his privy parts, that he 'dropped down. This had the deſired

'effect.

'effect. Miguel began to undreſs; having pulled off his breeches, he took his 'purſe out of the pocket and put in a coat 'which the ſervant had taken out of his 'travelling trunk; however, I eſpied a 'proper opportunity while Miguel was 'putting on a new pair of breeches, and 'pilfered his purſe. When they had done 'dreſſing and undreſſing, I thanked them 'for their donation, warning them at the 'ſame time not to take lodging at the prin-'cipal inn of the town, and to repair again 'after three days, at a fixed hour, to the 'ſame ſpot where we then were. Then I 'hobbled with my booty towards the fo-'reſt, where I contemplated piece after 'piece with more ſatisfaction than a gene-'ral feels after a gained battle. And in-'deed, although the deed I had performed 'was not of the heroic kind, yet it was 'no trifling action to have demanded and 'received of the ſon of a Duke his coat 'and breeches, and of a Count his ſhoes 'and ſtockings, armed with no other wea-'pon but my crutches, and dreſſed in the 'garments of a miſerable beggar. Every

'one

'one muſt confeſs that this attempt would 'never have ſucceeded, if an uncommon 'degree of reſolution, boldneſs, firmneſs, 'and preſence of mind had not been at 'my command, not to mention the ſeiſure 'of the letter-caſe and Miguel's purſe, 'which every pick-pocket would have ef-'fected with equal ſucceſs. However, 'this action is for Miguel and his tutor, of 'no leſs importance than the former. I 'have gained a great advantage, my firſt 'interview with them having been attend-'ed with incidents which, for many rea-'ſons, will make a deep impreſſion on their 'mind. I have now the courage to riſk 'bolder attempts with the certain hope of 'ſucceſs. Even the conſpirators to whom 'I have ſent by one of my ſervants the 'pieces of dreſs which I have got along 'with a brief account of my taking poſſeſ-'ſion of them, will look upon theſe tro-'phies as pledges of far greater victories 'which I have engaged to gain over Mi-'guel, and for which every preparation 'has been made. I did not without rea-'ſon ſelect the ſpot on the ſkirts of the

'foreſt

'foreſt of **ulano for the ſcene of 'action, for in that foreſt ſtands a caſ-'tle which formerly belonged to the 'Prince of Ge**, and at preſent is in-'habited by the Counteſs of Clairval, 'that enthuſiaſt of whom I have given a 'deſcription to your Excellency in my 'laſt letter. I intend to allure Miguel to 'her reſidence, when he ſhall come to 'the place of rendezvous. And he cer-'tainly will not miſs the appointment; 'for if he does not come out of curioſity, 'the hope of regaining the purſe and the 'letter-caſe, which he knows to be in my 'poſſeſſion, will make him keep the aſſigna-'tion. And I ſhall certainly reſtore theſe 'things to him, for I wiſh to appear to 'him to be an extraordinary man, but 'not a pick-pocket; however, he ſhall re-'ceive them no where but at the caſtle of 'the Counteſs. I have formed a plan to 'that purpoſe which promiſes to be of 'important conſequences, and ſhall be 'laid before your Excellency in my next 'letter.

'It

'It was alſo not without proper reaſon, 'that I adviſed Miguel not to lodge at 'the principal inn of the town, for I 'wanted to know, by his regarding or 'diſregarding this caution, whether my 'words had made an impreſſion on his 'mind, and found credit with him or not. 'For that reaſon I went in the duſk of 'evening to the town, accompanied by 'my ſervant, and dreſſed in a common 'unſuſpected garb, taking apartments at 'the inn againſt which I had cautioned 'him, in order to know whether he had 'followed my advice. But alas! I have 'been rather too ſanguine in my hope, 'for Miguel and his tutor are at preſent 'in that very inn: however, I will puniſh 'him for it in ſuch a manner, that he 'ſhall have reaſon to repent his having 'ſlighted my advice. With that view I 'have taken an apartment cloſe by his, 'and I muſt beg your Excellency to give 'me leave to lay down the pen and to 'act, for midnight is ſet in, and the time 'for executing my plan is at hand.

'I am, &c. &c.'

The

The following ſheet contained the continuation of this letter.

'Wonderful things have happened 'ſince I had the honour to write to your 'Excellency! My deſigns have a rapid 'ſucceſs, and fortune herſelf ſeems to 'favour them. I had formed a plan to 'chaſtiſe Miguel and his tutor for their 'diſobedience; however, the execution 'of this deſign has been interrupted by 'an accident, which has aſſiſted me to 'gain my aim in a more glorious manner 'than I ever could have expected. I had 'already put on the garb of a monk, 'which I had brought with me in my 'portmanteau, had faſtened the white 'beard (which however had been almoſt 'ſet on fire by the candle) to my chin, 'and was going to execute my plan, when 'a ſudden alarm of fire diſturbed the 'houſe. The preſſing danger not allow-'ing me to change my dreſs, I effected 'my eſcape in my diſguiſe, and concealing 'my portmanteau which I had fortunately 'ſaved in a remote corner, I took with 'my ſervant a poſition which rendered

it

'it impoſſible for Miguel and his tutor to
'get out of the houſe without my ſeeing
'it. However my anxiety roſe to the
'higheſt degree, when the fire had con-
'ſumed already the greateſt part of the
'houſe, and Miguel was ſtill in it. My
'apprehenſions had reached the higheſt
'ſummit, when I ſuddenly ſaw him and
'his tutor ruſh out of the burning build-
'ing. My ſervant, whom I had ordered
'to watch carefully every word and mo-
'tion of theirs, was cloſe at their heels,
'while I followed him at a ſmall diſtance,
'concealing my face with my hood. They
'had no ſooner ſtopped, than Miguel re-
'collected that he had left the picture of
'his mother upon the table; he valued
'it ſo high, that he would have gone back
'to fetch it, if his tutor had not retained
'him forcibly. My ſervant, who gave
'me this intelligence, ſuffered himſelf to
'be perſuaded by his love for me, and
'the ten ducats which I offered to him,
'to attempt ſaving it. Pretending to aſ-
'ſiſt in extinguiſhing the flames, he re-
'queſted one of the firemen to give him
'a wet

'a wet blanket, wrapped himſelf in it, got 'ſafe into the houſe, went to Miguel's 'apartment, ſeized the picture, which was 'lying upon the table, and jumped out 'of the window, which was not higher 'than one pair of ſtairs, in order to avoid 'the dangerous retreat through the houſe. 'He puſhed through the multitude, who 'were loudly admiring his boldneſs, and 'gave me the picture. I returned it to 'Miguel, reproaching him ſeverely for 'having ſlighted my advice. He was 'aſtoniſhed, and looked alternately at me 'and the picture. I eſpied a favourable 'opportunity, concealed myſelf behind 'my ſervant; and ſtooping down, untied 'my beard, and pulled off my monk's 'garb unobſerved by the multitude, whoſe 'attention was entirely taken up by the 'fire. I could not help laughing when 'Miguel, after he had gazed ſome time 'at the picture, took my ſervant by the 'arm, miſtaking him for me, and perceiv-'ing his error, enquired in vain all around 'for me, though I was not ſix ſteps diſtant 'from him.

'Theſe

'These events could not fail to ſtrengthen the firſt impreſſion which I had made upon him in the diſguiſe of a beggar, and to make him believe that I could be nothing leſs than a ſoothſayer, and a worker of miracles. This was juſt what I wanted, for it increaſed his deſire to get better acquainted with me, and made him impatient to meet me the third day at the appointed place.

'Your Excellency may eaſily think that I was not idle during this interval, and did not omit to make the proper preparations for Miguel's reception. My principal care was to gain the ſervants of the Counteſs, to whoſe houſe I intended to introduce him, that I might act my part at the caſtle without the knowledge of the lady. At the ſame time I endeavoured to attain a thorough knowledge of all the roads and bye paths, of all the buſhes and haunts of the foreſt, in order to regulate my meaſures accordingly, and to take advantage of them as circumſtances ſhould require. I alſo did not omit to train my ſubſti-

'tutes

'tutes properly, for their reſpective parts 'which they were to act. Their number 'amounted to eight experienced fellows, 'for my ſervant Manuel, whom I had diſ-'patched to the deſolated caſtle, with the 'abovementioned pieces of dreſs, re-'turned on the ſecond day with ſix more 'people, whom the conſpirators had ſent 'to my aſſiſtance, with the aſſurance that 'I could rely upon their fidelity and acti-'vity. And, indeed, theſe fellows ren-'dered me the moſt eſſential ſervices, as 'the conſequence will ſhew.

'I muſt not omit mentioning (en paſ-'ſant) a comical adventure which happen-'ed to me in the courſe of theſe three 'days. Taking a walk through the 'ſuburbs, I chanced to meet two vaga-'bonds who pretended to be necro-'mancers. I ſuffered myſelf to be per-'ſuaded to follow them to their garret, 'where they performed a conjuration 'amid the moſt antic grimaces and cere-'monies. I beheld their comedy with an 'affectation of great ſerioufneſs; but 'when the ghoſt appeared, I could not

'diſ-

'diſſemble any longer, and broke out in a 'loud laughter. This unexpected manifeſ- 'tation of merriment, at a time when they 'expected me to be ſeized with fear and 'trembling, convinced the necromancers 'that I was not ſo eaſily to be impoſed 'upon, and apprehending to be ſent to the 'houſe of correction or to the pillory, they 'begged me with anxious ſubmiſſion not 'to deprive them of their honour, and the 'only means left them to get a ſufficient 'livelihood. Aſſuring them that I not 'only would bury in ſilence the whole im- 'poſture, but alſo might want their aſſiſt- 'ance occaſionally, they parted with me 'in high ſpirits.—

'The three days were elapſed, the 'appointed hour arrived, and with it Mi- 'guel and his tutor. I was waiting at the 'ſkirts of the foreſt and made a ſignal to 'them to approach, retiring deeper into 'the foreſt, as they came nearer, and con- 'tinued to beckon ſilently to them to fol- 'low me. Having proceeded to a con- 'ſiderable diſtance, and ſtill walking briſk- 'ly onward without uttering a word, the 'tutor

'the tutor called to me to declare whither
'I intended to conduct them? However
'I purſued my way without returning
'an anſwer, and continued to beckon to
'them to follow me. This raiſed their
'anger, as I had expected, and Miguel
'darted after me like lightning; however
'I pulled off my coat, flung my crutches
'upon the ground, and winged my ſteps.
'Being almoſt entirely diſencumbered of
'garments, and well acquainted with every
'inch of the foreſt, I got not only the
'ſtart of my purſuer, but alſo had the
'advantage to run with more eaſe than
'him, and could conceal myſelf every
'now and then in the buſhes, and re-ap-
'pear in an oppoſite direction. I conti-
'nued to look frequently back after Mi-
'guel, and as often as I perceived his
'ardor of purſuing me began to cool, I
'ſuffered him to gain ground, which re-
'kindled his hope of catching me at laſt,
'and thus kept him in conſtant motion.
'I prolonged my way, taking great rounds,
'and running conſtantly in a ſerpentine
'line, in order to tire the tutor, and to

'make the ſervants loſe our traces, in 'which I ſucceeded with the ſetting in 'of night. However, Miguel ſeemed now 'ſeriouſly inclined to return. As ſoon 'as I perceived his intention, I took a 'ſhort cloak, which was anointed with a 'ſalve of phoſphorus out of my pocket, 'threw it over my ſhoulders, and got 'upon one of the lower branches of a 'tree, ſtruggling as if I had entangled 'myſelf accidentally in the twigs, and 'could not extricate myſelf. My lucid 'cloak made Miguel take notice of that 'ſpectacle, and he darted towards the 'tree with the rapidity of the tempeſt, not 'doubting to get me in his power; how-'ever I diſappointed him again, leaping 'upon the ground, and taking to my 'heels. Enraged at this new deception, 'and ſeduced by the light of my cloak, 'Miguel began again to run after me, till 'at length I took the cloak from my 'ſhoulders, putting it in my pocket, and 'concealed myſelf in a thicket without 'being perceived by him.

'Now

'Now I had gained my aim, having 'reached the ſpot where my eight myrmi-'dons expected us. They ſurrounded 'him entirely, leaving only the front 'open. He called in vain to his tutor 'and ſervant; in vain did he accuſe him-'ſelf of having committed a fooliſh ac-'tion; it was too late! he flung himſelf 'upon the ground in a kind of deſpair. 'One of my people who was near him 'began to ſtir; Miguel ſtarted up, but 'obſerving no body, he again ſat down. 'However his inviſible guard began again 'to ſtir a little time after; Miguel roſe 'and purſued his way, after he had drawn 'his ſword.

'It was now entirely dark, and a vio-'lent tempeſt aroſe, which gave my peo-'ple an opportunity to follow him within 'a ſmall diſtance, without being either 'heard or ſeen. They, at the ſame time, 'imitated the roaring of wild beaſts in ſuch 'a natural manner, that Miguel began to 'run with all his might, hurried onward 'by dreadful terror. The roaring re-'ſounded behind him, at his left and his

'right, and consequently he had no other 'way left open for flight than in front, 'and this was what I wanted, because this 'was the way which led to the castle of 'the Countess. As soon as he came in 'the open field and saw the castle, which 'was illuminated from that side, he fled 'towards it, in order to get out of the 'reach of the wild beasts, which, as he 'imagined, were in pursuit of him. His 'ringing the bell repeatedly, and his loud 'exclamations, bespoke plainly the great-'ness of his anxiety. The porter, who was 'previously informed of his arrival, opened 'the gate and admitted him. As soon as 'Miguel had reached the castle, I or-'dered my people to go in search of his 'tutor, but not to awaken him if they 'should find him asleep, and to give me 'notice of it. I intended to terrify, and 'to make him respect my power, for I 'could not forget that he had slighted my 'caution with regard to the inn. Ma-'nuel discovered him first, and informed 'me of it. As soon as the rest of my 'people were returned to the place of

'rendezvous, we went to the ſpot where
'he was ſleeping. There I ordered the
'ſix fellows whom the conſpirators had
'ſent me, to diſperſe themſelves among
'the buſhes, and to attack the tutor and
'his ſervant with their poniards as ſoon
'as they ſhould riſe, yet without endan-
'gering their life, enjoining them parti-
'cularly to ſpare the tutor, and to run
'away with ſigns of terror as ſoon as I
'ſhould appear. However the mock attack
'would have had ſerious conſequences in
'ſpite of my precaution, if I had not
'come in time; for the tutor and the ſer-
'vant, who were armed with cutlaſſes,
'defended themſelves in ſuch a furious
'manner, that the fight very ſoon grew
'hotter than I intended it ſhould. I
'ruſhed therefore forth from my lurking
'place, in order to put an end to the
'combat. The countenance of the tutor
'beſpoke gratitude and aſtoniſhment when
'he ſaw the ſix fellows run howling away
'as ſoon as I appeared. "Return to town
'(ſaid I) for now you are ſafe!" Having
'pronounced theſe words, I left him ſud-

'denly, becauſe I did not chuſe to con-
'verſe with him.

'I adviſed him not without reaſon to
'return to town, for if he had continued
'his wanderings through the foreſt, he
'might have diſcovered the caſtle of the
'Counteſs, and inquired for Miguel,
'which I thought very ſuperfluous. Your
'Excellency will, perhaps, be deſirous
'to know how Miguel fared at the caſtle?
'I ſhall, therefore, not omit to give you
'a ſatisfactory account of it in my next
'letter, &c. &c. &c.

In the following ſheets I found a circumſtantial deſcription of all the tricks of which Paleſki already had informed me. In order to avoid needleſs repetitions, I ſhall therefore tranſcribe only thoſe paſſages which throw a light upon things of which Paleſki had told me nothing, probably becauſe he was not privy to them.

'—If I am not miſtaken in Miguel's
'character, he will be preſent at the ap-
'parition which I have promiſed to the
'Coun-

'Counteſs. I confeſs that I anxiouſly 'wiſh he may, and that I have made 'that promiſe to Amelia principally on 'his account. In order to prepare him 'for the apparition, I have ſent Manuel 'to the two necromancers whom I have 'mentioned in my laſt letter, to deſire 'them to wait for Miguel not far from the 'ſkirts of the foreſt, and to perſuade him 'to ſee one of their juggling farces. I 'have ordered my ſervant to give them 'an accurate deſcription of his perſon 'and dreſs, that they may not miſs him. 'I reaſoned thus: If theſe fellows ſuc-'ceed in deceiving him, he will not only 'be prepared for the ſcene which I am 'going to act at the caſtle, but at the 'ſame time he will be more impatient to 'witneſs it; if they do not ſucceed, and 'Miguel diſcovers the cheat, he will be 'ſo much the more inclined to take the 'deception which I am preparing for him, 'for ſterling truth, becauſe he will not 'be able to penetrate the fine-ſpun web 'of it; and believe it to be ſupernatural, becauſe his philoſophy and experience

'are not ſufficient to explain it in a na-
'tural manner.—But if Miguel ſhould
'decline being preſent on that occaſion,
'contrary to my expectation, even then
'my labour would not be entirely loſt,
'for he will certainly hear an account of
'it from the lips of the Counteſs, who
'will rather exaggerate than leſſen the
'miraculous incidents which ſhe is going
'to witneſs, and how readily will Miguel
'believe the unſuſpicious words of that
'beautiful enthuſiaſt.————Triumph!
'Miguel and his tutor have witneſſed
'the apparition ſcene at the caſtle. The
'Counteſs herſelf has accompliſhed my
'moſt anxious wiſhes without knowing
'it, and invited them to be preſent on
'that occaſion. It is a remarkable in-
'ſtance of the contradictions of the fe-
'male heart, that the very lady who was
'ſo deſirous to ſee her deceaſed huſband,
'was ſeized with ſuch an horror at it on
'the day when her anxious deſire was to
'be ſatisfied, that, without paying the
'leaſt regard to female delicacy, ſhe wrote
'a letter of invitation to Miguel. How
'glad

'glad was I on the receipt of that intelli-
'gence, that I had omitted nothing in the
'preparation for that ſcene, that can con-
'found even the moſt acute genius, and
'give to deluſions the greateſt appearance
'of truth! Count Clairval acted the part
'of his deceaſed brother.—Your Excel-
'lency knows that fine acute genius, who
'by the intricate incidents of his life, and
'a long ſeries of experience of all kinds,
'and his own reflections, has acquired the
'capacity of undertaking any thing with
'ſucceſs——who eMI dfahrIqlqms hmrf
'cgtTml. mgsrlm. FschypSr. hlnyhs:
'rpqvbs. grbn. ſtbC--BvnmD lgſtzmm.
'nflm. Fortunately he was not above
'thirty miles diſtance from the caſtle; I
'ſent a ſervant on horſeback for him. He
'could not refuſe my requeſt, becauſe
'nrm..Bvndrgn hglgs: tbt: ggrmm..hlt.
'tseTs....Crsth: pssrs: tfgn. InsnM.
'bttr. — —."

'I have tranſcribed theſe words which I could not decypher, only becauſe a a more ſkilful genius than myſelf may find the key to them. The ſame cyphers

occurred ſeveral times in the remaining ſheets, and my incapacity to decypher them was the more painful to me, becauſe I had reaſon to think that they contain ſecrets of great importance.

Of the following letter only the concluſion deſerves to be tranſcribed.

'I am firmly convinced, that in Miguel's and Amelia's heart a paſſion has 'taken riſe, which ſoon will burſt out in 'blazing flames; the preſent which he has 'made her of a ring of great value, which 'ſhe has accepted, his looks at table, 'Amelia's extraordinary kindneſs for him, 'and his conſternation on account of her 'illneſs, are inconteſtible proofs of the 'truth of this obſervation. How much 'ſoever this mutual paſſion coincides 'with my plan, becauſe it furniſhes me 'with infallible means to allure the in'conſtant, fickle Miguel, yet I muſt make 'haſte to interrupt this growing paſſion, be'cauſe I am afraid he will be enſlaved ſo 'much by that enchanting lady, that he 'will be rendered unfit for matters of 'greater importance.

'For

'For that reaſon I have inſtructed the 'apparition to utter a few words, which I 'could foreſee would cauſe a ſmall breach 'between the two lovers. Your Excel-'lency will recollect that the ghoſt ac-'cuſed Miguel's father of being his mur-'derer. By theſe means, I hope to put 'at leaſt a temporary ſtop to Miguel's 'and Amelia's growing intimacy; for it 'cannot be expected that the ſon of the 'ſuppoſed murderer of the Count will 'dare to pay his addreſſes to his widow; 'and if he ſhould, it is to be expected that 'ſhe will decline admitting his viſits, or at 'leaſt, treat him with coolneſs and re-'ſerve. However this miſunderſtanding 'would not be of long duration, for on 'cloſe examination, both would find 'themſelves deceived by the appari-'tion, and their love would gain addi-'tional force. For that reaſon I have 'wrote a preſſing letter to Miguel's father, 'without ſubſcribing my name, and ad-'viſed him to order his ſon to continue his 'travels without delay, that he might be 'cured of a fooliſh paſſion which he had

'for

'for the Counteſs of Barbis. I hope this 'letter will have the deſired effect; and I 'will keep myſelf in readineſs to follow 'Miguel every where with my myrmi-'dons; for my plan requires that I never 'ſhould loſe ſight of him.'

The following letter is ſo important that I muſt inſert it at full length:

'My Lord,

'You have accuſed me in your letter 'from the twelfth of this month, of hav-'ing acted equally diſhoneſt and impru-'dent, by ſuffering the Count, when diſ-'guiſed as a ſpectre, to ſay an untruth, 'which injures the honour of an innocent 'man, and if ever diſcovered by his ſon 'or the Counteſs, will brand him and my-'ſelf as impoſtors. I could have pre-'vented theſe ſevere reproaches of your 'Excellency, if I had been at leiſure to 'explain this matter at large in my laſt 'letter. Firſt you will give me leave to 'obſerve, that the declaration of the ghoſt

'is

'is no untruth, but only an oracle, the 'duplicity to which beings of that kind 'are much addicted. Amelia's husband 'has really been assassinated by order of 'the man whom Miguel calls father; 'however, that person is not his parent, 'but only the preserver of his life; in 'short, it is Vasconcellos' Secretary of State 'at L**b*n, who has saved Miguel's life 'when a boy, and for that reason is called 'by him his second father. This man the 'ghost had in view, and of course has 'spoken the truth, but only has been mis-'understood. This misunderstanding pro-'duced the accidental, and if your Excel-'lency will give me leave to add—the sa-'lutary consequence of separating Miguel 'and the Countess. Fearing, however, 'the accusation of the ghost might pro-'duce fatal consequences for the Mar-'quis of Villa R*al, and Amelia be 'tempted to revenge the death of her 'Lord, the ghost took the precaution to 'add, "be generous and forgive my mur-'derer."—The honour of the Marquis, 'which properly has received no injury

'from

'from the declaration of the ghoſt, but only
'from the miſunderſtanding, ſhall, I vow
'ſolemnly, receive ample ſatisfaction. I
'have it myſelf too much at heart that
'the Counteſs and Miguel ſhall know
'the real murderer of Amelia's huſ-
'band, not to remove that error; be-
'ing deſirous to ſee the good under-
'ſtanding of the two lovers reſtored at
'ſome future period, and the aſſaſſin pu-
'niſhed for his numberleſs crimes. You
'have ſigned the ſentence which the reſt
'of the conſpirators have pronounced
'againſt this oppreſſor of the liberty of
'your country, with the full conviction of
'his deſerving death; but would not
'Miguel look upon him rather as his be-
'nefactor and preſerver of his life, than
'as an enemy to his native country, and
'prompted by gratitude and pity, endea-
'vour to ſave his life? However, if he
'ſhall be informed that the preſerver
'of his life is not only the oppreſſor of his
'native country, but alſo the aſſaſſin of
'Amelia's Lord, then his love for the
'Counteſs will give an additional energy
'to

'to his patriotism, and silence his grati-
'tude for Vas*****los; then the voice of
'his country and of the beloved of his
'heart, demanding revenge upon the vil-
'lain, will silence the voice of his heart
'imploring his mercy; he will sacrifice the
'devoted victim to justice, at the expence
'of his sensibility, and consent to Vascon-
'***los's death. Not in vain did I intro-
'duce the apparition in such a rueful
'shape, not in vain instruct it to display
'the bleeding wounds, and to discover his
'horrid assassination! even the coolest
'observer would have been inflamed
'violently by that scene, and how vehe-
'mently must it have provoked the lover
'of the unfortunate lady to resentment
'against the murderer? Your Excellency
'will consequently easily conceive what
'my second secret aim was, which I de-
'signed to attain by the apparition, and, at
'the same time, be convinced that I have
'exposed neither the ghost nor myself to
'the danger of being caught in a *lie*, al-
'though Amelia and Miguel should dis-
'cover that the murderer was not the real

'father of the latter. However, this dis-
'covery could not take place, becauſe
'Miguel has ceaſed viſiting the Counteſs,
'and received orders from his father to
'leave, without delay, the caſtle and its
'environs. Amelia's ſervants have drawn
'this grateful intelligence from his ſer-
'vant, and communicated it to me, upon
'which I put myſelf and my people in
'readineſs to follow Miguel on the day of
'his departure, partly on horſeback, and
'partly in coaches. To the valet of the
'Counteſs, who is entirely in my intereſt,
'I have given ſome important orders,
'which I intend to communicate at large
'in my next letter.'

I was already arrived at *ubia, and accommodated with a lodging at the inn which the Count had pointed out to me, when I finiſhed the decyphering of this letter. Night had ſet in, and I was muſing on the important viſit which the Count had promiſed me, when I heard the rolling of a coach, which ſtopped under my window. A few moments after my ſervant came to inform

inform me that an Iriſh captain, whoſe name was Dromley, wanted to ſpeak to me. The word Iriſh chilled the very marrow of my bones—"Let him come in!" ſaid I, turning my face from the ſervant, to conceal from him the emotions which muſt have been painted in every feature. I ſtepped to the window in order to recover myſelf a little: the door was flung open, and an officer in a blue uniform entered the room—I advanced two ſteps to meet him, and ſaw the *Unknown* ſtanding before me. The ſight of him made me ſpeechleſs. "You will be ſurpriſed, my Lord! to ſee me here," ſaid he, "however the concerns of your heart are of ſo much importance to me, that nothing could deter me from paying you a viſit." Here he ſtopped. Not one ſyllable eſcaped my lips. He looked at me with ſeeming unconcern, advanced a ſtep nearer, and reſumed in a ſoft winning accent, "My Lord! you love the beautiful Counteſs Clairval! however, you would love her in vain, if my power had not removed every obſtacle, and enſured you her reciprocal love."

Now

Now I had recovered the power of utterance. "Then you have informed her," I exclaimed, "that her Lord has not been aſſaſſinated by my real father?"

The Iriſhman ſeemed to be ſtruck with ſurpriſe, examining inquiſitively my looks, and after a ſhort pauſe, continued in a firmer accent: "It was my duty to make this diſcovery to Amelia; however, it would never have been ſufficient to procure you her reciprocal love, if I had not done ſomething which was not my duty."

"*What* have you done? My notions of your actions have been confounded ſo much, that I cannot thank you before hand."

"Thank!" he replied haughtily, "as if I ever had done any thing for the ſake of thanks! In order to ſave you that trouble, I will not tell you what I have done for you."

The ſtrain in which he ſpoke confounded me. I returned no anſwer.

"However, I muſt caution you," he continued, "not to repreſent me to the Coun-

Counteſs as an impoſtor, if you do not wiſh to deſtroy the effect of the ſervice which I have done you. You will be convinced at ſome future period how neceſſary it is for your own happineſs not ſlight this advice."

"If I am to enjoy the happineſs which you have prepared for me, I muſt firſt know the reſidence of Amelia."

"Not before you have pledged your honour to follow my advice."

"Should I ſuffer Amelia to be impoſed upon like myſelf; ſhould I owe her love to a deluſion?"

"Who has told you that I have impoſed upon the Counteſs? You do not know as yet what I have done; it would therefore be juſt not to condemn me before-hand, as you refuſe to thank me before-hand for what I have done!"

"I judge of an action of yours which I do not know, from your former actions, which I know very well, at preſent. Can you call this unjuſt?"

"This

"This concluſion is at leaſt premature. Every plan ought to be adapted to the exiſting circumſtances, and every action fitted to the plan; therefore, as ſoon as the circumſtances and the plan are changed, one ought not to judge of the preſent actions from the preceding ones."

"I do not comprehend you completely."

"You have been tried by deluſions; however the time of probation is paſt; the deluſions have made room for the dawn of truth, which is riſing in your mind."

"Who has authoriſed you to try me?"

"Who has authoriſed me to ſave you from the waves?"

"Why this queſtion inſtead of an anſwer?"

"To tell you that every body is authoriſed to be uſeful to another perſon, without his knowledge and permiſſion."

"I hope you will not make me believe that you have deceived me in order to promote my happineſs!"

"If

"If deluſions are leading to truth, then they are undoubtedly means of promoting happineſs."

"Indeed! According to my notions, *real* happineſs never can be founded upon deluſion, as truth never can originate from error. Deluſions and errors are obſtacles on the road to happineſs and truth, but never will be the means of promoting them.

"Then you muſt blame nature for acting after a plan entirely appoſite to your notions. Has ſhe not made imagination, that mother of illuſion, the ſource of unſpeakable pleaſures. It is imagination alone that can afford what reality never can give—never ſatiated enjoyment. Imagination preſerves, renews and improves every pleaſure of the ſenſes—What elſe but imagination is the ſource of the pureſt and moſt ſublime raptures of love? Or do you perhaps think that the perceptions which we receive through our ſenſes are free of illuſion, that we are never deceived by the organs which nature has given us? Your ideas would be juſt if we

we could know by means of our ſenſes, the objects themſelves, and not merely their appearances; the eſſential ſubſtance, and not merely the ſuperficies of things; however, as our ſenſes never ſhew us the thing itſelf, but only its exterior appearance, the reality of ſenſible perceptions is always very ſuſpicious. And ſince, from our ſenſible perceptions, even our plaineſt notions are abſtracted, one muſt either doubt the certainty of logical arguments, or allow that illuſions are the path leading to truth. Common experience teaches us, that one improves in knowledge by committing errors. It is as incontrovertible that error precedes truth, as it cannot be denied that darkneſs precedes the light. If therefore nature herſelf leads man to truth and happineſs by way of deluſions and errors, then you cannot blame me for having endeavoured to lead you to that mark by the ſame road."

"But to what ſort of happineſs and truth? for no real happineſs, and no pure truth can exiſt, if all our perceptions and notions are founded on illuſions."

"You

"You are miſtaken, my Lord, they really exiſt; however they differ widely from what men generally believe to be truth and happineſs."

"Then you are going to make me acquainted with a new kind of happineſs and truth, and to lead me to uncommon light by the common road of illuſion?"

"Man muſt be treated in a human manner, and improve by degrees. A ſudden tranſition from twilight to the radiant glare of the noon-tide ſun, from the land of ſweet fancies to pure paradiſiacal bliſs, would tranſport the ſon of duſt beyond himſelf. For that reaſon, it was requiſite you ſhould experience all the intermediate degrees of illuſion, but not of an ordinary one, in order to obtain poſſeſſion of an extraordinary treaſure. That ſpot, where you will find the taliſman which breaks the magic charm whereby the treaſure is withheld from you as yet, is the higheſt pinnacle of illuſion, and for that very reaſon the laſt degree of it. He who has happily arrived at it,

emerges

emerges from the mazy labyrinth of enchantments, beholds a new heaven and a new earth, and, as if new created, ſtrides over into the kingdom of unadulterated truth and bliſs; where he enters the ſacred porch of that eternal temple from which only the grave ſeparates him."

"I do not entirely comprehend your emblematical language; will you explain yourſelf more at large?" So ſaying, I offered him a chair; we ſat down, and he began:

"The hiſtory of all ages and nations convinces us that all men ſtrive to be happy: but only the better and nobler part of mankind are in purſuit of truth; not as if the latter ſort did not alſo contend for happineſs, but becauſe they find it in the contemplation of truth, and do not believe that happineſs can exiſt, without being founded on the baſe of truth. The former claſs purſue happineſs on different and oppoſite roads, and when they fancy they have found it, embrace an airy phantom; the latter claſs alſo go in purſuit of truth on different and oppoſite roads,

roads, and when they fancy they have discovered it, are enraptured at an *ignis fatuus*. Some of them perceive at last that they are deceived by illusions, and others do not. The former continue their pursuit by the road which they have once fallen in with, and finding nothing but new phantoms and new illusions, spread at length the rumour, that no real happiness and truth could be met with here below. But suppose a man of an extraordinary genius, who had been firmly convinced that this treasure can be found here below, should have attempted to go in search of it through uncommon and never trodden paths, and at length, after enormous deviations, which on the unbeaten paths he pursued could not be avoided, should have found truth and happiness in their natural purity and sisterly union, and entrusted the secret to his friends under the condition to communicate it only to a few, and not even to them till they should have been tried by uncommon delusions of different kinds, like himself; would you then forgive me,

my Lord, if I had deceived you with that view?"

"Then I ſhould not owe you forgiveneſs, but gratitude. But as the time of probation (according to your own declaration) is paſt, will you not be ſo good as to let me ſee only a few rays of that light, the full ſplendor of which I am going to behold."

"I have orders not to diſcloſe the ſecret to you before the liberation of your country ſhall be accompliſhed."

"Then my probationary time is not yet finiſhed?"

"The time of deluſion is paſt, and you are now to begin the epocha of acting for which the former was deſigned to prepare you. Strain every nerve to deliver your country, and the laſt trial will be finiſhed."

"How can I ſave my country?"

"At M***d you ſhall be informed of it."

"I am going to depart for that town to-morrow morning."

"At

"At ****, twelve miles from hence, you may ſtop for a ſhort time—but mark well, only for a ſhort time. You will meet Amelia there—

"Amelia?"

"And will find her differently diſpoſed from what ſhe would have been without my interference."

"What do you mean by that?"

"The Counteſs has vowed to be faithful unto death to the man of her heart. She has frequently renewed this rigorous vow at the tomb which ſhe has devoted to his memory, and thus promiſed to the dear departed object of her love a ſacrifice, which has driven to deſpair all thoſe whom her uncommon charms have enchanted. You would have ſhared the ſame fate, my Lord, if my power had not diſſolved the dreadful covenant which Amelia has made with the departed ſpirit of her Lord."

I ſtarted up like a maniac—"*That* you have done? *You* have done that?"

The Iriſhman roſe coolly from his ſeat: "Moderate your joy," ſaid he, "for you

don't know whether I have not deceived the Counteſs!"

"O forget what I have ſaid in the heat of paſſion. Beings like you are above ſlander. Forgive what I have ſaid!"

"When you come to **** ſtop at the inn of St. James, and then you ſhall be convinced by my actions that I have forgiven you." So ſaying, he ſhook hands with me and left my apartment.

"Who is that incomprehenſible man?" ſaid I to myſelf. "Have I not been his mortal enemy half an hour ago, and now am again become his friend and admirer, am again enchained with fetters of which I fancied I had rid myſelf entirely? Is my weakneſs the ſource of this unaccountable change, or is he in poſſeſſion of a magic charm by which he rules with ſecret power every heart? O thou who once ſhalt read this hiſtory, whoever thou art, do not look ſcornfully upon my relapſe. Thou haſt not ſeen the countenance of that man, haſt not heard him ſpeak: I have been leſs enthralled by what he ſaid, than by the manner in which he

he ſpoke. The magic power which his looks, his mien, his accent, and every geſture gave to his words, rendered credible even what was improbable, and raiſed the latter to certainty. While he was ſpeaking I little thought to interrupt him, dwelling with ſecret pleaſure upon the contemplation of the ſeducing pictures which he placed before me, and only when in cooler blood, I began to anatomize and to ſcan the train of his arguments, I diſcovered defects, gaps, and improbabilities which ſhook the very baſe of my belief, and overclouded the charming proſpects which he diſplayed before my enraptured eyes. However, there was one idea on which I dwelled with joyful confidence. "It will be accompliſhed (I exclaimed) although every other promiſe of the Iriſhman ſhould prove airy phantoms. I ſhall ſee Amelia, and be happy!"

But this hope too began to dwindle away, after I had waited the next day at the inn to which I had been directed by the Iriſhman, from eight o'clock in the

morning till ſeven o'clock at night without having received tidings from Amelia. I was juſt going to take up my guitar in order to give vent to my melancholy ſenſations, when my ſervant came to tell me that a girl wanted to ſpeak to me. I ordered him to ſhew her to my apartment. After many curtſies and circumlocutions, the unknown fair one begged me at length to have the kindneſs to honor her lady with a viſit. Aſking her who her lady was, ſhe replied that ſhe durſt not tell me her name, but would ſhew me the way to the caſtle. "Then *your lady* has ſent you to me?" "God forbid! (ſhe replied): my lady knows not a ſyllable of my errand; and your Lordſhip muſt tell the ſervant to announce you by the name of the Marcheſe Albertini." "Who was it then that gave you that order?" "An officer in a blue uniform, (ſhe replied) who has paid a viſit to my lady ſome time ago. He told me where I ſhould find your Lordſhip; but, for heaven's ſake, don't tell my lady of it; for he has given me a louisd'or to conceal that circumſtance

ſtance from her!" Now I knew what to think of the matter. I could have kiſſed the little garrulous meſſenger. "There, take this (ſaid I, emptying my purſe in her apron) ſhew me inſtantly to the houſe of your lady!" The girl was enraptured with joy, hurried down ſtairs, and I followed her with impatient ſteps. She ſtopped in the ſecond ſtreet at a large palace, telling me that we were on the ſpot. I ordered the ſervant to tell his lady, the Marcheſe Albertini would be glad to wait on her Ladyſhip, and was admitted. I haſtened through the firſt apartment with a panting heart, and the ſecond door being opened, was very kindly received by an old lady. I was almoſt petrified by that unexpected ſight, like a poor diſappointed wretch who, deceived by magic art, expects to ruſh into the arms of an immortal beauty, ſuddenly embraces an old toothleſs beldam. The lady ſeemed to be equally ſurpriſed. I did not know whether it was on account of my perſon or of my aſtoniſhment—and I begged her pardon, in a faltering accent, for having

committed that miſtake, telling her that I had taken the liberty to intrude upon her, in hopes of ſeeing the Counteſs de Clairval, when——the door of a third apartment was opened, and a lady beautiful as an angel, dreſſed in white ſatin, and of a majeſtic form, made her appearance. I flew to meet her—and preſſed *Amelia*'s hand to my glowing lips.

"Her lovely cheeks were covered with a crimſon hue, and after a ſhort interval of ſilent aſtoniſhment, ſhe exclaimed: "Is it poſſible, my Lord! How does it happen that we have the honour of ſeeing you here?"

"I don't know it myſelf!" I exclaimed, "my life is an uninterrupted train of wonders, and it was certainly one of the moſt fortunate that has brought me to your Ladyſhip!"

"You find me in the company of a friend," Amelia ſaid, introducing me to the old lady, "whom I had loſt in my earlier youth, but found again four months ago through a moſt ſingular accident, which I however think to be one of the moſt

moſt fortunate of my life. You will recollect that when I related to you the hiſtory of my youth, I mentioned a white lady who appeared to me in the duſk of evening, in a grotto in my father's garden, and who had directed and cheered me in my juvenile years like a heavenly being—"

"And that white lady—"

"Is the Baroneſs de Delier, who is now ſtanding before you."

"Is it poſſible?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, it is really ſo!" replied the lady archly ſmiling.

I now began to examine her face more attentively. Her phyſiognomy was exceeding intereſting, bearing ſtrong marks of ſenſibility, and of former beauty, the traces of which the voracious tooth of time had not been able to deſtroy.

"My Lady," ſaid I, "the Counteſs has related to me ſo much that is noble and wonderful of you, that my aſtoniſhment is as natural as my curioſity will be deemed pardonable by you."

"I dare say," Amelia interrupted me, "it will give you pleasure if I beg the Baroness to be so kind as to explain that wonderful circumstance to you?"

"Why not?" replied Lady Delier, "let us sit down; old age is thought to be talkative; however I shall be brief in my narrative:—A friend of mine who knew Amelia, and was no stranger to the cruel treatment which she received from her unnatural mother, lived in a house which was separated from that of her parents only by two gardens. The description which my friend gave me of the sufferings of the innocent girl, affected me so much the more, as I ever have been uncommonly fond of children. I resolved to alleviate the hapless fate of the poor child, and with that view designed a plan, which I carried into execution, assisted by her nurse, whom I bribed with fair words and a sum of money. The gardens of my friend and Amelia's parents, were separated only by a wall, which had a little gate leading from the garden of the former to the grotto which

was in that of the latter. This gate was opened for me by the nurſe, who, according to my direction, always retired when I came, and watched at the entrance of the garden to warn me by a ſignal againſt ſudden ſurpriſe. I dare ſay, my Lord, Amelia will have informed you of my converſations and actions in the grotto."—

"But why did you conceal your name and rank from the Counteſs?" I enquired.

"In order to prevent being found out, if the little girl in her childiſh innocence ſhould have ſpoken of her meetings with the white lady. When Amelia advanced in years I continued the myſtery, becauſe I had obſerved that it gave to my viſits an additional value in her eyes, and rendered my conſolations and inſtructions more effective. However, I did not mean never to diſcloſe my name to her, and I had entruſted the ſolution of the myſtery to the ſealed paper which I gave to the daughter of my heart when I took leave of her, and which ſhe afterwards loſt."

"If I am not miſtaken, you gave the ſealed paper to the Counteſs, with the injunction to open it when ſhe ſhould have found the man whom her heart ſhould chooſe for a partner in her happineſs and affliction!"

"You are not miſtaken! it contained ſome inſtructions which are very uſeful to a girl who is in love."

"You foretold the Counteſs when you took leave of her, that her unhappy fate would take a fortunate turn after three months, and that prediction has really been accompliſhed by the aunt of the Counteſs."

"This was very natural, becauſe the whole matter had been arranged already by the interceſſion of my friend, who was very intimate with her aunt."

"But why did you not continue your viſits till the arrival of her aunt?"

"Becauſe I went abroad with the Baron de Delier."

"And you have never ſeen the Counteſs ſince?"

"No! and we ſhould perhaps never have met again, if important affairs had not

not called me to **** after the deceaſe of the Baron. I ſaw the Counteſs accidentally when I was coming from the cathedral. O! my Lord, what are all worldly pleaſures, if compared to the happineſs of ſuch a re-union? The emotions of my heart broke out ſo violently, that we were obliged to get in the carriage, and to drive to Amelia's hermitage, to prevent our being cruſhed to death by the gaping multitude."

"Indeed," exclaimed the Counteſs, ſhedding tears of ſenſibility, and preſſing the hand of the Baroneſs to her boſom, "I ſhall never forget that day while this heart is beating!"

"And yet, would you believe it, my Lord," reſumed the Baroneſs, after an affecting pauſe, "I could ſcarcely prevail upon her to leave the caſtle in the foreſt, and to remove to mine, where we are leading an happy and contented life. My Amelia was indeed turned a downright hermit."

"I confeſs, my dear friend," replied the Counteſs, "I was ſo charmed with my ſolitary

ſolitary reſidence, and the retired and quiet life I led ſuited the ſtate of my mind ſo well, that no one but my dear Baroneſs could have perſuaded me to change my ſituation."

The fleeting hours paſſed rapidly away amid pleaſing diſcourſes, and evening was already far advanced before I could reſolve to take leave of Amelia and her amiable companion. At length I parted reluctantly, and having been invited to repeat my viſit the day following returned to my lodging in a trance of happineſs and joy.

Amelia was the ſole object of my thoughts before I fell aſleep; Amelia's image ſweetened my reſt; her name was the firſt ſound which came from my lips when I awoke, and in her preſence I ſpent the greateſt part of the day in a trance of unſpeakable bliſs.

Her cheerfulneſs declined, however, with every new day; her ſerene looks began to grow gloomy; her innate frankneſs and affability gave room to reſerve and melancholy, which ſhe endeavoured

in

in vain to conceal. I ſurpriſed her ſeveral times fixing her eyes on me in a melancholy manner, and caſting down her looks with conſternation when ſhe perceived that I obſerved it—ſhe ſpoke little, and what ſhe ſaid was incoherent—yet her behaviour was not repelling—her boſom ſeemed to conceal ſome ſecret uneaſineſs, the cauſe of which I ſtrove in vain to explore. As often as I began to ſpeak of the *Unknown*, Amelia looked perplexed and timid at Lady Delier, who always turned the converſation to a different object. I was certain that the Iriſhman had been in the houſe; they even confeſſed that he had informed them of my elevation to the ducal dignity; but this was all that I could learn. This circumſtance and Amelia's behaviour gave riſe to apprehenſions which made me ſuffer the torments of hell. I could not endure this ſituation longer than four days; at the evening of the fourth day I took advantage of an opportunity which I had to ſpeak to Lady Delier in private, and preſſed her to unfold that myſtery to me.

After

After many fruitless persuasions, I obtained at length the promise to be informed of what I so anxiously wished to know, and was requested to meet her at twelve o'clock the next day in the fir grove behind the garden of the castle, when she would satisfy my curiosity.

I awaited the noon-tide hour with impatience. At length the wished for hour arrived, and with the last stroke I was going to hasten to the fir grove, however I met the Irishman on the stair-case. "Come with me, my Lord!" he said, as soon as he saw me!

"Whither?"

"You will be surprised in a most pleasing manner. Make haste, my carriage is waiting for you."

"I cannot accept your invitation before one o'clock. I must finish first a business of great importance, which cannot be postponed."

"My business also cannot be postponed, and is of far greater importance. I am going to take you to an old acquaintance

quaintance whom you have ardently wiſhed to ſee this good while."

"An old acquaintance—whom I have ardently wiſhed to ſee?—it is not—"

"Your *tutor* I mean. Come, make haſte!"

I embraced the Iriſhman with a loud exclamation of joy, preſſed him vehemently to my heart and leaped into the carriage.

We drove through the city gate; our horſes gallopped at a furious rate, and yet they were too ſlow for my impatience. "Is he far from hence?" I exclaimed, "where does he live, is he well, does he know that I am coming?" "All that you ſhall know preſently!" ſaid the Iriſhman, ordering the coachman to ſtop.

We got out of the carriage, and the ſun was overclouding like the face of the Iriſhman. He uttered not a word, and made a ſilent ſignal to follow him.

The place where we were was a lonely ſolitary ſpot in the ſuburbs. The Iriſhman ſtopped at a high wall over which the tops of tall trees were protending. My conductor looked at me with a melancholy air,

air, and then beat with his fiſt againſt a large gate. The folding doors burſt open with a dreadful noiſe, and I beheld a burying-place before me. The Iriſhman entered. "What buſineſs have we here?" I exclaimed in a faltering accent. "Come along and be a man!" ſo ſaying, he pulled me after him, and the door was ſhut again by an inviſible hand.

The ſtillneſs of eternal reſt, and the horrors of corruption which were hovering around me, whiſpered audibly in my ear that this was not a reſidence fit for living beings. "Is my tutor here?" I enquired after a dreadful pauſe. The Iriſhman remained ſilent. "Hiermanſor! is my tutor here?"

"He is."

"Alas! then he is dead!" I ſtammered, ſtaggering againſt a tomb-ſtone to ſupport myſelf.

The face of the Iriſhman began to brighten up; he took me by the hand: "Come, my Lord, and convince yourſelf, that even on this ſpot, where common men behold nothing but death and corruption,

ruption, the flower of life is blooming!" With these words, he led me round the corner of a small chapel, and I beheld what at first appeared to me the delusion of a dream, my tutor standing five paces distant from me upon a tomb; he was dressed in a white garment, and seemed to await me in tranquil expectation: "Antonio! my friend!" I exclaimed, quivering with joy, and flew with expanded arms to the tomb, but shuddered with horror when I grasped through an airy phantom instead of embracing my friend."

"Don't be afraid, Miguel!" said the ethereal being, without once opening his lips, or making the least motion, "I am no apparition from the other world. I am yet living; however, the more solid parts of my body are above 600 miles distant. My spirit has assumed this form in order to communicate her ideas to thee. Thou wilt at some future period comprehend this mystery if thou dost follow the directions of Hiermansor. Young man, there exists a felicity upon earth more sublime than the love of women. Leave Amelia and hasten to Ma***d. Endeavour

to

to break the abominable fetters whereby thy country is chained to the throne of a deſpot. Down into the duſt with Vaſcon**llos, who has forged theſe chains, and encreaſes their weight every day. Thou ſhalt ſee me again when thy country is reſtored to liberty, and I will lead Amelia to thy arms. Till then Miguel, farewell!"

The viſion was not diſſolved, nor did it ſink into the ground, nor riſe aloft, and yet it was removed in the twinkling of an eye. "Antonio, my friend!" I exclaimed, "if thy ſpirit is ſtill hovering around me, tell me whether I may confide blindly in Hiermanſor?"

The viſion re-appeared on the tomb as quick as thought. "Follow the advice of Hiermanſor," he ſaid, "he will ſupply my place. I have miſtaken him like thyſelf; however, thou ſhalt know him too as he is known to me; and then we ſhall be united by ſtronger ties."

The viſion diſappeared, and I heard the *Unknown* calling to me from the other ſide of the chapel.

END OF VOLUME THE SECOND.

THE VICTIM OF *MAGICAL DELUSION*,

OR,

THE MYSTERY OF THE REVOLUTION OF P——L:

A MAGICO-POLITICAL TALE.

FOUNDED ON HISTORICAL FACTS, AND TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF

CAJETAN TSCHINK.

By P. WILL.

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1795.

THE

VICTIM

OF

MAGICAL DELUSION.

I FELT like one who is ſuddenly rouſed from a dream, and looked around me with uncertain, examining eyes, ſearching for the Iriſhman. He perceived it and came towards me.

The ſudden change of the moſt oppoſite ſenſations, particularly the laſt ſcene, had affected me very much, and I ſat myſelf down upon a tomb. "Is it not true, Hiermanſor?" ſaid I after a long ſilence, "I have dreamed?"

"Dreamed?" he replied with aſtoniſhment, "and *what* have you dreamed?"

"Methought my tutor was ſtanding upon this tomb, and talking ſtrange things."

"I have had the ſame *viſion*."

"Hiermanſor! don't ſport with my underſtanding."

"It is as I have ſaid."

"It cannot be!" I exclaimed vehemently, "it was an illuſion. Don't think that I am ſtill as credulous as I have been. Confeſs only that the viſion was a new illuſion, whereby you wanted to try me."

"An illuſion requires the aſſiſtance of machines; and I give you leave, nay, I beſeech you to ſearch for them. You may ranſack the whole burying ground, but your labour will be loſt."

"That may be! It has perhaps been one of your fineſt artifices, but nevertheleſs it was mere deluſion."

"It was deluſion, becauſe you will have it ſo."

"Hiermanſor! what do you wiſh me to believe?"

"Whatever you *can* believe."

"Here

"Here the figure of my tutor was ſtanding, and there I ſtood and converſed with him."

"You may have been dreaming, it was perhaps one of my fineſt artifices."

"What can you ſay againſt it?"

"Nothing, my Lord, nothing!"

"I conjure you, what can you ſay againſt it?"

"On one part I could find it improbable that two people ſhould have the ſame dream while they are awake; on the other, that the moſt conſummate juggler would find it difficult to produce by day-light, and on an open ſpot, an airy viſion which reſembles your friend exactly, talks in a ſenſible manner, anſwers queſtions which are put to it, and appears a ſecond time at your deſire."

"True, very true! however, the apparition is not leſs myſterious to me if I deem it *no* illuſion."

"You will comprehend it one time, ſaid Antonio."

"But when? I am dying with a deſire to have the myſtery unfolded."

"May I ſpeak without reſerve, my Lord."

"I wiſh you always had ſpoken without diſguiſe, and acted openly."

"What I am going to ſay may perhaps offend you; yet I muſt beg you to give me leave to ſpeak freely. I am not going to addreſs Miguel, but the Duke."

"Frankneſs and truth are equally acceptable to the latter as they are to the former; ſpeak without reſerve."

"It is not fondneſs of truth, but vain curioſity that has driven you upon the *dangerous ocean* of knowledge, where you are cruiſing about without either rudder or compaſs, in ſearch of unknown countries, and enchanted iſlands. I met you ſome time ſince on your voyage, and captured you. You could as well have fallen in with ſomebody elſe, who would have forged heavier fetters for you. I have not miſuſed my power over you. You have indeed worked in the fetters which I have chained you with, but not in my ſervice, not for me, but for your country, which you, I am ſorry to ſay, would never have done voluntarily. You have attempted

tempted nothing, at leaſt very little, to break thoſe chains, but you ſtruggled hard to avoid ſerving your country. I endeavoured to keep you in its ſervice by ſtrengthening your chains; however, unforeſeen accidents liberated you from your bondage, and then I appeared firſt to you a lawleſs corſair, who had made an unlawful prize of you, although you had ſuppoſed me, before that time, to be a ſupernatural being, to whoſe power you fancied you had ſurrendered voluntarily. My dear Duke, I am neither a villain, nor am I a ſupernatural being; however, you are not able to judge of me. It is true that I poſſeſs important arcana, by the application of which I can effect wonderful things; but I am not allowed to make uſe of them before I have tried in vain every common means of attaining my aim. According to my knowledge of your Lordſhip, the artifices of natural magic were ſufficient for carrying my point; but now, as the veil is taken from your eyes, and thoſe deluſions by which your will has been guided, have loſt their influence upon you, now I could make uſe

of my ſuperior power, by which I have been enabled to effect the apparition of your tutor. However, you judge of my deeds equally wrong as of myſelf. At firſt you miſtook real deluſions, for miracles, and now you miſtake the effect of a great and important arcanum, for deluſion. Whence theſe ſudden leaps from one extreme to the other? What is it that conſtantly removes from your eyes the real point of view from which you ought to ſee things? The ſource of this evil is within yourſelf; I will point it out to you, leſt you diſcover it too late. You have an innate propenſity, which has been nurſed up by your lively imagination, a propenſity which is agitating powerfully within you, and ſtruggles for gratification, the propenſity to the wonderful. Your tutor ſtrove too late to combat it by the dry ſpeculations of philoſophy, inſtead of guiding and confining it in proper bounds. My God! your friend is a excellent man, who had your real happineſs at heart; however, his philoſophy was not altogether conſiſtent. A preconceived contempt of all occult ſciences prevented him examin-

ing

ing them with impartiality, and declaring all events contrary to the common courſe of nature, to be the effects of impoſition. He committed a ſin againſt philoſophy, premiſing as demonſtrated, what was to be proved. Your own feeling, my Lord, made you ſenſible of the defects and exaggerations of his arguments; your reaſon was not ſufficient to rectify, or to refute them; and thus you have adopted the principles of your tutor, not from conviction, but from a blind confidence in his learning and honeſty, and believing the aſſertions of your inſtructor, you believed in his philoſophy."

"Hierinnafor! I think you are right."

"Give me leave to proceed. It was conſequently not philoſophical conviction that made you ſuſpect your inclination to the wonderful; but faith was oppoſed to faith. The former was founded on the authority of your tutor, and the latter on the ſecret voice of your heart. Regard for your friend, and the ambition of being looked upon as a philoſopher, impelled you to adopt the principles of your tutor, and an innate inſtinct ſpurred you to

yield to the voice of your heart, and thus you embraced by turns, the opinion of your inſtructor and the faith which originated from your heart, according to the ſtrength of motive which prevailed on either ſide. However, theſe motives were never pure undoubted arguments of reaſon, but mere ſentiments, which made you ſhift from one ſide to the other, in the ſame meaſure in which your ſentiments of one or the other kind received nouriſhment or additional ſtrength from without. As ſoon as I began to play off my magical machineries your belief in miracles began to prevail; but as ſoon as your tutor recapitulated his lectures, philoſophy reſumed her former ſway. You was a ball which flew alternately in his and in my hands, becauſe you wanted firm conviction to fix yourſelf upon. Nevertheleſs I ſhould have ſucceeded at laſt in getting an excluſive power over you merely by means of my deluſions, becauſe your predilection for the wonderful, and your imagination, which found an excuſe and a gratification in my works, would have prevailed

prevailed over the philoſophical ſentences which you have been taught. Paleſki diſcovered to you what you ought to have diſcovered yourſelf, that my arts were mere deluſions, and now you conclude that I can produce nothing but deluſions. Perhaps you go ſtill farther, and deny even the poſſibility of apparitions, becauſe I have raiſed in Amelia's houſe a ghoſt who was none. At bottom you keep firm to your character; you came over to my party becauſe your *feelings* found their account in doing ſo; you find you have been deceived, and you fly back again to the oppoſite party becauſe you *fancy* to find truth there. However you are really guided only by a blind inſtinct, by ſentiment and opinion. And with *theſe* guides do you fancy you can penetrate the ſanctuary of truth and happineſs? —Unhappy young man! you are doomed to deceive yourſelf and to be deceived."

After a ſhort pauſe the Iriſhman reſumed:

"Pardon my frankneſs, my Lord! I have done."

" You have made me behold myſelf in a view to which I was an utter ſtranger, and which terrifies me. Hiermanſor, tell it me frankly, if you have to add any thing farther; the more unreſerved you ſhall be, the more my gratitude will encreaſe."

" Yes, my Lord, you deſerve a better fate than what you are preparing for yourſelf. You poſſeſs a noble quality which is but rarely the property of Princes, the courage of liſtening to diſagreeable truths; a noble heart is panting in your boſom; you poſſeſs more deſire for knowledge than you ought; your intention is good, however, you will be ruined in ſpite of all theſe noble qualities. You are deſtitute of firmneſs of mind; you fluctuate like a wave of the ſea, which is driven and toſſed to and fro with the wind. You are doomed to be conſtantly the ſport of others, and never to ſteer your own courſe. That unſhaken firmneſs of reſolution which is the effect of well founded conviction is not in the catalogue of your virtues. Your reaſon prevails too little on your ſenſuality and imagination,

tion which are hurrying you rapidly along through bye ways. Nay, I even maintain that your rage for occult knowledge has had as yet no other source but sensual pleasure; it gratified your ambition to know more than other people; it flattered your self-love to have the powers of nature at your command; it was a pleasing sight to your eyes to witness extraordinary events, as children delight to hear tales of giants and enchanted castles. And could you, in that disposition of mind, think yourself worthy to be introduced to a sanctuary, which even serious disinterested love of truth dares not enter without being first purified. You have experienced what *you* did deserve, you merited to be put off with mystic words, with juggling tricks and slights of hand; and you was satisfied with these gewgaws. First after the veil had been removed from your eyes by other people, you was highly displeased at my having taken the liberty to sell you delusions for truth—for truth! as if ever *pure love for truth* had guided you, and what you mistook for it had been any thing else but *vain curiosity*. Notwithstanding

ſtanding this, I have given you a ſpecimen of my ſuperior power, and ſhown you the ghoſt of your living friend, who is many hundred miles diſtant from hence, and you prove inſtantly how little you deſerve this condeſcenſion. You find not the leaſt difference between this viſion and the former juggling tricks, miſtaking it for a dream, for a new deluſion. Young man, learn firſt to diſcern truth from illuſion, and acquire a proper knowledge of the preparatory ſciences, before you attempt at occult wiſdom; get firſt a proper knowledge of yourſelf, before you ſtrive for knowledge of occult things; endeavour to bridle your imagination by cool reflection, and your ſenſuality by ſelf-denial, before you dare to graſp at the ſway over the powers of nature."

"How inſignificant do I appear to myſelf, Hiermanſor! don't ſpare me, and let me feel my whole nothingneſs."

"Man has gained a great advantage, if he has learnt to be ſenſible of his weakneſs, however he ought alſo to remain no ſtranger to his ſtrength. My Lord, we are endowed with a heavenly gift,

gift, which is called *reaſon*; but how widely does it differ from what one commonly thinks it to be; reaſon ought firſt to be purified, and diveſted of every thing that is not herſelf, before ſhe can become to us an infallible guide. Aſſiſted by her we ſubdue our ſenſuality, and ſoar above viſible nature. Senſuality is the only thing terreſtrial in us: reaſon raiſes us to the communication with ſuperior ſpirits. The more we learn to ſubdue the former, the more ſway do we obtain over the powers of nature; the more we purify the latter, the more intimately are we connected with ſuperior beings. Man is an intermediate being between an angel and an animal; is the ſole creature that, by means of his ſenſes, is connected with the phyſical world, and through his reaſon with higher ſpirits, and conſequently can act upon both. Do you divine nothing, my Lord? Theſe words imply an important truth; however it would lead me too far, if I ſhould attempt to unfold it at large."

"O let me taſte only a few drops from that ſacred fountain!"

"At

"At some other time, my Lord! important affairs bid me at present to leave you. Will you accompany me to town?"

"With pleasure."

His coach had been waiting for us at some distance from the burying place.—The Irishman ordered his coachman to make haste, and told me on the road that I must depart for Ma***t in two days. At the same time he promised to meet me the following night at eleven o'clock, and to continue the subject on which he had been speaking. He set me down at my house and took leave.

The time which Lady Delier had fixed for our interview was past. This would have been extremely painful to me in any other situation of mind, but now my thoughts were employed by objects of greater importance. What I had seen and heard at the burial place had made a deep impression upon me. The more I reflected on the vision, the more did it surpass my power of conception. Deception is afraid of the light, seeking the dusk of evening, or the darkness of night, in order to blind the eyes of the deluded person;

perſon; deception plays off its machineries in places which are ſhut up, and previouſly have been fitted for the purpoſe; at the ſame time it endeavours to harrow the mind, by ſolemn preparations, in a diſpoſition anſwerable to the deception; but here I could not perceive any thing of that kind. The viſion appeared at noon, and in an open place, and when the Iriſhman called me away to the burial place, I was going to inform myſelf of a love affair, and of courſe, in a diſpoſition very unpropitious for apparitions or ghoſts; deception takes care to prevent the beholder from coming near its works, and I was near enough to touch the phantom; deception never expoſes its ſecret machines to the danger of being diſcovered, and the Iriſhman invited me to make the ſtricteſt inveſtigation. And the viſion itſelf, as it appeared, a living human figure, and yet ſo incorporeal, that my arms penetrated it without leaving a veſtige behind——the reſemblance to Antonio ſo great, that it ſeemed to be the living original; and this figure ſpoke and returned anſwers ſo adequate to my queſtions;—it did

did not, indeed, move its lips, and the voice differed a little from that of Antonio; however, its ſpeaking organs were materially different from his natural ones. At laſt, the diſappearing and re-appearing at my deſire—did it not denote a free will of the viſion?—In ſhort, the longer I reflected on the matter, the leſs did it appear to me the work of deception.

"And if it was no fiction, what *I have* ſeen; what an aſtoniſhing myſtery does it imply? How is it poſſible for a living, abſent man to appear to his friend, as the deceaſed are reported to do? How can his ſoul diſembody herſelf for a ſhort time, and incloſe herſelf in an imitated ſhape? The Iriſhman has, indeed, given me a hint concerning the poſſibility of ſuch miracles; but how unfit was I to comprehend that diſtant hint, and how much did my ſoul thirſt for the promiſed continuation of his diſcourſe? He is in the right, I did not, as yet, deſerve to be inſtructed in the myſteries of occult knowledge; I merited to be put off with vain deluſions. How little did my impetuous curioſity agree with a diſciple of occult know-

knowledge; how inſignificant muſt I have appeared to him! How great did he ſhew himſelf to me! With what an aſtoniſhing omniſcience did he read my moſt hidden thoughts; with what a great ſagacity has he laid open my weakneſs, and with how much frankneſs told me my defects! If it were his intention to deceive me any farther, he would ſilently have taken advantage of my blind ſide, and carefully avoided to open my eyes. He certainly could not have given me a more unſuſpicious and convincing proof of the goodneſs and purity of his ſentiments towards me.—This openneſs, this noble ſincerity, deſerves, undoubtedly, my unbounded gratitude. Yes, *Antonio, he ſhall guide me in thy room! I will confide in him as I have confided in thee.*"

In the evening I went to Amelia, to inform her of my impending departure. She was juſt playing on the harpſichord, and received me with a ſilent ſmile, without ſuffering herſelf to be interrupted in her play. The Baroneſs, however, received me with cold civility; I could gueſs the reaſon of it; however I had no oppor-

opportunity to make an excuſe. The affecting pieces, which Amelia played with an unſpeakable charm, began to melt my ſoul, and to thrill me with a ſweet melancholy. But ſuddenly the recollection of the Iriſhman, of my reſolution, and of my departure flushed through my head: I left my dangerous poſt, and Amelia ceaſed playing. I had placed myſelf at the open window—ſhe followed me thither.

"So immerſed in meditation, my Lord?"

"I am thinking of my departure."

"You are not going to leave us?"

"I muſt depart the day after to-morrow. Buſineſs of great importance requires my perſonal attendance at Ma**'t."

This news produced ſurpriſe and ſilence. The coldneſs of Lady Delier began to thaw. "I hope your buſineſs, my Lord," ſaid ſhe, "is not ſo very preſſing."

"Alas! it is ſo preſſing that it ſuffers not the leaſt delay."

"Alas!" Amelia repeated, "one ſhould think your departure was painful to your heart!"

heart!" She bluſhed, as if ſhe had ſaid ſomething imprudent.

"Alas! it is too painful to my heart; but who cares for my heart?"

"Indeed," Lady Delier replied, "you think very unkind of us."

"It is a gloomy night," ſaid Amelia, going to the window; and the thread of our converſation was cut off at once. I endeavoured to lead it again to its former channel; however I perceived that the converſation grew irkſome and dull; it turned on a hundred moſt inſignificant trifles, but the Counteſs avoided carefully to touch the former ſtring, although I ſounded it repeatedly, ſofter or louder. At length I took leave. Lady Delier was ſo kind as to ſee me down ſtairs; I told her that an important viſit from the Iriſhman, whom I had endeavoured in vain to put off, had prevented me from keeping the appointment. She took my excuſe very kindly, and made me promiſe to meet her the next morning at ten o'clock at the fir grove.

Uneaſineſs and curioſity drove me thither at the appointed hour. The Baroneſs

neſs was waiting for me. "The Countеſs is at church," ſaid ſhe, "let me take advantage of her ſhort abſence, and commit a little treachery; but take heed not to betray me to my friend!"

"Certainly not," I replied, my curioſity being harrowed up to the higheſt degree by this exordium.

"All that I have to diſcloſe to you is contained in two words: you are beloved, my Lord!"

"My Lady!"—

"Give me leave to relate the matter in a proper manner." The Baroneſs, ſeemingly delighted with my aſtoniſhment, continued, "recollect your firſt interview with the Counteſs; you have not been indifferent to her already, at the time when ſhe accepted the ring which you offered her; however, the good Counteſs did not know it then herſelf. She fancied her ſentiments to be merely the effects of the gratitude which ſhe imagined ſhe owed you, becauſe you have been the primary cauſe of the long wiſhed for apparition of her deceaſed Lord. However, that apparition which declared you, afterwards,

the

the ſon of the murderer, made thereby Amelia think it her duty to reſtrain her kindneſs for you. The difficulty which ſhe had to ſubmit to the voice of duty, told her plainly, that in her heart ſomething more than gratitude was panting for you. Fortunately, the ghoſt himſelf had deſired her to forgive the murderer; ſhe imagined, therefore, it would be but juſt to extend ſhe forgiveneſs to the ſon. She did not foreſee that her tenderneſs for you, covered by that pretext, would find ſo much the leſs difficulty to ſteal again into the heart which it ſcarcely had been expelled. Not before Amelia's tenderneſs for you roſe to a degree, which left no room for doubt of her attachment for you, did ſhe perceive that her readineſs to be reconciled to you, originated leſs from the requeſt of the ghoſt, than from that of her own heart. You may believe me, my Lord, that it was no eaſy matter to draw theſe particulars from Amelia's lips. She concealed carefully in her boſom a paſſion, the exiſtence of which ſhe trembled to confeſs. She had made a vow of eternal fidelity to her late Lord, and although

though ſhe fancied ſhe had not violated her promiſe by *involuntary* ſentiments, yet a confeſſion of theſe ſentiments, though depoſited only in the boſom of an intimate friend, appeared to her a profanation of her ſolemn declaration. However, her ſpeaking frequently of you with evident marks of partiality, made me, nevertheleſs, ſuſpect a part of the ſecret, which the Iriſhman's viſit ſoon unfolded entirely to me.

"You know that he has been in our houſe ſome time ago, informing us of your exaltation to the ducal dignity, and at the ſame time, placed the declaration of the ghoſt, concerning the murder, in its proper point of view. However, you are ſtill ignorant of the moſt important circumſtance. I will not dwell on the uncommon praiſe he beſtowed on your family, and you in particular, but only mention that he concluded his panegyrics with the obſervation, that the Counteſs herſelf would deem you deſerving her love, if ſhe ſhould be acquainted more intimately with your Grace. This unexpected turn perplexed Amelia evi-

dently. She replied, ſhe did not doubt the amiable qualities of the Duke, however ſhe had vowed eternal fidelity to the Count. "If that is your ſole objection," the Iriſhman replied, "then I ſhall ſoon remove it. The deceaſed himſelf ſhall releaſe you from your vow, from the performance of which he can derive neither benefit nor pleaſure; it is in my power to make him declare it himſelf." "No, no!" exclaimed Amelia, terrified, "the reſt of the deceaſed ſhall not be interrupted; I ſhould not be able to ſtand the ſight of him." "No apparition, my Lady," the Iriſhman replied, "you ſhall neither hear nor ſee the deceaſed!"—With theſe words he took a blank piece of paper out of his pocket-book, requeſting Amelia to write upon it the following words:—"Spirit of the Count of Clairval, ſhall I preſerve my heart and hand faithful to thee till death, according to my vow?" As ſoon as the Counteſs had been perſuaded to it with great difficulty, and wrote theſe words, the Iriſhman prevailed upon her to carry the paper to an apartment to which no one could

could have acceſs without her knowledge and leave. Amelia choſe the apartment contiguous to her bed-chamber. The ſhutters were bolted from within, the paper placed upon a table, and the room ſtrongly fumigated by the Iriſhman, who uttered ſome myſterious words. When they had retired, the Iriſhman requeſted her to return and look after the paper; however ſhe could ſee nothing except the words writted by herſelf, upon which ſhe ſhut the door, and put the key in her pocket.

"Sleep eaſy," the Iriſhman added, and don't open the chamber before to-morrow morning, when you will find an anſwer to your queſtion."

"The Iriſhman left us at eleven o'clock, and Amelia went to her bed-room, which ſhe left not for a moment all the night.—She went to bed, but uneaſineſs and curioſity did not ſuffer her to cloſe her eyes. Not the leaſt noiſe was heard in the adjoining apartment, and when Amelia entered it early in the morning, ſhe obſerved beneath the lines ſhe had wrote, pale but legible characters, which ſhe

inſtantly knew to be the hand-writing of her deceaſed Lord—"Thy vow, which binds me to a being living upon earth, and thee to one who is deceaſed, ſhackles my liberty. I break theſe chains. The man by whoſe orders I have been aſſaſſinated is Vaſco*'ellos."

"Imagine how Amelia was aſtoniſhed at an incident which evidently was the effect of a ſuperior power; the apartment, the ſhutters, and the door of which had been carefully ſecured, and which was guarded by Amelia herſelf, being entirely inacceſſible to any mortal, except by violent means, of which no traces could be perceived on the window ſhutters. This miraculous event was deciſive for my friend, who profeſſed herſelf entirely at liberty from that moment.

"Your Grace will eaſily believe me, that the tender attachment to you, which had found acceſs to her heart, guarded by a ſolemn vow, acquired additional activity when the ſhackles were thrown off. The ghoſt himſelf appeared to have ſilently approved, by naming the real murderer, the paſſion for a Prince, whoſe fa-

ther had been injured by an unjuſt ſuſpicion. Amelia endeavoured, nevertheleſs, to conceal from me the real ſtate of her heart, and, out of caprice, rather would leave me to gueſs, than to confeſs herſelf, what might have been miſinterpreted as a weakneſs. However, that very conſtraint which ſhe experienced by concealing a ſecret that ſtruggled to break its confinement, ſome words which ſhe dropped unknowingly, her gloomy looks and ſilent melancholy——in ſhort, all thoſe traits which ſeem to have told you ſo very little of Amelia's ſecret ſentiments, convinced me ſoon that love was the ſilent tormentor of her heart. I communicated my diſcovery to her, and ſhe confeſſed at laſt that I was not miſtaken."

"Gracious Heaven!" I exclaimed, "ſhe confeſſed—"

"And at the ſame time deſired me earneſtly to conceal it carefully from you; and do you know for what reaſon?"

"No!"

"Amelia feared ſhe was not beloved by you. Your having proceeded on your travels during her illneſs without ſo much as

taking leave of her, made her already ſuſpect your indifference. This ſuſpicion gained additional ſtrength by your never having wrote a ſingle line to her after your departure. Your behaviour during your preſent ſtay with us too, has cured her of that error as little as the information of your departure."

"Should it be poſſible my love could have eſcaped Amelia's looks?"

"It did not eſcape my obſervation.—I gathered carefully all the marks of it, and communicated them to my friend. However, they appeared to her to be nothing farther than proofs of gallantry, which every well-educated man is wont to offer at the ſhrine of beauty. "Is it poſſible," ſhe ſaid, "that true, ardent love, could refrain ſo long from coming to an explanation?" And indeed, my Lord, can you ſay any thing againſt this objection?"

"My Lady, I could not entertain the leaſt idea of ſuch an explanation, while the miſunderſtanding concerning the murderer of Count Clairval was not removed, although I had not been ignorant of the

reſidence of Amelia, which was unknown to me ever ſince the removal from the caſtle in the foreſt, and the myſterious conduct of the Counteſs has prevented me from declaring now, what I ardently wiſhed to avow publicly ever ſince I got acquainted with her. What has made *you* gueſs my happineſs, has induced *me* to apprehend my misfortune—I even feared to offend the Counteſs by my preſence. I expected ſecret diſlike to me, at moſt pity, but never a return of my love."

"I ſee you are but a novice in love," Lady Delier ſaid ſmiling, "and I have of courſe acted wiſely that I opened your eyes!"

"O! my dearcſt Baroneſs!" I replied, kiſſing her hand, "my gratitude will end only with my life."

"Silence! Silence!" ſhe exclaimed, putting her hand on my lips, I have told you, as yet, only good news—the worſt is coming now!"

"What can that be?" I aſked with conſternation.

"You ſhall hear Amelia's own words:" "The Duke" ſaid ſhe, "does not love me,

me, and even if he ſhould have a paſſion for me, and avow it, he ſhould hear the confeſſion of my reciprocal tenderneſs, but never receive my hand. I am indeed releaſed of my vow, but my preſent liberty will raiſe my fidelity to my deceaſed Lord, which was till now mere duty, to merit, and I will remain conſtant to him, as far as it will be in my power. I cannot command my love for the Duke, however my hand is at my diſpoſal."

"Heavens! how you have damped my happineſs!" I replied after a painful pauſe.

"Should a mere whim of the Counteſs really be able to diſhearten your Grace? you do not conſider how ſoon the love of a living adorer can ſubdue the fidelity to a deceaſed huſband. Amelia's heart is yours, and her hand will certainly follow."

"It is not only this incertitude that makes me uneaſy; the Counteſs loves me becauſe ſhe cannot help it. Can a love which I do not owe to a voluntary attachment render me happy?"

"How you are roving! what ought to make you proud and happy damps your ſpirits. What was it that impelled Amelia irreſiſtibly to love you? can it have been any thing elſe but the conſciouſneſs of your perfections, and an irreſiſtible ſympathy which has united your hearts; and what can be more deſirable, what more ſincere and durable than ſuch bonds? My Lord, love has done every thing for you, and you have done nothing for love. Diſcloſe to Amelia your ſentiments, communicate to her your tenderneſs, and her involuntary attachment to you will ſoon be changed into a voluntary paſſion."

"My deareſt friend! my comforter!" I exclaimed, "what friendly genius is it that ſpeaks through you, and animates my whole nature?"

"The genius of love--I have loved too, and know how to adviſe in affairs of the heart. But tell me ſincerely, my Lord, would your father conſent to a match beneath your dignity?"

"It would be of no conſequence if he ſhould not; I am Duke."

"I un-

"I underſtand you; however I fear Amelia would never conſent to a union which ſhould be deſtitute of the benediction of the Marquis of Villa**al."

"My father loves me, and he will never oppoſe his only ſon in a matter upon which depends the happineſs of his life."

"Well then! I will leave you to your good fortune. I ſhall not fail to contribute as much as is in my power to promote that union. However, (added ſhe with dignity) I expect from your candour, that you will not miſinterpret my interview with you, and the intereſt I take in that affair."

"I look upon it as a proof of your ineſtimable friendſhip."

"O! my children!" the Counteſs reſumed with great emotion, "I love you as a mother. I could not bear any longer that two people, who ſeem to have been born for each other, ſhould miſunderſtand one another in a manner ſo tormenting to both of you. You will render Amelia happy, my Lord, or I am dreadfully miſtaken in my opinion of you. With this hope I put the fate of my friend

entirely in your hand. I confide to your care an angel, whose early improvement was my work, and constitutes my pride, and whose perfections you scarcely know by half. I intrust to you a being of the purest and most excellent of hearts. Conclude from this, upon the confidence I repose in you."

"I shall endeavour to deserve it."

"Retire now, else we shall be surprised by Amelia; but take care not to make her suspect our interview and conversation. You even must not visit us this evening earlier than usual."

I promised it, and retired. My whole frame had been in a feverish tremor from the beginning of our conversation. I could scarcely utter the most necessary answers to the discourses of the Baroness. To be beloved by Amelia! This intelligence imparadised me, and my heart could scarcely contain the unspeakable bliss which had been showered down upon me.* I went home like a dreaming person,

* The editor has taken the liberty to curtail this, and many other passages, which depict the Duke as *loving or beloved,*

ſon, went again abroad, and my feet carried me, unknowing to me, to the ſpot whither a ſecret impulſe urged me to go. However, the ſevere command of the Baroneſs had drawn a large circle around Amelia's abode, which repelled me. I hovered at the margin of it like a ſpell-bound ſpirit, and ſighed for the arrival of the appointed hour. Never had the ſetting in of night been expected with more impatience, and the ſun appeared to me to retire unuſually late from the horizon.

At length the wiſhed-for hour arrived; however, the moment when I was going to the houſe which contained all that was dear to me, an unſpeakable anxiety damped ſuddenly my rapturous joy. I had promiſed not to betray by my behaviour the intelligence which the Baroneſs

beloved, and pourtray the diſpoſition of his mind; nay, to omit them entirely whenever it could be done without ſpoiling his tale. His character, and the different ſituations in which we ſhall behold him, will always ſuggeſt to the reader, whoſe ſenſibility and imagination are of a lively nature, the ſtate of his heart; the reſt may eaſily ſupply this defect from *Novels*.

had imparted to me, and yet I deemed it impoſſible to preſerve ſuch a dominion over myſelf if the vehemency of my ſtate of mind ſhould not abate. This was the ſource of my anxiety, which added to the danger of expoſing myſelf, becauſe it deprived me of the ſmall remnant of ſelf dominion which my rapturous joy had left me. I entered the houſe. The woman of the Counteſs told me her Lady was in the garden. I went through ſeveral rows of trees without finding her. The moon peeped now and then through the fleecy clouds, and concealed her ſilvery orb again. The great extent of the garden, and the impetuous ſtate of my mind, increaſed the difficulty of finding the idol of my heart. At length, ſtepping forth from a ſide path, encloſed with high hedges, I fancied I ſaw ſomething ſtirring at a diſtance, near a ſtatue. Having advanced ſome paces, the light of the moon reflecting from the marble ſtatue upon Amelia, removed every doubt. I approached with tottering ſteps, and found Amelia reclining againſt the pedeſtal of a Diana, and immerſed in profound meditation.

tion. The ruſtling of the dry leaves beneath my footſteps, rouſed her from her reverie.

"Good evening, my Lord," ſaid ſhe with evident confuſion, "have you not met Lady Delier?"

"No, my Lady! I have not."

"She left me ſome time ſince, and might already have returned."

"Very ſtrange! I am come to take leave, and meet you firſt by accident."

"Leave?" ſhe replied with ſurpriſe "Then you are determined to depart to-morrow."

"I muſt."

A long pauſe.

"And you are going to Ma***t?"

"To Ma***t, and from thence to my native country."

A ſecond pauſe. At length ſhe ſaid with emphaſis and affection: "Heaven protect you on your journey."

"Deareſt Counteſs—"

"What is the matter with you, my Lord?" Amelia exclaimed, fixing her eyes on me, "Good God, how pale you look!"

The emotions of my heart were dreadful; my working bosom threatened to burst. "God knows," I replied with a faltering voice, "whether I shall see you again."

"We shall certainly meet again." said she, looking up to heaven.

"Merciful God! should my hopes blossom first beyond the grave."

"What hopes?" she exclaimed with inquisitive astonishment.

"And do you not divine how this separation will wound my heart?"

Amelia looked anxiously around, as if seeking Lady Delier; and then fixed her eyes again doubtfully on me.

"My Lord, your words and your behaviour are mysterious to me."

"Then receive their explanation kindly," I replied, letting myself down on one knee, and taking hold of her hand, "I love you."

The Countess was struck dumb with surprise.——"And this you tell me when taking *leave!*" she lisped at length.

I fancied I perceived a soft pressure from her hand, and returned it with glowing

lips. She bent her taper form to raiſe me up, and Lady Delier ſtepped ſuddenly between us. "What do I ſee?" ſhe exclaimed, diſſembling aſtoniſhment, "a declaration of love?"

Amelia remained ſilent, and the Baroneſs repeated her queſtion.

"A declaration, my Lady!" I replied, but no anſwer.

"My ſweet friend," ſhe whiſpered archly in Amelia's ear, "I hope you will not let him deſpair."

"I cannot conceive, my Lord," Amelia replied, "why you make this declaration when taking *leave!*"

I told her nearly the ſame I had ſaid to the Baroneſs in the morning. Amelia viewed me a long time with ſilent aſtoniſhment, and at length replied:

"A miſunderſtanding, a miſunderſtanding on both ſides! very ſtrange indeed!" ſhe ſhook her head ſmiling.

"My deareſt love," the Baroneſs exclaimed, "look at the Duke, how he watches every word of yours, in hope of receiving an anſwer."

Amelia

Amelia seemed to hesitate what to reply; however, after a short silence, said to me with the innate dignity of a noble, generous mind: "My Lord, if you want to have a consort, then I must beg you to forget me. But if you are in quest of a loving heart, then—" added she in a low accent, and with crimsoning cheeks, "you have found it."

I don't know what I replied, nor can I recollect what I said afterwards; for from the moment she had pronounced the confession of her reciprocal love, I thought myself transported to Paradise, and breathed in a new and better sphere. The possession of Amelia's heart, ensured to me by the declaration of her own lips, had expelled from my breast every terrestial wish; my whole nature seemed to me exalted and purified of all earthly dregs, and the flame which had penetrated my frame, was a sacred fire cleared of every particle of sensuality. O! innocent love, thou offspring of the sacred affinity of two congenial souls, thou art perhaps the sole species of union and enjoyment, which is capable to afford us here below a notion of

of the union and the pleaſure of the inhabitants of the heavenly regions. How natural therefore, if we, particularly in the firſt moments of enjoyment, are incapable to expreſs ſuch ſentiments by words. However, my faltering accents, my confuſed expreſſions, and my incoherent ſentences, ſeemed nevertheleſs to be as well underſtood by Amelia, as if ſhe were reading in my ſoul, which I could conclude from her words, and the ſtill plainer ſpeaking play of her mien. Love had diffuſed over her countenance new and unſpeakable charms, which ſurrounded her with a glory that made her appear to me a more than mortal being. And to be beloved by her—that bliſs would have overpowered me, if I had not been made acquainted with my happineſs in the morning.

Lady Delier, who had left us to ourſelves all the time, interrupted us at length. "Children!" ſaid ſhe, "do you know that it is not far from eleven o'clock?" I ſtarted up as if ſome griſly ſpectre had ſurpriſed me, becauſe I recollected the *Unknown*, eleven o'clock being the time when

when I had promiſed to meet him at the place of rendezvous at a conſiderable diſtance. I was obliged to take leave of Amelia.

To take leave!—without knowing whether I ſhould ever ſee her again, for I was to depart the next morn with the dawn of day. This idea overpowered me ſo much, that I promiſed Amelia and myſelf to viſit her once more to-morrow before my departure. Our ſeparation was, nevertheleſs, ſo afflicting, the parting on both ſides ſo difficult, and the laſt adieu pronounced with quivering lips.—Alas! a ſecret preſentiment ſeemed to whiſper in my ear that we ſhould meet no more. How many times did I attempt to go and ſtopped again—how many times did I go and return again to aſſure Amelia that I ſhould certainly ſee her once more!—Her emotions ſeemed, indeed, to be leſs vehement than mine, however, I could not be deceived, and obſerved the ſecret workings of her ſoul, perceived the pearly tear that ſtarted from her eye and the violent heaving of her boſom.

Lady

Lady Delier did not long remain an idle ſpectator, exhorting us to dedicate the preſent moment to joy, and to yield to our grief to-morrow, tearing the Counteſs from my arms and wiſhing me a good night.

I ſtopped once more on the terrace, ſaw the two ladies retiring to a grove of beech-trees, and Amelia turn twice, beckoning to me. My tears flowed fluently, my arms were expanded for her, the darkneſs of the night concealed her from my wiſhful looks. I ruſhed mechanically into the ſtreet, and arrived at the place of rendezvous without knowing how. It was a lonely ſpot covered with trees. The Iriſhman ſoon joined me.

"My time is ſhort," he ſaid, "and I have to tell you a great deal; let us ſit down." So ſaying he led me to a ſtone bench beneath a ſpreading oak, and we ſeated ourſelves.

He ſeemed to obſerve my being violently agitated, and kept a long and ſolemn ſilence to give me time to recover.—"I wiſh, my dear Duke!"—he at length began, "that you may not expect more from this

this interview than I am allowed to give. I muſt confine myſelf merely to the theoretical part of that occult ſcience to which I have promiſed to initiate you after the time of probation ſhall be finiſhed. However, it is here as it is with all other ſciences; the pupil of ſenſe gueſſes by the theory, what he may expect from the practical part of the ſcience—as a painter beholds in a ſketch the picture which is to be drawn, or as an architect ſees in the plan drawn on the paper the building which is to be conſtructed; be therefore ſatisfied with what I dare impart to you for the preſent."

"I do not deſire you to diſcloſe to me, more than I am able to bear at preſent."

The Iriſhman pauſed again, and then began thus:

"If our powers of perception were confined only to our ſenſes, the viſible world would then encompaſs all our ideas, ſentiments, wiſhes and hopes. No idea of ſpirits, of God and of immortality would raiſe us above the ſphere of materiality. In order to produce and to conceive theſe ideas a ſuperſenſible faculty is re-

required. This faculty which, if closely examined, bears not the least resemblance to the rest of our intellectual powers, is called *reason*. The idea of the whole sensible world offers nothing to us that is not corporeal, finite, and perishable. However the territory of reason opens to us a prospect to a world without bounds, and of an everlasting duration; displays to us a kingdom of spirits which is governed by *one* Infinite Spirit after wise and sacred laws. An unknown world of which we had not the most distant notion, of which sensation gives us not the least hint, and for which our senses have no perception nor scale, opens to our view when our reason begins to unfold itself. You see, therefore what faculty of the soul must be our guide in our present investigation, if we wish to penetrate, by means of it, to the kingdom of spirits."

"Reason!"

"Certainly! there is no other choice left; and therefore let us learn to value and to use this light that illuminates the darkness in which every object disappears from

from the eyes of mere ſenſitive men, or at moſt appears very *obſcure* to them. That man whoſe reaſon is overdarkened, or diſcompoſed by ſenſuality, either will deny the exiſtence of ſpirits and our relation to them, or attribute to them the contradictory ſhape which his diſordered imagination has hatched out, like the blind-born, who denies the exiſtence of colours as ridiculous and abſurd, or if he believes the unanimous teſtimony of thoſe that ſee, imagines colours to bear ſome reſemblance to ſounds. Unbelief and ſuperſtition afford us numberleſs inſtances of people of that deſcription. Only the more impartial have always maintained that one ought not to judge precipitately of theſe objects, and only the wiſeſt of mankind have been able to form a juſt judgment of them."

"O Hiermanſor! introduce me to the circle of the latter. I have already in the different periods of my life adhered to all the other parties. In the days of my earlier youth I believed in apparitions, like the moſt ignorant of the loweſt claſs. In a more advanced period of life I fancied

cied I was convinced of the impoſſibility of apparitions, and ever ſince I got acquainted with you, I have been wavering between unbelief and ſuperſtition. It was but lately that I reſolved to poſtpone my judgment on theſe ſubjects, till I ſhould be better convinced, and this conviction I expect of you."

"I will not diſappoint your hope; however, I muſt repeat once more that I can lead you to truth by no other road but that of reaſon purified from all ſenſual dregs. You will find it difficult to purſue that road, and it will be no eaſy taſk to me to guide you. I ſhall be obliged to avoid all emblematic language, in order to convey to your mind theſe ſuperſenſible notions in their natural purity, and it will be neceſſary that you ſhould know how to apply the abſtracteſt and pureſt notions, although they ſhould contradict your preſent manner of perception."

"I ſhall at leaſt not be wanting in attention and good-will."

"Firſt of all, it will be neceſſary to agree in the notion of what is called *ſpirit*. The beſt method of fixing that notion

notion will be to examine what the word ſpirit means according to the general rules of language. If one ſays, man conſiſts of body and ſpirit, by the former a corporeal, and by the latter an incorporeal being is underſtood. We have, therefore, a common point from which we can proceed in our inveſtigation. *Spirit* is oppoſite to body. In this point we agree according to the moſt general meaning and uſe of the word."

"I do."

"Let us ſee what follows thence! Every *body* is a compounded, extended, impenetrable being, ſubject to the laws of motion, conſequently, every *ſpirit* is a ſimple, unextended and penetrable being not ſubjected to the laws of motion."

"Exactly ſo!"

"Bodies are extended, that is they occupy a *room*, and the proportion which one body bears to the other in point of *room* conſtitutes its *place*; ſpirits are not extended, and conſequently exiſt in no *room* and in no *place*."

"How am I to underſtand this?"

"Juſt as I have ſaid.—But let me elucidat

elucidate my argument. Why cannot two bodies exiſt at the ſame time, in the ſame ſpace? Becauſe they exclude each other on account of their extenſion and impenetrability. Two bodies muſt, of courſe, occupy two different places, if exiſting at the ſame time; that is, every individual body muſt occupy its own individual place. And why muſt every body occupy its *own* place?"

"Becauſe of its expanſion and impenetrability."

"Very well! But theſe two qualities cannot appertain to a ſpirit, and, conſequently, a ſpirit can occupy no place."

"This ſeems really to follow."

"This argument can alſo be ſtated thus: a ſpirit has, as a ſimple being, neither a right nor a left, neither a front nor a back ſide, and conſequently can have no relation from *no ſide* to any thing that occupies a ſpace. The concluſion is very palpable."

"Then a ſpirit could occupy no room in the whole material world?"

"Would you perhaps aſſign to ſpirits a place in the immaterial world? How could

could you imagine, without contradiction, that ſpace or place can exiſt in *ſuch* a world? If one ſpirit does not occupy a room, then all ſpirits together can occupy none, how could therefore any proportion exiſt among them with relation to ſpace or place?"

"I comprehend and do not comprehend you. You want to convince me of the poſſibility of apparitions of ſpirits, and deny the exiſtence of ſpirits; for if they do occupy no place either in the viſible or inviſible world, *where* elſe can they exiſt?"

"How ſenſitive and confuſed your ideas are! Don't you perceive that your queſtion is equal to this: *in which place* do ſpirits exiſt? and that, of courſe, you premiſe in your queſtion what I have juſt clearly proved to be abſurd. Do you not comprehend that *room* and *place* are nothing elſe but *external* qualities, only relations of *material* things? and do you believe that the exiſtence of any being depends merely on external qualities and material relations?"

"Have patience with me!"

"I have

"I have; for I am well aware how difficult it is to abſtract from material ideas; however, ſince they cannot be applicable to ſpirits we muſt renounce them, elſe we cannot paſs over the bounds of the material world."

"I intreat you, Hiermanſor, to go on!"

"From our inveſtigation we have learnt, as yet, nothing farther than what a ſpirit is *not*, and what attributes *cannot* be aſcribed to it. We now muſt endeavour to ſtate what *real* qualities conſtitute the nature of ſpirits. One of them we have already touched upon; I mean, independence on the laws of phyſical nature, or *arbitrary choice*. A ſecond quality preſſes upon us, namely the *faculty of perception*, which our ſoul is endowed with like all other ſpirits. And now we are enabled to form a notion of ſpirits, which, however imperfect it be, yet is determined: a ſpirit is a ſimple being, endowed with *arbitrary choice*, and the *faculty of perception*. Don't you think that this definition anſwers the common manner of ſpeaking."

"An additional proof of its fitneſs."

"In the same manner in which the body evinces its existence, by the material effect it produces in the room, the spirit likewise proves its existence by the manifestation of its faculty of perception and of free will. However evident and generally received this proposition is, yet it is misapplied very frequently; for it is, according to my premises, absolutely false, and nothing else but a kind of optic illusion, if we imagine our soul to be inclosed in the human body, nay even in some particular place of it. This illusion may be opposed by any other: there are diversions of thought, in which the thinking principle leaves our body so entirely, that only the animal powers are active in the latter, and on the return of our awakening self-consciousness, the soul seems to return from far distant regions. However, this too is mere illusion. We can say nothing farther of the union which subsists between our soul and body, than that our soul is sensible of the existence of a corporeal organ, the mutations of which harmonise exactly with her ideas and resolutions; however, as you never will

will ſuppoſe that your ſpirit is incloſed by the walls of Amelia's diſtant habitation, where your whole ſoul, with all her ſentiments and ideas, is, as it were, tranſlocated to; ſo your ſpirit can alſo not be ſuppoſed to be incloſed in your body, which ſeems to be its common reſidence. No, no, my Lord, that cannot be! the bonds of ſpace can never fetter an immaterial being to a material one."

"This is indeed the natural concluſion which flows from your premiſes; but by *what* bonds ſhould then the communion between body and ſoul be preſerved?"

"Your queſtion refers to a fact, the anſwer to it, conſequently, belongs to the practical part of this philoſophy. Yet (added the Iriſhman, after ſome reflections) I can give you a hint upon that head, which will throw ſome light upon it: Every ſubſtance, conſequently the body too, muſt poſſeſs an internal activity, that is the inviſible cauſe of its external actions, which are viſible in the ſpace. This internal principle of the body, acts upon the ſpirit in the ſame manner in which the ſpirit acts upon this principle. Soul and

body, consequently, cannot act upon each other *immediately*, but only by means of this principle. As all material beings, concretively taken, compose a great totum, which is called the physical world, so the concrete of all immaterial beings composes what we call the immaterial world. It follows from the antecedent, that the order, regularity, and union which are seen in the former world, are entirely different from the order, regularity, and union which prevails in the latter world. All material beings are subject to the sceptre of stern necessity, and kept in order by physical laws; the rank which these beings maintain towards one another, is founded either on innate qualities, or such as have been attributed to them by general agreement; and they are nearer each other, or more distant from one another, according to their relations constituted by space and time.—How different is this in the material world! rational beings, endowed with free will, are subject to no other laws but to those of morality; the prerogatives and degrees which subsist among them, depend

pend on the different degrees of their wisdom and virtue, and according to the similarity or difference of their manner of thinking, and of their sentiments, they are nearer each other, or more distant from one another; that is, they harmonize, or disharmonize. Man belongs, by virtue of his body and soul, to both of these worlds, and, consequently, is connected with the material and immaterial world. It may therefore happen, that the same person who acts an important part on earth, in virtue of his physical or political situation, occupies at the same time the lowest degree among the superterrestrial beings; that the soul of a body whose beauty charms every eye here below, is an indifferent, or a contemptible object in the spiritual world; that the soul of an inhabitant of Saturn, and that of an inhabitant of the earth, with regard to their spiritual communion, are oftentimes, nearer neighbours than the souls of those whose abode is beneath the same roof."

"This is very plain!"

"The human ſoul, of courſe, is already, in this life, connected with the members of the inviſible world, and this connection is laſting and eſſential, while that with the body is accidental and tranſient. However a union of ſubſtances, that is, of active natures, cannot be ſuppoſed to exiſt without a reciprocal influence; conſequently the human ſoul muſt have an effective influence upon the ſpirits to whom ſhe is linked, and the members of the ſpiritual world muſt act reciprocally on our ſoul. But why are we not equally ſenſible of theſe reciprocal influences and communications, as of thoſe which ſubſiſt between our ſoul and body? The cauſe of this is very obvious. The human ſpirit can have a clear idea only of the objects of the material world, becauſe of its corporeal organ; it is, therefore, not even capable of a clear immediate contemplation of its own ſelf, much leſs of its immaterial relations to other ſpirits: the difference which exiſts between thoſe ideas which ariſe in our ſoul by means of its immateriality, and its communion with ſpiritual beings, and the ideas which it receives by the medium of

the body, or abſtracted from material objects, is ſo eſſential, that the ideas of the former kind cannot come in connection with thoſe of the latter; for which reaſon we have either no notion at all of them, or, at moſt, a very obſcure one; however, we become plainly conſcious of them as ſoon as the union of the ſoul and its corporeal organ ceaſes."

"This, Hiermanſor, ſeems, in ſome meaſure to be the caſe when we are ſleeping, and the ſenſitive organs are reſting from their occupations. Should therefore thoſe philoſophers of antiquity, who have believed that in our dreams we are capable of being influenced by ſuperior being, and of receiving ſupernatural inſpirations, be miſtaken?"

"There is, certainly, ſome truth in this remark. I muſt, however, obſerve, that we do not poſſeſs that capacity when dreaming, but when we are faſt aſleep. It is commonly thought that we have only obſcure notions in the latter ſtate, and this opinion ariſes from our not recollecting them when we awake; however, on what ground can one conclude therefrom

that they have not been clear while we were ſleeping? Such ideas, perhaps, may be clearer and more extenſive, than even the moſt perſpicuous when we are awake, becauſe the activity of our ſoul is neither modified nor confined by any thing whatever, the ſenſitive organs being intirely at reſt. However, this very reſt of our ſenſitive organs, is the cauſe which prevents the re-production of theſe ideas when we are awake, our ſleeping body having no ſhare in them, and, conſequently, being deſtitute of its concomitant notion of them; they, of courſe, remain inſulated in our ſoul, having no connection at all with thoſe ideas which ariſe within ourſelves before and after we are faſt aſleep, and in which our body takes a greater or a ſmaller ſhare. This is not the caſe with our dreams; for when we are dreaming, the faculties of the ſoul do not act ſo pure and uncontrouled as when we are faſt aſleep. Dreaming is an intermediate ſtate between waking and ſleeping. We have then already, in ſome meaſure, clear ideas, and interweave the actions of our ſoul with the impreſſions of our exterior

ſenſes,

ſenſes, whereby a ſtrange, and ſometimes ridiculous mixture is engendered, which we partly recollect when we awake."

"You have, as yet, proved only the probability of clear notions during our being faſt aſleep; could you not alſo prove their reality?"

"Certainly! however theſe arguments do not belong to the theoretical part of our philoſophy. Yet I muſt beg of you to recollect, en paſſant, the actions of ſome noctambulos, who ſometimes, during the profoundeſt ſleep, ſhow more underſtanding than at any other time, but cannot recollect thoſe actions when awake?"

"This is true!" I exclaimed, "this throws an aſtoniſhing light upon this matter."

"Yet not only while aſleep," the Iriſhman continued, "but alſo when awake, many people can be capable of having a clear notion of their connection with the ſpiritual world, and the influence of ſpirits upon them. Yet the eſſential difference which exiſts between the notions

of *ſpirits* and thoſe of *men* is a great impediment, which, however, is not at all insurmountable. It is true that man cannot have an *immediate* notion of thoſe ſpiritual ideas, becauſe of the co-operation of his corporeal organs; however they can, in virtue of the law of the aſſociation of ideas, produce in the human mind thoſe images which are related to them, and conſequently procreate analogical repreſentations of our ſenſes, which, although they are not the ſpiritual actions themſelves, yet are their ſymbols."

"I perceive what you are aiming at."

"Examples will render the matter more intelligible to you. Experience teaches that our ſuperior intellectual notions, which are near a-kin to the ſpiritual ideas, commonly aſſume a bodily garb, in order to render themſelves perſpicuous. Thence the poet transforms wiſdom into the Goddeſs Minerva, the ſtings of conſcience into furies, and perſonifies virtues and vices; the mathematician deſcribes time by a line, and is there any philoſopher who always forms an idea even of the Godhead, without intermixing

mixing human qualities? In that manner ideas, which have been imparted to us by ſpiritual influence, may dreſs themſelves in the ſymbols of that *language* which is common to us, and the preſence of a ſpirit which we perceive, aſſume the image of a *human ſhape*—witneſs the late apparition of your tutor.——Thus the theory of all ſupernatural inſpirations and viſions is aſcertained; conſequently the apparitions of ſpirits have that in common with our dreams, that they repreſent to us effects which are produced within ourſelves, as if happening *without ourſelves*; however, at the ſame time, they differ from them with reſpect to their being really founded upon an effect from *without*, a ſpiritual influence. However this influence cannot reveal itſelf to our conſciouſneſs immediately, but only by means of aſſociated images of our fancy, which attain the vivacity of objects really perceived. You ſee, therefore, what an eſſential difference there is between the phantoms of our dreams, and the apparitions of ſpirits. But here is the boundary of theory. The criterion whereby apparitions of ſpi-

rits, in every particular caſe, can be diſtinguiſhed with certainty, from vain phantoms, and ſupernatural inſpirations from natural ideas, and the means of effecting apparitions, and of obtaining aſſiſtance and inſtructions from ſpiritual beings; theſe and ſeveral more things belong to the practical part of the occult philoſophy.

"Here my Lord, I muſt conclude for the preſent, and drop the curtain. Streſs of time obliges me to abbreviate my diſcourſe on a ſubject which would not be exhauſted in many days; however I may ſafely leave to your own underſtanding the finiſhing and enlargement of this ſketch. Suffice it that I have enabled you to comprehend the apparition of your friend, and to ſee that reaſon does not pronounce judgment againſt ſubjects of this nature, but rather is the only mean which affords us light and certainty with reſpect to them. The theory which I have given you may, at the ſame time, ſerve you to judge whether it will be worth your trouble to be initiated in the

myſteries of the practical part of this philoſophy. However, I muſt tell you, that no mortal who has not ſanctified himſelf by bridling his ſenſitive nature, and purifying his ſpiritual faculties, can be admitted to that ſanctuary. Are you reſolved to do this?"

"I am, put me to the teſt!"

"Then depart with the firſt dawn of day for Ma**id, without taking leave of the Counteſs."

The Iriſhman could not have choſen a ſeverer trial, nor demanded a greater ſacrifice. The combat which I had to fight with my heart, before I could come to a reſolution, was ſhort but dreadful.—I promiſed the Iriſhman to execute his will.

"Well!" ſaid he, "then hear what meaſures you are to take. As ſoon as you ſhall be arrived at Ma**id you muſt, without delay, wait upon the Prime Miniſter, Oliv**ez, and the Secretary of State, Suma*ez, but take care not to diſcover your political views to either of them; pretend that you intend to ſtay ſome time at Ma**id merely for the ſake

of amuſement. Repeat your viſits till you have gained their confidence. Your winning demeanor, my Lord, and your intimate connection with Vaſcon*ellos will render this conqueſt eaſy.—Farewell, at Ma**id we ſhall meet again!"

We parted. The Iriſhman returned once more. "Your manner of life while at Ma**id," ſaid he, "will require great expences, and you muſt be well provided with money. I have taken care that you ſhall be well ſupplied with that needful article. You will find in your apartment a ſum which you may diſpoſe of at pleaſure." So ſaying, he left me ſuddenly.

On coming home, I found on my table two bags with money, each of them containing a thouſand ducats. Pietro told me they had been brought by a ſervant of the Iriſh Captain.

No one will doubt that I was now entirely devoted to the Iriſhman. By his diſcourſe at the burying place he had *perſuaded*, and by his liberality *convinced* me, that I could not do better than to let myſelf be guided entirely by him; and as I at firſt had been determined to this by the

the conquering ſuperiority of his ſoul, ſo I was now confirmed in it by the applauſe of my reaſon. Nay, if the Iriſhman ſhould now have offered to break off all connection with me, I ſhould have courted his friendſhip, ſo much had I been charmed by the profound wiſdom of his diſcourſe. Not the leaſt veſtige of miſtruſt againſt his ſecret power was left in my ſoul, and the very regard for philoſophy which but lately had prejudiced me againſt him, was now one of the ſtrongeſt bonds that chained me to him.—How agreeably was I ſurpriſed to find in *Reaſon* herſelf, whom I formerly had thought to be the principal adverſary of the belief in miracles, the moſt convincing arguments for the ſame, and to have been conquered with the ſame weapons which I had been fighting with againſt the Iriſhman, without having the leaſt reaſon to reproach him with having had recourſe to any ſtratagem whatever. The frankneſs and the ſtrength of argument which diſtinguiſhed every ſtep of his philoſophical inſtruction, were to me the moſt unexceptionable ſecurity for the juſtneſs

juſtneſs of the reſult. If he had delivered his arguments in a flowery and myſterious language, ſupported by the charms of declamation, then I ſhould certainly have ſuſpected them; however he had made uſe of the cool, ſimple, and clear language of reaſon, diveſted of all ſophiſtical artifices; ſtarted from principles which are generally received, drew no concluſions to which he was not entitled by his premiſes, combated errors and prejudices upon which he could have founded ſurreptitious concluſions; nay, it appeared as if he, unmindful of what he was to prove, had left it entirely to the courſe of his impartial inquiry whither it would lead him, and I beheld myſelf, with aſtoniſhment, on the concluſion of it, at the mark from which the road we had taken threatened to lead us aſtray.

I cannot deſcribe the wonderful bold ideas which the inſtructions I had received produced in my mind, nor the awfully agreeable ſenſations which thoſe ideas were accompanied with. The riſing ſun ſurpriſed me in that indeſcribable ſtate

ſtate of mind, and reminded me by his rays, that it was time to ſet off.

I made, without delay, the requiſite preparations, and in a quarter of an hour, ſtepped in my carriage. I looked once more back to the ſpot where Amelia reſided, and drove through the city-gate.

At the firſt ſtage I wrote to her that an unforeſeen important accident had forced me to ſet out on my journey ſo early in the morning that it would have been unbecoming to pay her the promiſed farewell viſit; I vowed to return on pinions of love, as ſoon as my buſineſs at M****d ſhould be ſettled. I painted with lively colours all the pains of ſeparation, and all the tenderneſs of an afflicted heart, in order to convince Amelia, that I had been forced by ſtern neceſſity to depart without ſeeing her once more. Alas! the farther the rolling carriage removed me from the dear object of my love, the more I grew ſenſible of the greatneſs of the ſacrifice which I had made to the Iriſhman. I examined my letters and papers in order to divert my gloomy thoughts, and found one more copy of a letter from the Iriſh-

man

man which I had not yet decyphered. The following is the result of my endeavours to unfold its contents:

'My Lord,

'My designs on Miguel had very 'near been ruined by the loss of his life; 'and in some measure I myself have been 'the cause of his having been hurried to 'the brink of destruction. But who 'could have foreseen such an event! 'With the leave of your Excellency, I 'shall relate the incident at large.

'I had sent one part of my servants to 'follow Miguel on his journey. I myself 'staid behind in order to make an attempt 'of restoring the health of the Countess, 'for whose life the ignorance of her phy-'sician had made me tremble. The success 'I met with surpassed my most sanguine 'expectation. Some drops of an electuary 'which I poured into the mouth of the 'Countess produced so sudden an effect, 'that, in a few hours, the most unequivo-'cal signs of returning health were per-'ceived.

'ceived. As soon as I had been inform-
'ed of this desirable change, I followed
'Miguel with the rest of my people, hav-
'ing previously ordered the valet of the
'Countess to write three days after to the
'Duke, that the Countess was dead—and
'in a few days later, that I had recalled
'her to life. At the same time I requested
'him to desire his dismission from Ame-
'lia and to follow me, because I wanted
'his assistance in the execution of my de-
'signs. The view I had in commanding
'him to inform the Duke of Amelia's pre-
'tended death was to convince myself by
'the manner in which he should receive
'that intelligence, whether his love to the
'Countess had been only a transient at-
'tachment, or whether his passion for her
'was of a more serious nature, and what
'degree it had attained. I need not ex-
'plain to your Excellency, how necessary
'this knowledge was to me. The second
'commission had no other aim, than to
'pour balsam in Miguel's wound, and at
'the same time, to make me appear to him
'a miracle-working being, and his and

'Amelia's

'Amelia's friend; whereby I expected to 'gain his confidence.

'I purſued my road with ſo much 'ſpeed, that I overtook Miguel before he 'had finiſhed one half of his journey, and 'joined my people, who preceded me. 'As ſoon as the Duke had arrived at the 'place of his deſtination, and we along 'with him, I quartered my people in dif-'ferent places in ſuch a manner, that he 'was ſurrounded by them from all ſides. 'I took a convenient houſe in the ſuburbs 'for myſelf, in order to eſcape his looks 'with greater ſafety.

'On the third day after our arrival, 'Miguel received the letter by which he 'was informed of the Counteſs's death. 'The effect which this intelligence pro-'duced upon him muſt have been a kind 'of frenzy. One of my people who 'watched all his ſteps, informed me late 'in the evening, he had ſeen Miguel ruſh-'ing out of his houſe with every mark of 'deſpair in his countenance, and running 'with ſuch a velocity that he and his com-'rade hardly had been able to follow 'him. He added, that Miguel after two

'hours

'hours roaming about, had ſtopped not far 'from hence, at the banks of a river, 'where he was walking up and down, ab-'ſorbed in profound reverie.

'Soon after a ſecond meſſenger told 'me, Miguel had plunged into the river, 'but one of his comrades who had watch-'ed him narrowly, and leapt after him, 'had ſaved him, and was going to carry 'him to my houſe. A few minutes after, 'Miguel was brought by ſome of my 'people. He reſembled a corpſe, the 'palpitation of his pulſe was ſcarcely 'perceptible, and he was entirely bereft 'of his recollection. I ordered him in-'ſtantly to be carried to a ſpacious empty 'vault, and while ſome of my men endea-'voured to reſtore him to the uſe of his 'ſenſes, I was making preparations to 'chaſtiſe him ſeverely when he ſhould 'have recovered from his ſtupor.

'As ſoon as my ſervants perceived that 'he was recovering, I ordered him to be 'carried into the middle of the vault, and 'placed myſelf in deep diſguiſe oppoſite 'him at a conſiderable diſtance, making a 'ſignal to thoſe who were preſent to re-

'tire

'tire to an adjoining apartment, and to 'take the candles with them. No ſooner 'was every thing in order, than I per- 'ceived by a deep groan of Miguel, that 'he had recovered his recollection.— 'His ſtate of mind when awaking, muſt 'have been very ſtrange. His recollec- 'tion told him, that he had plunged 'into the river, in a place where he 'ſaw nobody preſent, and now he awoke 'in a dry, empty, and ſpacious dark 'room: he muſt have fancied he awoke in 'another world; and this idea ſeems to 'have thrilled him with its acuteſt pun- 'gency, for he uttered a loud ſcream 'which made the vault reſound.* This 'was the ſignal for which my people had 'been waiting in the adjoining chamber. 'They kindled a pole which was fixed 'near

* This is a miſtake, for we know by the Duke's own account, vol. I. p. 141, that he uttered this ſcream becauſe he felt himſelf pulled down by an invisible hand when he was going to get up. The Irishman having known nothing of this circumſtance, it is probable that the unknown cauſe of this pulling down, was no other than a foot of the Duke, with which he, in his ſtupor, kept his cloak down, when he was getting up without knowing it.

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'near an aperture in the wall, and enve-
'loped with flax, and wetted with ſpirit of
'wine, which ſpread a faint light through
'the ſpacious vault. The aſtoniſhment
'which Miguel was ſeized with, when
'looking all around and ſeeing nothing
'but a man wrapt in a ſcarlet cloak, ſur-
'paſſes all powers of deſcription. His
'anxiety encreaſed when he ſaw me ſtaring
'at him without replying a word to his
'queſtions, and heard one of my people
'exclaim, in a doleful accent, woe! woe!
'woe! When I, at laſt, ſtepped forth and
'made myſelf known to him, he proſtrated
'himſelf, as if in the preſence of a ſupe-
'rior being. I read him a ſevere lecture
'on his raſh deed, and at the ſame time
'endeavoured to rouſe his ambition for
'the ſervice of his country, in which
'I ſucceeded. A ſoft muſic began at
'once in the adjoining chamber, on a
'ſignal which I made to my people. The
'melodious ſtrains of a harp and a flute
'were accompanied by the ſweet notes of
'an harmonious voice, which announced
'to the aſtoniſhed Miguel that Amelia
'was alive. His rapture bordered on
'frenzy.

'frenzy. I ordered him to be silent, 'blind-folded him and delivered him to 'the care of a servant, whom I secretly 'ordered to conduct him to his hotel, and 'to return no answer to his questions. 'My deputy acquitted himself extremely 'well of his trust. He led him silently to 'his hotel, and when Miguel turned round 'the corner of the house, unfastened the 'bandage which blind-folded his eyes, and 'concealed himself in a house, the door of 'which was open. Miguel must have 'been strangely situated, when after a 'few steps the bandage dropped from his 'eyes and nobody was seen around him. 'Very fortunately the night was far ad-'vanced, and the whole affair remained 'concealed.

'Thus happily ended an adventure 'which had begun in a manner so inauspi-'cious.

'However, Paleski has committed a 'foolish trick, which I cannot forgive 'him. He desired his dismission from 'the Countess, which being refused by his 'Lady, who imagined him to be a faith-'ful

'ful ſervant, he left her *clandeſtinely*. He 'ſhall ſmart for this inconſiderate action.

'I am, with the greateſt reſpect,

'&c. &c. &c.'

As far as this letter informed me that no ſuperior power had had a ſhare in the above mentioned adventure, it contained nothing that was new to me, for the Iriſhman himſelf had not concealed from me, that all the wonderful adventures which had happened to me before Paleſki's confeſſion had been the effect of illuſion; however it was important to me to learn *how*, and by what artifices I had been deceived. I cannot but confeſs that this natural explanation of the whole affair excited my aſtoniſhment at the Iriſhman, not leſs than thoſe adventures had ſurpriſed me at the time when I believed him to be a ſupernatural being, and that I ardently wiſhed to have cleared up ſeveral other events of that epocha which I could not unriddle.

Soon after my arrival at M****d, I went to pay a viſit to the miniſter. He received me very kindly, and diſcourſed

above an hour with me, although he was ſo overcharged with ſtate-affairs that no ſtranger could get acceſs to him. I was not leſs ſucceſsful with the Secretary of State, in whoſe favour I ingratiated myſelf ſo much in the courſe of half an hour, that he profeſſed himſelf extremely happy for having got acquainted with me. Both of them invited me to viſit them frequently during my ſtay at M****d, an invitation which I took care to make the beſt uſe of.

I perceived ſoon with aſtoniſhment and joy, that I was getting nearer the mark much ſooner than I had expected firſt. Though I am of opinion that the viſibly growing favour of theſe two courtiers was partly founded on perſonal attachment, yet the Iriſhman had not been miſtaken when he told me, that the relation which exiſted between myſelf and Vaſcon*ellos would render the acceſs to their confidence eaſier. Sum**ez, the Secretary of State, enjoyed the moſt intimate confidence of the Miniſter, and was related to Vaſcon*ellos. Therefore the friendſhip of the latter paved for me the road to Sum**ez,

Sum**ez, and the friendſhip of Sum**ez to Oliva*ez. The two Secretaries of State were the chief adminiſtrators of the government; Sum**ez in the council of Port***l, at Ma***d, and Vaſcon*ellos in the council of ſtate at Li*bon, and conſequently were the vice-tyrants of my native country, who jointly executed the deſigns of Oliv**ez, who in the name of the King of Sp**n was at the helm of deſpotiſm.

That the Iriſhman had very well calculated theſe concatenations, will appear by the ſubſequent plan which he founded upon them. I had wrote to Amelia, and Lady Delier, as ſoon as I had arrived at M****d, and now received an anſwer from both of them. Every line of the former breathed heavenly love and kindneſs; the tender and amiable ſentiments of her ſoul, purified by the trials of misfortunes, were palpably diſplayed in her letter, as in an unſpotted mirror. O! how many a time did I kiſs, read, and reperuſe it, till at length, what a ſweet deluſion of my enraptured imagination! I fancied I ſaw the amiable writer before me,

and heard from her lips the words which were written on the paper.—

The following paſſage in Lady Delier's letter ſtruck me particularly: 'I neither 'have read Amelia's letter, nor has ſhe 'read mine; however, if ſhe has been 'ſincere, ſhe will have wrote to you many 'fond things, as I can gueſs by her grief 'at your departure, and by the warmth 'with which ſhe is animated when ſhe 'ſpeaks of you. I think that Amelia's 'reſolution not to marry again will be 'dropt, as ſoon as the murderer of her 'late Lord ceaſes to live, if not ſooner. 'However, I would not have you to think 'that Amelia ever has mentioned any 'thing to that purpoſe, or that I believe 'that a noble ſpotleſs ſoul like hers, could 'harbour ſentiments of revenge; but I 'ſuppoſe only that the amiable enthuſiaſt 'perhaps fancies that the ghoſt of her mur-'dered Lord will not enjoy a perfect tran-'quility and happineſs, before the perpe-'trator of that villainous deed has re-'ceived the juſt reward of his atrocious 'crime. Endeavour, my Lord, to ſettle 'your affairs at Mad**d as ſoon as poſ-'ſible,

'ſible, in order to gladden our hearts by 'a ſpeedy return.'

With regard to the latter point I wrote to Amelia: 'My affairs make a rapid and 'ſucceſsful progreſs, and I ſhall ſoon ſee 'your Ladyſhip again. See Amelia again! 'What happineſs do theſe words imply! 'Heavens, how great would my felicity 'be if I conſtantly could fix my eyes on 'the loveliеſt of women! How ſuperla- 'tively happy ſhould I be if I were Ame- 'lia's brother, in order that I could be 'conſtantly about her, and ſpeak to her; 'or her ſlave, that I could breathe under 'the ſame roof with her, follow her every 'where, and anticipate every wink and 'every wiſh of hers.'

I had been about three weeks at Ma**d when I viſited the miniſter one evening, and found him in company with a perſon who, by his dreſs, appeared to be a man of rank. He ſeemed to be very old and infirm, but conceive my aſtoniſhment, when, on approaching nearer, I fancied I diſcerned the features of the Iriſhman, though every thing elſe was ſo entirely changed, that he appeared to

be quite a different perſon; a wig covered his head, his dark eye-brows were changed into grey, his complection yellowiſh, his voice weak, and frequently interrupted by a hectic cough. The miniſter met me with the words: "My Lord Duke, I have the honour to preſent to your Grace the Marcheſe Ricieri, who lately is returned from a journey through your native country." The Marcheſe roſe with difficulty, as it appeared, from his ſeat, and after reciprocal civilities, and a ſhort converſation, took his leave.

My looks followed him with aſtoniſhment to the anti-chamber, and I found it extremely difficult to conceal my emotions from the miniſter, who told me that the Marcheſe had brought bad news from Port***, where the ſpirit of ſedition was ſaid to be very buſy. Not knowing how far I durſt diſcloſe my thoughts on that head without blundering upon the deſign of the Iriſhman, I returned an indifferent anſwer, and endeavoured to turn the converſation to ſome other object. Fortunately company was announced, I ſtaid an hour longer, and then took leave.

O

On my way to the hotel, ſomebody tapped me on the ſhoulder, and a well-known voice ſaid, "I am glad to ſee your Grace well." I turned round and the Iriſhman ſtood before me, dreſſed in black, and wrapt in a ſcarlet cloak. I was ſeized with aſtoniſhment. "I give you joy, my Lord;" ſaid he in a friendly accent, "how do your affairs go on?" "Extremely well!" I replied, adding after ſome heſitation, "will you go with me to my hotel?" He accepted my invitation.

"Be ſo kind," ſaid he when we were arrived at my apartment, "to take care that we are not interrupted, nor overheard!" This preamble made me expect to hear important matters, and I was not deceived. Having communicated to him how I had ſucceeded with Oliva*ez, and Suma*ez, he approved my diligence and diſcretion, adding, "it is now time to come nearer to the point. I am going to entruſt you with two commiſſions, both of which are equally important."

"Let me hear what I am to do!"

"Firſt of all you muſt endeavour to prompt the miniſter to publiſh a royal

edict, by which the Port****e nobility are ordered, under the penalty of losing their estates, to enter into the military service of Sp**n."

"Good God, what do you mean by that?"

"Then," he added, without noticing my exclamation, "you must advise the minister to seize the person of the Duke of Brag**za."

I stared at the Irishman. "Then the revolution is to be given up!" said I, after a pause of anxious astonishment.

"Not at all, it rather is to be promoted by these means."

"I cannot comprehend you;" I exclaimed, "you either are counteracting your own plan; or the revolution will be destroyed in the bud."

"My good Duke, one must frequently *appear* to counteract a plan in order to carry it into execution with greater safety. I will explain myself more distinctly." So saying, he pushed his chair closer to me, and continued in a lower accent: "Let us take a short view of the situation of your country. Not to mention the enor-

enormous loſs of its poſſeſſions abroad, which it has ſuffered during the ſubjection to Sp**n, the interior ſtate of the empire is deplorable beyond deſcription. The King of Sp**n looks upon your country as a conquered province, and takes the greateſt pains to exhauſt it entirely, in order to keep it in inactivity with more eaſe; the royal revenues of Port***l are either diſtributed among the favourites of the King, or mortgaged; more than 300 gallies, and 2000 cannons have been carried to Sp**n; the nobility are injured by the moſt unjuſt demands; the clergy muſt ſee their benefices in the poſſeſſion of foreigners; the people are beggared by enormous taxes—in ſhort matters have almoſt been carried to the higheſt pitch. So much the better, for this is a ſign that our undertaking is ripe for execution. Let us ſtrain the ſtrings a little more, and they muſt break."

"And what then?" ſaid I with ardour. "General commotion, and at the ſame time univerſal confuſion will be the conſequence; and it is very obvious that thus my country will not regain its liberty, but

rather be plunged in a more oppreſſive ſtate of ſlavery. If the people are not ſupported by the nobility, and both parties not united under one common head, the furious unbridled populace will rage 'till the Sp***ſh goads ſhall have reduced them again to obedience."

"You have divined my moſt ſecret thoughts," the Iriſhman replied. I was as if dropt from the clouds. "Then I have entirely miſconſtrued your words," I replied, "I am to endeavour to obtain an edict in virtue of which the Port***ze nobility are to be bound to enter in the ſervice of Sp**n, under the penalty of loſing their eſtates; I am to adviſe the miniſter to ſeize the Duke of B——a? Did you not ſay ſo?"

"Exactly ſo!"

"However, if the P—e nobility ſhould enter into the Sp***ſh ſervice, how are they to be active in the ſervice of *their country?* If the Duke of Bra***za ſhould be ſeized, how will it be poſſible that he ſhould become the head of the conſpirators?"

"Heaven

"Heaven forbid your *ifs* ſhould be realized!"

"But why the preparations for it? Indeed I do not comprehend you."

"You ſoon ſhall; only ſuffer me to go on. The people muſt be ſupported by the acceſſion of the nobility and clergy, and all parties guided by a common leader; thus far you are perfectly right: and in order to effect that purpoſe every preparation has been made, and the general commotion will be effected in a harmonious and regular manner, if *ever it can* be effected. But, deareſt Duke, you look upon what *may* happen as already exiſting. I was ſaying juſt now, that matters have *almoſt* been carried to the higheſt pitch! one moment of raſhneſs may ruin the moſt prudent plan. It is true, that the people and the clergy are waiting anxiouſly for the ſignal of a revolution; however the nobility are not ſufficiently exaſperated. Once already have they been ordered to enter into the ſervice of Sp**n againſt the Cata**nians; however they were ſatisfied to evince their diſpleaſure ſilently, by obeying the edict reluct-

antly and negligently. If in this ſituation of affairs that edict ſhould be renewed, and the tranſgreſſors puniſhed by the ſeizure of their eſtates, their reſentment, which is burning under the embers, will ſoon burſt out into a blaze; then all the ſtates of the empire will be equally provoked, and it will be ſeaſonable for the Duke of Bra***za to give the ſignal for a general commotion."

"But is not this very Duke to be ſeized and impriſoned?"

"Neither is he to be ſeized, nor are the Port****ze nobility to enter into the Spa**ſh ſervice, but both parties are to be provoked, by the ſevereſt oppreſſion, in ſuch a manner that their reſentment may break out into open revolt."

"His father would not have wanted ſuch a violent incitement; the Duke has, however, inherited very little of the ſpirit of his parent*."

"A raſh

* The Grandmother of the Duke of Brag**za had already attempted to enforce her claim to the throne; ſhe was, however, obliged to yield to ſuperior power. His father was hurt ſo much at the loſs of the crown, that

" A raſh reſolution is not always the firmeſt, nor is a precipitate deed always the beſt. And beſides, the undertaking of the Duke of Bra***za is of ſuch a nature, that he riſks nothing leſs than his own and his family's welfare; it requires therefore a more mature conſideration?"

" But if he ſhould flinch back!"

" His

that he had formed the deſign to ſeize the King of Sp**n when he ſtopped at his palace at Vi**cioſa, on his journey to Li*bon, and not to ſet him at liberty till he ſhould have renounced to him the crown of Por***al. His friends repreſented to him how impoſſible it would be to accompliſh this deſign; however he could not be perſuaded to deſiſt from all farther attempts of getting poſſeſſion of the ſceptre of Por***al, and his people were frequently inſtigated by him to quarrel with the King's Officers at Liſbon, on which occaſion the populace evinced clearly how ſtrong their attachment to the family of Bra***za was. But matters were never puſhed any farther, the proper time when the crown of Por***al ſhould be reſtored to its lawful poſſeſſors being not yet arrived. The old Duke was ſo much grieved at his unſucceſsful attempt, that at length his reaſon was diſordered. He ſpoke conſtantly of war and arms, and ordered his family, on his death bed, to bury him with Royal pomp, which was actually done, though in ſecret.

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"His retreat muſt be entirely cut off, and this is to be effected by the execution of the ſecond commiſſion which I have given you."

"How am I to underſtand this?"

"You think this meaſure would be too harſh and violent, however it is not a mere arbitrary artifice, but adapted to the ſituation in which the Duke of Bra**za is at preſent. The miniſter of Sp**n is not ignorant of the fermentations in Po****al, and ſuſpecting the Duke to be the chief ſource of them, his principal attention is directed to him.—But what could Oliva*éz have attempted againſt him as yet? Open force would have been fruitleſs, and not only forwarded the general revolt, but alſo juſtified the actions of the Duke. He was therefore forced to have recourſe to art. At firſt he conferred the government of Mi*an upon the Duke, in order to have an opportunity of getting him in his power; however that keen-ſighted nobleman declined that honour, pretending not to have ſufficient knowledge of the country to acquit himſelf honourably of a truſt

of ſo much importance. Soon after the miniſter found another opportunity of laying a new ſnare. The King of Sp**n having reſolved to chaſtiſe the rebellious Catal*nians in perſon, the Duke was very civilly invited to accompany him in the field; but he begged to be excuſed, alledging that this would be attended with great expences, and that his finances were very low. However Oliva**z was not diſcouraged by this refuſal, and has lately made a third attempt. A rumour having been ſpread all over the country, that a Fre*ch fleet was approaching the coaſts of Po****al, probably with a view to make a deſcent, Oliva*z conferred upon the Duke an almoſt unlimited power to make the requiſite preparations againſt the impending invaſion, and particularly to review all the ports, to fortify and to garriſon them. Meanwhile the Sp**iſh Admiral, Don Lopez Ox**co had received ſecret orders to carry his fleet to a port where the Duke ſhould be, to invite him to review it, and when he ſhould have ſeized him, to ſail with his priſoner to Sp**n. This plan was however rendered

dered abortive by a dreadful ſtorm, which diſperſed the fleet, and forced the Admiral to deſiſt from his deſign of viſiting the Port***ze ports. No new attempt has been made ſince, and the miniſter is ſilently hatching other artifices. Yet this calm is, without compariſon, more dreadful than all the attempts which have been made. I know that he has an emiſſary in Port***l, who watches ſecretly every ſtep of the Duke *, whoſe liberty and life are in imminent danger. The ruin of the head of the conſpiracy would be a mortal blow to the whole revolutionary ſociety; even the impriſonment of the Duke would unnerve the hands of the conſpirators. If, therefore, the revolution is to take place, the Duke muſt be ſecured againſt the ſecret machinations of the miniſter; I ſay the *ſecret* machinations, for if they ſhould be carried on publicly, as it has been the caſe as yet, his ſnares may eaſily be evaded. For which reaſon it will be matter of great importance to perſuade the miniſter to carry on his attempts in

* This emiſſary will ſoon be introduced to the reader.

in the uſual way, and to effect this will be in your power. Nay, you yourſelf muſt frame and direct the deſigns upon the Duke."

"I fear," ſaid I to the Iriſhman, "you expect more from my feeble exertions than I ſhall be able to perform."

"Hear firſt my plan! You are to go, the day after to-morrow, to Oliva*ez, and to inform him that you have received intelligence of the commotions in Por***!—"

"Beſides," I interrupted him, "Oliva*ez has told me to-day that he has received an account of theſe commotions from a certain Marcheſe Ricieri, who is returned from his travels through Por***al."

"So much the better!" he replied, without returning my inquiſitive look, or changing his countenance at the name Ricieri, "ſo much the better! then you have a prefacer, to whoſe introduction you can link your diſcourſe. Tell, therefore, the miniſter, that the letter which you have received from Por***al makes it very plain to you, why the Duke had declined

declined all the invitations which the court had given him. Oliva**ez will requeſt you to explain theſe words, and then you muſt reply, that you ſuſpect the Duke of Brag**za to avoid the neighbourhood of the Court, becauſe he is ſenſible he has deſerved the reſentment of the King by his diſloyalty. At the ſame time you muſt add, that you are very ſorry to be obliged to declare againſt ſo near a relation as the Duke; that, however, the voice of your conſcience has more weight with you than that of conſanguinity, and that your allegiance to the King of Sp**n and your country, which has been reduced to the greateſt diſtreſs by the conſtant internal commotions, does not ſuffer you any longer to regard as a friend, the man who was the chief cauſe of all theſe troubles. Thus you will gain the confidence of the miniſter, and he will aſk you what meaſures for ſeizing the Duke you think would be moſt proper and ſafe. Take hold of that opportunity to convince the miniſter that, and for what reaſon, violent meaſures of any kind, would produce the worſt conſequences

sequences. Approve of the means which the wisdom of his policy has already adopted as the safest, by which the Duke ought to be persecuted till no farther evasion should be left for him. Olivarez will desire you to give him your opinion more at large, and then you must address him to the following purpose:—"I am of opinion that you ought to inform the Duke of the misfortune which has befallen the fleet, and to charge him, under the pretext that this had rendered the situation of the empire very perilous, with the commission to inspect all the strong places of the kingdom, and to fortify them where he shall think it requisite. At the same time you will do well to order all the commanders of the fortified towns to seize the Duke as secretly as possible. In order to prevent any evasions under the pretext of want of money, you must send him, at the same time, a sum sufficient for defraying the expences of his journey."

"But suppose," said I, "this proposal should be accepted, how could the Duke of Brag**za escape the snare?"

"Can

"Can we not apprize him of his danger? If he cannot find means to eſcape the ſnare by dint of art, he muſt have recourſe to open force, and call to arms. Thus the revolution will begin, and our chief aim be attained."

"One can predict," the Iriſhman continued, "with ſome degree of certainty, that Oliva*ez will not reject that propoſal, which is nothing but a continuation of his former plan, and, of courſe, will flatter his conceit. As ſoon as you ſhall have carried this point, you muſt endeavour to effect the promulgation of the edict againſt the nobility; which will be no difficult taſk, if you pretend to have been informed by letters from Por**'al, that the major part of the nobility is entirely devoted to the Duke, and will ſupport him if a revolt ſhould break out.—Hence you may draw the concluſion that the fermentation in Por**'al will never ceaſe, and the wiſeſt meaſures againſt him, though ever ſo ſucceſsful, will not have the deſired effect, while the nobility ſhall not be employed ſomewhere elſe, and forced to ſubmit to the edict by which they

they are ordered to enter into the ſervice of Sp**n. I adviſe you, at the ſame time, to add, that the indulgence which has been ſhewn to thoſe who have refuſed to obey the proclamation of the Court, will render the nobility more daring, and the Duke of Brag**za more dangerous. In ſhort, you muſt exert every power of perſuaſion to incite the miniſter to renew and to enforce that edict."

After a ſhort pauſe the Iriſhman added: —"This advice would appear ſuſpicious, if propoſed by any other perſon but yourſelf. You have gained, already, his confidence to ſuch a degree, that it will derive additional ſtrength from your apparent zeal. And indeed every thing that can contribute to remove all traces of ſuſpicion from you concurs in your perſon! The propoſals which you are to make have not only the appearance of deſtroying the deſign of the Duke and the conſpirators, but you have alſo been on your travels when they were fabricated, and of courſe, cannot be ſuſpected of having the leaſt ſhare in them. While you have been here your time has been

ſpent

ſpent in amuſements and diverſions, how could you, therefore, be ſuppoſed to have been capable of paying any attention to deep laid intrigues of ſtate? On the contrary, the miniſter is no ſtranger to your father's fidelity to the King of Sp**in, and of the ſecret hatred which your family harbours againſt the Duke of Bra**za; how could, therefore, your propoſal appear to him otherwiſe than natural and ſincere? Your friendſhip for Velas*os alone would be ſufficient to make him believe ſo."

"I need not to remind you," added the Iriſhman, when he was going to leave me," "not to forget to intereſt the Secretary of State, Suma*ez, for your tranſactions."

"But ſuppoſe," I replied, "I ſhould acquit myſelf of my charge to your ſatisfaction, how am I to conceal the matter from my father?"

The Iriſhman replied after a momentary conſideration: "If the miniſter ſhould approve your propoſals, you muſt requeſt him frankly not to mention any thing to the Marquis, pretending to intend

tend to ſurpriſe him in an agreeable manner, by an oral account, when the whole affair ſhall be happily concluded."

Before he took leave, he enjoined me to be circumſpect, courageous, and active.

I cannot ſay whether it was owing to the execution of this advice, to the facility of the taſk, or to favourable accidents, that I carried my point without difficulty. The miniſter approved my plan; the Duke of B——a received the above mentioned order along with 40,000 ducats, and the edict concerning the nobility was renewed. However, the Duke of B——a again eſcaped the ſnare. He did, indeed, execute the orders of the Sp***ſh court, travelled all over Por**-**l, and obſerved every where how the people were devoted to him; the money he had received, and the power that was entruſted to him, enabled him to gain many friends, and he entered the fortified towns ſo well eſcorted, that none of the Sp***ſh governors dared to ſeize him.

The Iriſhman who gave me this information, provided me at the ſame time with

with inſtructions how to act if the miniſter ſhould complain of the miſcarriage of my plan, which ſoon happened. Oliva*ez acquainted me very peeviſhly, with the bad ſucceſs of our undertaking. "We may yet carry our point," I replied, after ſome reflection, with ſeeming unconcern. "If you wiſh to purſue your plan, you may eaſily lay a new ſnare for him, from which the Duke will not be able to extricate himſelf. You have the beſt opportunity of ſending him an order to repair to Mad**d, and to make to his Majeſty an oral report of the ſtate of Port** l."

The miniſter approved of this advice, and carried it into execution without delay. The Duke of B——a, who was well aware that the order from the Sp**ſh court could not be declined any longer, ſent his Chamberlain to Mad**d in order to hire a palace, to engage a number of ſervants, and to make every preparation for his pretended arrival, but nevertheleſs did not come. One time he pleaded ill health, at another time want of money, and at laſt, wiſhed to know what rank he was to hold at Mad**d. However, I was ſo

fortunate as to guide the minister in such a manner that every obstacle was removed at last, and the Duke received 6000 ducats for defraying the expences of his journey.

"Now," said the Irishman to me, "the Duke will find it impossible to shift any longer, and either must repair to Mad**d, which he will take care not to do, or give the signal for the revolution. Your business, my Lord, is finished, and nothing further will be required of you than the strictest secrecy. When your country will be free, we shall meet again, and then you may expect to see all my promises accomplished."

I thanked him, and when he was going to leave me, asked him, "how does our royal hermit do?"

"He —— is well, and you shall hear from him as soon as the Duke of P——a shall have dispossessed the King of Sp—n of the throne of P—t—l."

"But my old friend——"

"Will soon press you again to his bosom."

"And Amelia?"

"Conſidering the terms on which you already are with her, you will not be in want of the aſſiſtance of my power." So ſaying, he took a friendly leave of me.

It was indeed high time that the Iriſhman releaſed me from my engagement, for my ſtay at Mad—d began to grow extremely irkſome to me. An irreſiſtible power urged me to return to her who had inthralled me with magic bonds. My ſeparation from her, and the letters I received from the dear woman, had heated my paſſion to the higheſt degree. Her letters, breathing nothing but tenderneſs and affection, were indeed entirely deſtitute of that fiery impetuoſity of love which characteriſed mine; however, this was juſt adding fuel to the flame, which conſumed me. I felt that I could not live without her. She did not indeed encourage my hope of getting poſſeſſion of her hand, yet ſhe did not repel it entirely, and ſeveral hints which Lady Delier had given me, ſerved to ſupport it. I was already computing with rapture the effect which my unexpected arrival would produce on Amelia, and made the neceſſary preparations

tions for my return to her without apprising her of it; however, my soul preceded these preparations, and only the lesser part of it was remaining at Mad—d; no wonder, therefore, that the letters of my father, and the Marquis of Ferei'a, which recalled me to Port——l, had no effect upon me.

'I cannot divine," the Marquis wrote to me, 'what may have induced your father to return this year to the capital 'much earlier than usual. However, I 'can tell you that you will scarcely know 'him again when you shall see him. 'Ever since he pretends to have seen the 'ghost of Count Santeval, he is changed 'most wonderfully. He is in a state of 'utter apathy, gloomy and reserved, and 'I may truly say, superstitious. He 'avoids, since his late illness, as much 'as decency will permit, all conversation, even mine. There is but one 'person who has free access to him, and 'seems to have possessed himself entirely 'of his confidence. Let me give you a 'description of that man.

'Imagine to yourself an elderly man 'above the middle size, with a long, thin 'face, a yellow complexion, a strongly 'furrowed brow, hollow, small, and red 'eyes, and staring, almost deadened 'features, which, when he smiles, change 'into a kind of grinning. This physiog-'nomy, of which no faithful verbal des-'cription can be given, and which has 'been stamped in a most unfavourable 'manner by nature's forming hand, is 'softened by an affected air of piety; how-'ever, if examined minutely and narrow-'ly, peeps with increased horrors through 'the borrowed veil. This countenance 'appears to me like a dreadful mystery, 'and I cannot behold it without secret 'terror. The tout ensemble of that man 'exactly fits this head—a sneaking gait—a 'stooping neck—a grey coat—but you 'must and will see him yourself. I hate 'him from the bottom of my soul, and 'think that he is not capable of a good 'action, and that his mere presence must 'be sufficient to dispel even from the 'hearts of others every noble sentiment. 'It would be a mystery to me, how your

'father

'father can converſe with him, if I did 'not know that he has been blinded by 'his hypocriſy and devout diſcourſes. 'That man (he calls himſelf *Alumbrado*) 'pretends to be regenerated, and talks a 'great deal of the gifts of ſupernatural 'light. Your father, who takes for ſter-'ling truth whatever comes from his lips, 'ſeems to be more charmed with him 'every day. O haſten, my friend, to de-'liver your father from this ignoble, and, 'as I fear, dangerous enchantment. I 'think that an emotion like that which 'the ſight of you, after ſo long a ſeparation, 'muſt cauſe in the mind of your father will 'be neceſſary to rouſe him from his 'apathy, &c. &c. &c.'

My ſituation rendered this letter, as I have already mentioned, ineffectual. The apprehenſions of the Marquis appeared to me exaggerated; his unfavourable judgment of Alumbrado, originating from phyſiognomical reaſons unjuſt, and uncharitable, and my father old and ſenſible enough to ſee and avoid the danger, if any ſhould be exiſting. I deemed the re-

turn to the Counteſs much more preſſing than the journey to P——l, took leave of Olivarez and Sumarez, aſſuring them that the affair concerning the Duke of B——a had been puſhed to a point where it ſoon would come to a criſis without our aſſiſtance. They were of the ſame opinion, and diſmiſſed me in a very obliging manner.

I had already made every preparation for ſetting out the next morning, when a letter from Amelia and Lady Delier defeated my deſign. The former informed me that a preſſing letter from her uncle, who was on the brink of eternity, and deſired to ſee her once more before his death, rendered it neceſſary for her to haſten to Cadiz. In the letter of the Baroneſs, which, amongſt others, contained the direction of the Counteſs at Cadiz, the portrait of Amelia was encloſed.

Amelia's portrait! the image of thoſe heavenly charms, the contemplation of which would afford delight even to angels, and the lifeleſs imitation of which filled my ſoul with rapture. O! with what an unſpeakable delight did my entranced

eyes

eyes imbibe them! how did the ſight of them recall to my enraptured boſom all thoſe ſweet emotions which the preſence of the original had formerly excited in my breaſt.

This ſoftened the blow which repelled me ſo ſuddenly from the port of happineſs which I fancied I had almoſt reached. Alas! this blow inflicted a deep wound on my heart, which at once found all the ſweet preſentiments of meeting again changed into the nameleſs throbs of a new ſeparation. However, the ſight of the picture repreſenting to me the abſent darling of my heart, and the ſecret meaning of that gift gave me ſome comfort, and inſpired me with new hopes. Who elſe but my Amelia could have ſent me that preſent? Her letter did, indeed, contain only a few diſtant hints, and the picture was encloſed in that of Lady Delier; yet this did not miſguide me, for I was too well acquainted with Amelia's delicacy. I reſolved now to return to my father, and to prepare him for my union with the Counteſs.

I acted wisely in surprising him by my sudden arrival, for otherwise he would, probably, not have received me with that kindness to which my unexpected appearance impelled him. No sooner were the first moments of mutual fondness past, when he said, with apparent coldness, "the world must have had very irresistible charms for you?"

"The charms of novelty, my dear father."

"It must have been very painful to you to return to your paternal house; for it seems you had almost forgot your way homeward."

"I had much to see, and have experienced a great deal!"

"I do not doubt it; you have had very little leisure for thinking of your father."

I endeavoured to refute this reproach which I had expected, and succeeded pretty well. The Marquis grew warmer and more affectionate; he enquired after my tutor and Count Clairval. It seemed to wound him deeply that I could give no satisfactory account of the former. With regard

regard to the latter, I told him that important family affairs had called him from me unexpectedly.

My father appeared then not to be in a favourable diſpoſition for liſtening to an account of my connection with the Counteſs, and how ſtrongly ſoever the impulſe of my heart preſſed me to ſpeak on that ſubject, yet prudence adviſed me to wait for a more favourable opportunity. The following morning appeared to me propitious for that purpoſe. My father was very cheerful, and I contrived being ſurpriſed by him with Amelia's picture in my hand.

"What have you there?" he aſked me.

"The picture of the Dowager Counteſs of Clairval."

"How far is ſhe related to your travelling companion?"

"She was married to his brother."

"So young, and already a widow?" ſaid he, looking at the picture; "I ſhould have miſtaken it for the picture of a girl of ſeventeen years. However, the painters are uſed to flatter."

"I assure you, the original possesses numberless charms which have escaped the artist."

"Then the Countess must be extremely handsome."

"She is an angel."

"The face is more interesting than handsome."

"Handsome and interesting to an high degree."

"You are in love with her."

"My father—"

"I should be very sorry at it."

"For what reason?" I asked, thunderstruck.

"The young Princess of L****—what do you think of her?"

"I don't like her at all."

"This would grieve me extremely, for I have chosen her for your wife?"

"My heart has already chosen. Your consent, my father—"

"The Countess of Clairval? Never!"

"You don't know her. Her family and fortune are very considerable."

"I hope you will not liken her, in that respect, to the Princess of L****?"

"Not

"Not at all! but the amiable character of the Countefs—"

"The character of the Princefs is without blame. My dear fon, conſider the ſplendor and the honour which our family would derive from that alliance. Conſider that you will render me happy by that union. When you, by my deſire, broke off your connection with a certain Barbis, you revived my hope of ſeeing you allied to the family of L****; do not thwart my plan by a new love, do not croſs my fondeſt wiſhes. You are, indeed, your own maſter, and may chuſe for yourſelf; you muſt, however, not expect my conſent and a father's bleſſing, if you do not marry the Princeſs of L****. I am ſenſible that it will give you pain to renounce the Countefs, and for that reaſon will not preſs your farther at preſent. I ſhall not deſire you to come to a reſolulution before the end of ſeven weeks. Till then, do not mention a word about the matter."

Seeing that I was going to reply, he took me by the hand. "Be a man," ſaid he, "who knows how to conquer juvenile

paſſions. Gain my regard as you have gained my affection. My life is joyleſs, do not make me hate it. My dear ſon, I have ſacrificed much for you, ſacrifice now in return a little for your father!" So ſaying, he left me.

O! why did he requeſt me in *ſuch* a manner to make him a ſacrifice which would have rendered me miſerable! I wiſhed then the firſt time in my life that he had ſpoken to me in a menacing, domineering, or only in a harſh tone, then I ſhould have had a pretext for reſiſting him and enforcing my own will. But how could I have had the courage of contradicting that tender ſolicitation, that entreating perſuaſion of a father. And yet, was I not neceſſitated to do ſomething worſe, to counteract my parent? I never felt more ſtrongly than at that moment, that it was utterly impoſſible for me to renounce the poſſeſſion of Amelia. Alas! never was a ſituation more unfortunate than mine, and never has a human heart been reduced to ſuch a dreadful conflict with itſelf by two people ſo dear as my father and Amelia were to me.

I looked

I looked around with weeping eyes in ſearch of a perſon to whom I could unboſom my ſtraitened heart. I went to the Marquis of Ferei*a.*

I had not informed him of my return; he uttered a ſcream of joy when he ſaw me enter his apartment. However, his ſatisfaction at my return made room to ſorrow, when I acquainted him with my deplorable ſituation. "Yes, my friend!" ſaid he, after he had viewed me ſome minutes with looks of pity, "if it is in your power to ſubdue that paſſion, then let me implore you—"

"Don't finiſh that ſentence!" I interrupted him, "it is impoſſible!"

"If that is the caſe, then only two ways are left to you to attain the conſent of your father; one of which is tedious and rugged, but ſtraight."

"Name it!"

"You muſt endeavour to work upon the nerves of the paternal heart in ſuch a manner,

* Here have I expunged a picture which the painter has drawn of me, with too much partiality.

MARQUIS OF FEREI*A.

manner, that his affection for you gets the better of his ambition."

"And the ſecond—"

"Is a bye-road which will lead you ſoon and ſafely to the mark---ſerpents are, however, lurking on that road, and tygers lying in ambuſh—"

"Dont't name it!"

"I will name it, in order to caution you againſt it—it is called—Alumbrado. O my friend!" ſqueezing my hand affectionately, "go take the ſtraighteſt road."

"That I will, you have given me a very bad character of that Alumbrado."

"And would not retract a ſyllable of what I have wrote."

"Where is he, I have not yet ſeen him."

"He is abroad."

"I am curious to get acquainted with him."

"Don't come near him, leſt he catch you in the ſame ſnare in which he has caught your father."

"Fear nothing, I ſhall endeavour to deliver my father from that ſhameful captivity."

"O! if

"O! if you could do it! But be on your guard, leſt he whom you are going to draw out of the pit, drag you after him into the abyſs."

I promiſed it, and he claſped me in his arms.

Previous to my departure from P——l, I had promiſed the Marquis to keep a journal, and to inſert the moſt remarkable incidents, which I was to communicate to him after my return. He enquired now after that journal.

"It abounds with remarkable incidents," I replied, "and you will learn ſtrange things on peruſing it: I have not mentioned a ſyllable of them in my letters to you, in order to ſurpriſe you. However, you muſt curb your curioſity till I ſhall have arranged my papers."

The Marquis conſented to my requeſt.

"My noble friend! you will forgive me that artifice. It was a mere pretext, in order to ſtay your curioſity till the revolution ſhould have taken place; for I had promiſed the Iriſhman to obſerve the ſtricteſt ſilence till then. It was no

miſtruſt

miſtruſt that influenced me, but duty impoſed upon me by the promiſe I had made; and the event proved that I acted wiſely in doing ſo."

Four days after my firſt meeting with my friend, the Iriſhman ſtopped me one evening in going home. His eyes flaſhed like lightning, his features were diſtorted, his countenance was truly dreadful. "Have you," ſaid he, grinding his teeth, betrayed the conſpiracy to Vaſconcellos?" "No." I replied. "Have you warned him of the impending danger in ſome other manner?" "No." "Have you diſcloſed the ſecret to one of your friends?" "To no man living." "Can you pledge your honour for the truth of your declaration?" "I can."

Theſe queſtions ſucceeded each other rapidly, and he left me with equal haſte. I was almoſt petrified at this incident. My aſtoniſhment, however, ſoon gave place to a different ſenſation, for I concluded from the words, and the perturbation of the Iriſhman, nothing leſs than that the plot had been diſcovered. The intelligence which I gained afterwards

ſeemed to confirm this conjecture. Vaſconcel*os had left his caſtle ſuddenly and croſſed the river Ta*o, a circumſtance that juſtly had raiſed the ſuſpicion of his having diſcovered the plot through one of his numberleſs ſpies, and inſtantly made preparations for ſeizing the conſpirators. However, this apprehenſion was refuted that very night. Vaſconcel*os had only been at a feaſt, and returned late at night in high ſpirits, and preceded by a band of muſicians, not ſuſpecting that he would be a dead man at that hour the following night. I myſelf did not imagine that the revolution would break out ſo ſoon, although I knew that event to be drawing near. The day following, (December 1, 1640) at eight o'clock in the morning, the conſpirators repaired in ſmall diviſions from all parts of the town to the Ducal Palace, partly on horſeback, and partly on foot, but moſt of them in coaches or chairs, in order to conceal their arms. The number of noblemen, moſt of whom were the chiefs of their families, amounted to fifty, and that of the citizens to two hundred. As ſoon as it had ſtruck eight

by

by the clock of the cathedral, Pinto Rib**ro, one of the Duke's privy counſellors, gave the laſt ſignal for the attack by firing a piſtol, and the conſpirators marched to the different places of their deſtination.

Pinto Rib**ro repaired with his troop to the palace of Vaſcon*ellos, who was ſo little prepared for the unexpected attack, that he ſcarcely could get time to conceal himſelf in a cheſt. However he was diſcovered, ſaluted with a piſtol ſhot, ſtabbed with a number of poniards, and thrown out of the window amid the loud exclamation: "The tyrant is dead! long live liberty and King John, the new Sovereign of Port***l!"

The populace who were aſſembled, under the windows of the palace, repeated theſe words with loud acclamations of joy. In order to protect the corpſe againſt the fury of the mob, the ſociety of charity preſſed their way through the crowd and carried it away on a bier, which is only uſed at the burials of ſlaves.

Meanwhile another troop had penetrated into the palace of the Vice-Queen.

The

The Archbiſhop of Bra*a, who was with her, and as a near relation of Vaſconcel**s, had alſo been doomed to deſtruction, was ſaved with great difficulty from the fury of the conſpirators by the interceſſion of Miguel d'Al*eida. The Vice-Queen turned to the conſpirators when they ruſhed into her apartment, declaring that Vaſconce*los had deſerved their hatred, but that they would be treated as rebels if they ſhould proceed a ſtep farther. She however was told, that ſo many nobles had not aſſembled merely on account of a wretch who ought to have been executed by the public hangman, but in order to reſtore the crown to the Duke of Bra——za, who was the lawful owner of it. The Vice-Queen began to talk of the power which ſhe had been entruſted with by the King of Spa*n. The reply was, that no one could be acknowledged as King but John, Duke of B——a. She now offered to run out of the apartment in order to implore the aſſiſtance of the people; however ſome of the noblemen ſtopped her, telling her it would be dangerous to ſuffer her to appear before a

people

people who had been oppreſſed many years, and were highly exaſperated.—"And what could the people do to me?" ſhe ſaid with ſcornful looks. "Nothing elſe but throw your Highneſs out of the window;" one of the noblemen replied. The Archbiſhop of Bra*a was ſo much exaſperated at this ſpeech, that he ſeized a ſword in order to avenge the Vice-Queen. Almei*a however embraced and entreated him to retire, becauſe he had had great difficulty to perſuade the conſpirators to ſpare his life. This diſcovery diſarmed at once the zeal of the Prelate.

Meanwhile the chiefs of the Spani—ds had been ſeized, and the conſpirators requeſted the Vice-Queen to ſend an order to the Commander of St. Ge* to ſurrender; for that caſtle, which commanded the whole town, was ſtill in the poſſeſſion of the Spani—ds. The Vice-Queen refuſed to comply with their requeſt; yet when ſhe was told that her refuſal would be the ſignal for killing all the impriſoned Spani—ds, ſhe drew up the deſired order, expecting that no attention would be paid

to

to it. However the commander of the caſtle, who did not dare to defend himſelf, executed her order literally, and thus the town was freed of all fear. It is almoſt incredible how quickly and eaſily the four troops of the confederates took the poſts allotted to them, and gained their aim. But much more aſtoniſhing is the readineſs and the quickneſs with which not only the whole kingdom, but alſo all foreign ſettlements followed the example of the capital. The revolution no ſooner had begun than it was accompliſhed. It is the only one in its kind, and a ſimilar one never will happen.—The execution of it proves with how much wiſdom it has been deſigned and conducted.

It was, however, like a ſudden clap of thunder to my father, and affected him with redoubled force, becauſe it happened ſo unexpectedly. The ſlow riſing of the tempeſt, the ſilent brewing on the political horizon had been concealed from him by his retirement from the world, and even the viſible forerunners of it, which at laſt forced themſelves upon his

his eyes, appeared to him to be nothing but the lightning arising from transient vapours. The sudden eruption of the tempest, and its consequences, almost petrified him. His silent stupor soon gave room to the loudest manifestations of his dissatisfaction; and nothing but repeated persuasions to yield to stern necessity and superiority, could prevail upon him to remain quiet.

His resentment against the new King remained however rankling in his heart; he did homage to the Sovereign with visible satisfaction, and, as I suspect, not without secret reservation, while I swore to him the oath of allegiance, in hopes that I should soon renew it to the lawful King, who was still concealed. My country now was delivered from the Spa—h yoke, but my heart remained in the thraldom of love. The fetters which it was chained with were, indeed, nothing but garlands, but nevertheless stronger than bonds of adamant; how was it therefore to be expected, that I should have been inclined and capable to obey my father, who wanted me to break them?

This

This bondage was ſo ſweet to me, and my ſharing it with an adored woman, rendered it dearer to me than the moſt unbounded liberty; it was my ſole and moſt ardent wiſh to tie the bonds by which we were united ſtill faſter. But alas! my father deſired me not to mention a ſyllable of a union with Amelia, and without his ſanction I durſt not expect her conſent! The Marquis of Ferei*a exhauſted in vain all his eloquence in order to melt the flinty heart of my inexorable parent. In that wretched ſituation I ſent ſeveral times for Alumbrado's aſſiſtance, yet I always ſhrunk back at the idea of owing any obligation to that man. His firſt viſit confirmed the remarks of the Marquis, and all the civilities he laviſhed upon me, ſerved only to ſtrengthen my antipathy againſt him. My ſoul was as gloomy as my exterior ſituation. The view of my heaven was overdarkened by clouds which grew darker and darker. Only one ſtar was glimmering through the blackneſs of that diſmal night: one ſingle ſtar to which I could direct my weeping eyes. I was confident that the

Iriſhman could be no ſtranger to my comfortleſs ſituation, and would aid me by his power, imagining that he now had the beſt opportunity of rewarding my reliance in him, and would undoubtedly conduct me over inſurmountable obſtacles to the promiſed land of happineſs. Meanwhile the time when my father expected my declaration for the Princeſs of L*** was approaching with gigantic ſtrides, and the Iriſhman did not appear. Anxiety ſtruggled with my hope. I enquired every where for my protector, but I enquired in vain, and my anxiety increaſed to black deſpair.

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CONTINUATION

By the MARQUIS of FERRI*A.

Here a great deal is wanting in the memoirs of the Duke of Cami*a, which I cannot leave unſupplied, otherwiſe an important part of his hiſtory will be loſt,

and

and the reſt remain obſcure. To fill up this empty ſpace, will be the laſt duty of friendſhip I ſhall be able to perform for that unhappy man. I ſhall, therefore, continue his mournful tale, till I can connect again the thread of my narration to the remaining papers of the Duke.

The grief aſſailing the heart of my unhappy friend ſoon depicted itſelf ſo ſtrongly in his countenance, that I began to tremble for his health. Alas! my apprehenſion was but too ſoon realized, his ſufferings being increaſed, by an information he received from the brother of the new King, to a degree which entirely overcame his enfeebled ſpirits.

'My deareſt friend,' the Prince wrote to him, 'I have not diſcontinued, ſince 'your departure, the inquiries after your 'tutor, which I began when you was 'here. However, I ſhould undoubtedly 'have continued them with the greateſt 'prudence and activity, without coming 'any nearer to the mark, if the very man 'whom I had been endeavouring to find 'out had not ſpared me that fruitleſs 'taſk.

'Yes, my friend, your tutor has perſonally ſurpriſed me in a moſt pleaſing manner. But, O! my friend, moderate your joy when reading theſe lines. The meeting with that dear man was like an airy viſion, which appears and vaniſhes again after a few moments. Your tutor came, and went to thoſe realms from whence no mortal can return.

'Five days are now elapſed, ſince he aſtoniſhed me, one morning, by his unexpected viſit. I ſoon obſerved with ſurpriſe, that he returned the manifeſtations of my joy with much reſtraint, while his inquiſitive looks were doubtfully directed at me. His relation ſoon unfolded this myſtery.

'Will you believe it, my friend, that in that very night, when we expected him in vain with ſo much impatience and anxiety, he had been taken up ſecretly, carried off, and impriſoned? He was on his way to my houſe, when he met a carriage which he miſtook for mine. In this opinion he was confirmed, when the coachman ſtopped the horſes, and a ſervant in my livery opened the coach

'door

'door for him. Two unknown gentle-
'men, who were ſitting in the carriage,
'begged him to get in, pretending to have
'been ſent by me to fetch him. He join-
'ed them without heſitation, and when
'the coachman drove out of the town
'gate, inſtead of taking the road to my
'houſe, he was told that one more gueſt
'was to be fetched. This pretended gueſt
'made his appearance in the ſuburbs,
'and as ſoon as he had got in the carriage,
'pointed a dagger at the heart of your tu-
'tor, while his two aſſociates ſeized and
'tied his hands. All this was effected be-
'fore Count Galvez could gain time for
'reſiſtance, which would have been equal-
'ly dangerous and fruitleſs. He was told
'that if he would ſubmit ſilently to his
'fate, no injury ſhould be offered him,
'but that he would be ſtabbed without
'mercy if he ſhould cry for aſſiſtance;
'at the ſame time he was blindfolded,
'and after about half an hour's ride, the
'carriage ſtopped, when your tutor was
'taken out of it, and conducted over
'ſeveral flights of ſteps, through long

'paſſages, in a room where he was ſhut 'up, and left alone.

'When Count Galvez removed the 'bandage from his eyes, he found himſelf 'in a ſpacious apartment, lighted with 'lamps; two ſmaller rooms were on each 'ſide, but none of them had windows. 'Some time after his arrival, two maſked 'men brought him victuals and drink, 'which afterwards was repeated every 'noon and evening. He was in want of 'nothing, liberty excepted. He could 'not leave his apartments, which were 'bolted on the outſide, and having not 'been able to perſuade his maſked attend-'ants to anſwer to his queſtions, he could 'not learn where he was impriſoned. The 'frequent chiming of bells, the ſinging 'of hymns, which ſeemed to be very near 'him, and ſeveral other circumſtances, 'made him, however, ſuppoſe that he was 'confined in a cloiſter.

'It is remarkable, that during his con-'finement, he was obliged to ſit to a 'ſculptor, who executed his ſtatue ſo maſ-'terly, that it reſembled him in the moſt 'ſtriking manner. The artiſt too was

'maſked, and nothing could perſuade 'him to tell for what purpoſe the ſtatue 'was deſigned.

'At length the wiſhed-for hour of en-'largement arrived. The priſoner was 'called up between one and two o'clock 'in the morning, and ordered to prepare 'for his departure. He was blindfolded 'and conducted to the ſtreet, where he 'was placed in a coach, and threatened 'with inſtant death if he ſhould dare to 'utter a ſyllable. After half an hour's 'ride, he was taken out of the coach, 'upon which, his conductors drove away 'at a furious rate. As ſoon as he per-'ceived that he was alone, he removed 'the bandage from his eyes, and found 'himſelf in a lonely part of the ſuburbs, 'and with the firſt dawn of day called at 'my houſe.

'As ſoon as Count Galvez had finiſhed 'his extraordinary tale, I ſummoned my 'ſervants, in order to clear myſelf from a 'ſuſpicion which afflicted me ſeverely, 'and examined them rigorouſly in his 'preſence. It was, however, proved that 'my horſes and carriages, as well as all

'my ſervants, had been at home at the
'hour when the Count was carried off,
'which rendered it very probable that
'the *Unknown* muſt have imitated my
'equipage and livery, in order to enſnare
'the Count with greater eaſe.

'Your tutor enquired much, and with
'great affection after you; I told him as
'much as I knew, but he was not ſatisfied
'with it. The following morning he de-
'parted for Lifb*n, in hopes of meeting
'you there, after a long and painful ſepa-
'ration. I rode on horſeback by his car-
'riage in order to accompany him a few
'miles; the impatient deſire of ſeeing
'you ſoon made your tutor urge the
'poſtillion to preſs his horſes onward;
'the fellow was offended at the inceſſant
'ſolicitations of the Count, and drove
'ſlower, which vexed our friend to ſuch
'a degree, that he exhorted the poſtillion
'rather warmly to proceed faſter, adding
'ſome menaces. The poſtillion being
'provoked by your tutor's threats, whip-
'ped his horſes furiouſly, without taking
'proper notice of the neighbourhood of
'the precipice, which you will recollect;

'the

'the animals grew wild, and the car-
'riage was precipitated into the abyſs.
'The Count ſcarcely breathed, when he
'received aſſiſtance, and the poſtillion
'was daſhed to pieces againſt the rocks.

'I ordered inſtantly all poſſible care to
'be taken of our friend; however, a vio-
'lent vomiting of blood, the conſequence
'of a contuſion on his breaſt, put an end
'to his life the ſubſequent day. A few
'minutes before his death, he wrote the
'following note, but was ſoon interrupted
'by a fainting fit.

"Ere while we were ſeparated by men,
"but now we are going to be diſunited by
"God. I do not murmur; yet I ſhould
"have been happy to ſee you once more.
"On the brink of eternity I am expand-
"ing my hands, bleſſing thee, excellent
"young man! Weep not at my death;
"we ſhall meet again in yon bliſsful man-
"ſions, where all good men ſhall be re-
"united for ever. Honour my memory
"by keeping firm to my principles, which
"from my ſoul, flowed over in your
"mind."

'Two mortal wounds like thoſe which 'the ill-fated love affair, and the death of 'Count Galvez, inflicted on the heart of 'my friend, confined him to a ſick bed. 'Now happened what I had dreaded, with-'out my having been able to prevent it. 'Alumbrado, who was returned from his 'journey, intruded on my friend, and 'ſoon traced out the ſafeſt road to his 'heart. My friend was weak enough to 'communicate to him the ſituation in 'which he was with regard to Amelia; 'and Alumbrado heſitated not a moment 'to procure him the conſent of his father. 'The power exerciſed by that man over 'the Marquis was ſo great, that the latter 'ſuffered himſelf to be perſuaded to write 'to the Counteſs, and to invite her, in 'the moſt honourable and flattering man-'ner, to render his ſon happy by giving 'him her hand.

'The Duke wrote only the following 'few lines:

"My deareſt love! I addreſs myſelf to "you on the brink of the grave; your "hand can ſave or hurl me down; my "doom reſts with you. O! come, angelic

"woman,

" woman, and lead me from the gate of " death to a paradiſiacal life; come and " reward my love, which alone ſupports " my breaking heart."

P. S. " Vaſconcel*os has bled under " the avenging ſword of the redeemers of " my country."

' The anſwer of the Counteſs was to ' the following purport:

" O! that this letter could fly on the " pinions of love, in order to carry in- " ſtantly to my friend health and joy. " Yes, your requeſt is granted. Receive, " my deareſt Duke, to whom my *heart* " has yielded, receive my *hand* too, and " the vow of eternal fidelity. My uncle " having recovered his health, nothing " ſhall detain me from embarking in the " firſt veſſel which ſhall ſail for Port***l. " The idea that your beſt wiſhes, the bleſ- " ſing of your father and my uncle, and " the guardian genius of love, will con- " duct me on my voyage, will aſſiſt me " to conquer my fear of the ſea. I ſhould " never have done writing if this letter " did not require expedition, and my " friend, who arrived here the day before

" yeſterday, inſiſted upon adding a few " words to thoſe of

" Your

" AMELIA CLAIRVAL."

" Give me leave, my Lord, to add " only my ſincereſt congratulations, and " to aſk your Grace, whether you do not " acknowledge now as a ſoothſayer

" Your humble and obedient ſervant,

ANNA DE DELIER."

The Duke had began to mend rapidly ever ſince the Marquis conſented to his union with Amelia; the letter of the Counteſs reſtored his health intirely. No mortal could be more happy and cheerful than the Duke of Cami*a. It was natural that Alumbrado, who, as the author of his happineſs, had no ſmall claim to his gratitude, ſhould acquire in his eyes a value, which intirely diſpelled the antipathy he at firſt had conceived againſt him. I ſoon was made ſenſible of that change, when

when I took one time the opportunity of dropping a few words concerning Alumbrado. "I cannot conceive," the Duke replied warmly, "why you are so much prejudiced against that man; it is true his physiognomy does not speak much to his recommendation; it is, however, very unphilosophical to condemn a person merely on account of his features." "Say whatever you will," I replied, "an undescribable repelling sensation, which certainly does not deceive me——" "You have conceived an antipathy against him," the Duke interrupted me, "and that cannot be refuted by arguments; however, I will remind you of a fact, which here will be in its proper place. Socrates, whose physiognomy, as you will recollect, was very much to his disadvantage, happened once to be in a company of friends, when a philosopher, who pretended to be a physiognomist, took the word; he was requested to delineate the character of Socrates, who was a stranger to him. The philosopher named several vices which he pretended to read plainly in his face. A general laughter was the

effect of his judgment; however, Socrates remained serious, and declared that he really had felt a natural propensity to those vices, but had got the better of it by unremitted assiduity. The application of this instance, I leave to your own good sense."

"How?" I exclaimed with surprise, "you compare Alumbrado with Socrates, an absurd ascetic with a reverend sage, hypocrisy with virtue?" This enormous infatuation vexed me to such a degree, that I could not help giving vent to my just resentment. However, I perceived soon that my words did not make the least impression on my misguided friend. Being therefore obliged to desist from my endeavours to change the opinion of the Duke, I strove with additional assiduity to cut off his connection with Alumbrado, at least till he should be united to Amelia, expecting that this angel would soon drive away that demon of darkness. I proposed to the Duke a journey to **ina, for the benefit of his health, and offered to accompany him. He consented to it without difficulty, expecting to beguile by exercise

exercise and diversions, the time which, from his impatience of seeing Amelia arrive, appeared to him to creep on with snail-like slowness. My aim would however have been attained without this expedient, Alumbrado leaving Li*bon unexpectedly; yet we set out on our proposed journey.

We had not been seven days at **ina when the Duke was already impatient to leave that place. However improbable it was Amelia could arrive so soon, yet this idea left him no rest. We returned on the eighth day, and travelled day and night.

It was five o'clock in the morning, when we alighted at his palace. Scarcely had we entered his apartment when his Secretary brought a letter, which he said had been left by a pilot at a late hour last night. The Duke reddened and grew pale alternately, while he opened it.—"She is arrived, she is arrived!" he exclaimed, and the letter dropped out of his hand trembling with rapture. "She is arrived!" he repeated, taking it up and re-perusing the gladful lines. The emotions of

of his mind were so violent, that he was obliged to sit down. "Amelia is arrived!" he exclaimed again, rising and straining me to his bosom. The letter was couched in the following words:

'Has not your heart told you, my 'dearest Duke, that I am near you? I 'should already have pressed you to my 'panting heart, if the Captain had suf-'fered me to go in the boat which will 'set the pilot on shore. But he has op-'posed by design, on account of the swel-'ling sea and the great distance. If 'Heaven favours us you will see me to-'morrow.

'Your

'AMELIA.'

"Well, my friend," said the Duke, when I returned the paper to him, "has my presentiment deceived me? have not I done well to urge our return?—But why do we tarry here? (he added) let us fly to the harbour!"

The horses were instantly saddled, and we mounted them in our travelling dress.

dreſs. We rode in full ſpeed, and each of us indulged ſilently his ſentiments.—The ſky was gloomy, and the univerſal ſtillneſs, not interrupted by the leaſt breeze of air, ſeemed to preſage no good. At length we fancied, with aſtoniſhment, we heard the diſtant rolling of thunder; however we ſoon perceived that it was the echo cauſed by the report of guns. The diſtant firing of cannon, and the forerunners of a riſing tempeſt, thrilled my heart with chilling anxiety, for I apprehended the ſhip muſt be in great danger. Soon after the firing ceaſed, but this calm was more dreadful to me than the report of the cannon. We ſpurred our horſes without uttering a word, for neither of us dared to confeſs his apprehenſions. Being at length arrived at the ſea ſhore—Heavens! what a ſcene of horror did we behold! the ſurge was dreadful, the cliffs and the ſtrand were covered with a white ſpume. The rays of the ſun could not penetrate the fog which overſpread the ſurface of the ſea. We could, therefore, not diſcover the iſland where the ſhip was lying at anchor, it appearing

ing to us in the ſhape of a black cloud, which ſeemed to be a mile diſtant from the ſhore. The veil which concealed the danger of the ſhip from our eyes only ſerved to augment our anxiety.

A troop of mariners and ſoldiers under the command of Men*os, were arrived with us at the ſhore. The drums beat, and a general volley was fired. A flaſh of lightning darted inſtantly over the ſea, and immediately after it the report of a gun was heard. We all haſtened to the ſide where we had perceived the ſignal, and obſerved, through the fog, the body and the main-yard of a large ſhip. We were ſo near that we could hear the whiſtling and the acclamations of the ſailors, in ſpite of the roaring of the mountainous billows. The ſhip's crew fired a gun every three minutes. as ſoon as they perceived that aſſiſtance was near.

I admired my friend's firmneſs of mind with which he, at a ſight that ought to have rendered him almoſt diſtracted, ſhewed the greateſt zeal to ſave the crew, ordering a large fire to be lighted on the cliffs,

cliffs, and boards, cables, empty caſks and proviſions to be kept in readineſs.

An impending hurricane ſeemed to be lurking in the air. The middle of the clouds was of a horrid blackneſs, and their edges were of a copper colour. The leaves of the trees were moving, and yet not a breath of air was felt. The cries of the ſea fowls, who were reſorting to the iſland for protection, reſounded through the air.

At length we heard ſuddenly a dreadful roaring, as if foaming torrents were ruſhing down from the ſummit of a lofty mountain, and every one exclaimed, this is the hurricane! In the ſame moment a violent whirlwind removed the foggy veil which had concealed the iſland from our eyes. We had now a clear view of the ſhip; her whole deck was covered with people, her colours were hoiſted, her fore-part was ſecured by four anchors, and her ſtern by one. Her ſtem oppoſed the billowing waves which came roaring from the ſea, and was raiſed ſo high above the ſurface of the water, that one could ſee her whole keel, while the ſtern was

almoſt

almoſt entirely buried in the foaming billows. The dangerous ſituation of the veſſel rendered it impoſſible for her to put out to ſea, or to run on ſhore.

The howling of the wind, and the roaring of the waves, which were ſwelling higher every moment, was dreadful. The whole channel between the iſland and the ſhore was a maſs of white thick froth, cut through by black and hollow waves. The appearance of the horizon prognoſticated a long laſting ſtorm. Some waves of a dreadful ſhape ſeparated from the main every now and then, and darted with the velocity of lightning acroſs the channel, while others remained immoveable like enormous rocks. Not one blue ſpot could be deſcried in the firmament; a pale faint glimmer enlightened heaven, earth and ſea.

The death-like paleneſs of the Duke's countenance, his perturbated mien, his ſteps now ſlow and now moving with vehemence, and the contortions of his lips, beſpoke the tempeſt raging in his ſoul exceeding the violence of the hurricane that was laſhing the ocean. The hapleſs man

man now looked up to heaven, and now caſt his anxious looks around, as if in ſearch of ſome perſon, and I heard him pronounce repeatedly the name of Hiermanſor. This ſight wounded my heart deeply, and preſſed burning tears from my eyes.

Meanwhile a dreadful accident happened on the ſea. The anchors which the fore-part of the ſhip was moored with were torn from the cables by the violent agitation of the veſſel, which, riding now only with the ſmall bower, was daſhed againſt the adjacent rocks. A general piercing cry filled the air when this lamentable incident happened. The Duke was going to plunge into the ſea, and I retained him with great difficulty by his right arm. Seeing, however, that his deſpair rendered him callous againſt our ardent prayers not to ruſh into the very jaws of death, Pietro and myſelf tied a long rope round his body, taking hold of one end. He now plunged into the boiling waves, which inſtantly devoured, and ſoon after caſt him up again. Thus he advanced daringly towards the ſhip. He

ſeemed

ſeemed ſeveral times to have a chance of forcing his way to the veſſel, the irregular motions of the ſea leaving him on the dry rocks; however the towering billows ſoon returned with additional fury, and buried him beneath an enormous maſs of water, which flung the Duke half dead upon the ſhore. But no ſooner had he recovered his ſenſes, than he darted up, haſtening with new courage towards the veſſel, which, however, began to ſeparate, torn by the violence of the furious waves. The ſhip's crew, who now deſpaired of ſaving their lives, plunged in crowds into the ſea, graſping in the agony of deſpondency the floating cheſts, caſks, and whatſoever they could lay hold on.

I ſhall never forget that horrid ſcene of woe! Two ladies now made their appearance on the ſtern of the veſſel: one of them was the Counteſs, and the other Lady Delier. Amelia expanded her arms towards her lover, who exerted all his ſtrength to join the darling of his ſoul.—She ſeemed to have known the Duke by his undaunted courage. The Baroneſs

wrung

wrung her hands, looking anxiouſly at the ſpectators, and pointing at Amelia, as if ſhe wanted to ſay: leave me to my fate, but ſave my friend! Amelia was ſtanding on the deck without betraying the ſmalleſt ſign of fear, and ſeemed to be reſigned to her impending deplorable doom, beckoning to us, as if ſhe wanted to bid us an eternal adieu. All the ſpectators wept, and rent the air with doleful cries and lamentations. The Duke ſummoned the laſt remains of his ſtrength, ſtruggling with the frothing waves, in order to ſave his miſtreſs from the brink of fell deſtruction; but a mountainous billow of an enormous bulk forced its way through the ſpace betwixt the iſland and the coaſt, darting at the ſhip. In the ſame moment Amelia ruſhed into Lady Delier's arms, encircling her friend in wild agony, and in that ſituation they were buried in the abyſs along with the veſſel.

The ſtupefaction of horror which we were ſeized with, rendered us almoſt incapable of dragging the Duke on ſhore. The ſpirit of the hapleſs man ſeemed to have

have fled to better regions, along with that of his ill-fated bride. He was ſtretched out on the ground, violently bleeding, and ſeemingly a lifeleſs corpſe.

I dropped down by his ſide, ſeized with terror and grief, imprinting kiſſes on his aſh-pale face, contorted by pains. I called his, mine, and at laſt Amelia's name in his ear; but ſeeing him without the leaſt motion at the ſound of the latter, I really feared that he was dead. Pietro beat his breaſt, tore his hair, and rent the air with doleful lamentations. The bye-ſtanders crowded upon us, and perceiving, after many fruitleſs trials, ſome faint veſtiges of life in the Duke, we carried him to the next houſe and put him to bed. The contuſions and wounds he had received, by having been daſhed againſt the rocks, were examined by a ſurgeon, who declared they were not mortal. I uttered a loud ſhout, throwing myſelf on my knees, and offering fervent thanks to God. The Duke opened his eyes and cloſed them again. The ſurgeon deſired us to retire, and not to diſturb his reſt.

While Pietro went on horſeback to the houſe of the Marquis, in order to inform him of the accident that had happened to his ſon, I repaired to the ſtrand, in hopes that the bodies of Amelia and Lady Delier would be driven on ſhore. However the wind having ſhifted ſuddenly, as is uſual in hurricanes, I was obliged to give up the hope of procuring an honourable burial to thoſe unhappy ladies.

The Duke was in a ſenſeleſs ſtupor, when I returned. Alas! his ſpirit ſeemed to tarry reluctantly in a world which ſeparated him from his adored Amelia. But why ſhould I tear open again my half-cicatriſed wounds? I ſhall not enter into a deſcription of his ſituation. I ſtill fancy I hear the ſhrieks of horror, and the wild ſhouts which he uttered during a burning fever, when he fancied he ſaw his Amelia either in dangerous or in happy ſituations. His imagination and his lips were conſtantly occupied with her. When, at length, his fever abated, and his recollection returned, he really fancied the hiſtory of Amelia's hapleſs fate to be the deluſion of a feveriſh dream. Although

I was

I was very cautious to diſlodge this deluſive opinion only gradually, yet the diſcovery of his error affected him ſo violently, that I apprehended it would deprive him, if not of his life, at leaſt of his underſtanding.

Here I cannot omit mentioning a ſcene which happened at the beginning of his amendment. The Marquis had ordered him to be carried to his houſe as ſoon as he began to mend, and nurſed him with paternal care. He came, one day, when the Duke was ſleeping, and I ſitting by his bed-ſide, to enquire how his ſon did: as he bent over the ſleeper, and ſeemed to look anxiouſly whether any ſigns of returning health appeared in his face, he obſerved on the boſom of his ſon a blue ribbon. He pulled it carefully out, and the picture of the Queen of Fr**ce was ſuſpended to it. The countenance of the Marquis reſembled at firſt that of a perſon who is dubious whether he is awake or dreaming; but ſoon after I ſaw his face grow deadly pale, and his whole frame quiver violently. No ſooner had he recovered the power of utterance, than he begged

begged me to retire. Two hours after he left the apartment of my friend in violent agitation, without obſerving me. On my entrance into the ſick room I found the Duke bathed in tears. The ribbon was ſtill faſtened round his neck, but the picture of the Queen was taken from it.

I ſignified to him my aſtoniſhment. He ſqueezed my hand tenderly, and ſaid:—"You are my only friend, for whom I wiſh to have no ſecrets; and yet I am ſo unhappy as to have this wiſh too denied me. Don't preſs me to tell you what has been tranſacted between me and my father; I have been obliged to promiſe with a dreadful oath to take the ſecret along with me in my grave—In my grave!" he added a little while after, "I am impatient to occupy that habitation ever ſince Amelia and Antonio have made it their abode."

"Miguel!" I exclaimed, ſtraining him to my heart, "diſpel theſe gloomy thoughts. You ſhall learn that one has not loſt every thing when in poſſeſſion of a friend like me."

"I know you, and I thank you," he replied, with emotion "let us die together; this world is not deserving to contain us. What buſineſs have we in a world (he added with a ghaſtly look) in which vice only triumphs, and good men find nothing but a grave?"

Reader, do not fancy this language to have originated merely from a tranſient agitation of mind; alas! it originated from a heart exaſperated by the concurrence of the moſt melancholy misfortunes, and this exaſperation was rooted deeper than I had fancied at firſt. It generated in his foul poiſonous ſhoots which injured his religion. He declared it to be impoſſible a good God could deſignedly make good men ſo unhappy as he had been rendered. He aſcribed the origin of his misfortunes to a bad principle, which, having a ſhare in the government of the world, had appropriated his underſtanding merely to the execution of its bad purpoſes. He maintained that it was contrary to the nature of an infinitely good being to effect even the beſt purpoſes by bad means; and if there were in this

world as much diſorder, imperfection, and misfortune, as harmony, perfection and happineſs, this would be an undeniable proof that the world was governed, and had been created jointly by a good and a bad principle. In ſhort, he ſubſcribed entirely to the ſyſtem of the *Manichees*.

I perceived this new deviation of his mind with aſtoniſhment and grief, and thought it my duty to lead him back in the path of truth as ſoon as poſſible, becauſe this error deprived him of the laſt conſolation in his ſufferings. For which reaſon I endeavoured to convince him, that the ideas of a bad and a good principle annul each other; that it is a downright contradiction to believe in the exiſtence of a bad God; that, conſequently, the fundamental ideas of his ſyſtem were abſurd, and, of courſe, the ſyſtem itſelf unſupported. I proved to him that the evil in this world is not inconſiſtent with the goodneſs and providence of God, and that even the happineſs of the wicked, and the ſufferings of the good, ought not to undermine our belief, but rather to

ſtrengthen our hope of a life hereafter, in which every one will receive the juſt reward of his actions. But how convincing ſoever my arguments would have been to any unprejudiced perſon, yet they made very little impreſſion on the Duke, whom the diſharmony and gloominess of his mind had too much prepoſſeſſed for his comfortleſs ſyſtem. Far from finding the leaſt contradiction in it, he was firmly perſuaded that the belief in a bad principle ſerved to defend God againſt the complaints and reproaches of the unfortunate, while he found a great conſolation in venting his reſentment againſt the bad principle, whom he believed to be the author of his ſufferings. He was therefore firmly reſolved to refute the arguments which I had oppoſed to his ſyſtem; and as ſoon as he was able to leave his bed, began to arrange his ideas on that head, and to ſecure them by a proper train of arguments againſt my objections. He had almoſt finiſhed his work when Alumbrado returned from his journey.

It is almoſt incredible, with how much appearance of truth and cordiality he manifeſted his grief at the hapleſs fate of the Duke. He affected ſuch a tender fellow-feeling, and ſo much friendſhip for Miguel, that the latter was charmed with him, and fancied the favourable opinion he had conceived of Alumbrado to be fully juſtified. The hypocrite not only pitied him, but at the ſame time, endeavoured to afford him comfort. Mentioning, however, among other arguments, how wonderful the ways of Providence are, and how God promoted our happineſs even through the evils of this world, the Duke ſhook his head. Alumbrado was ſurpriſed at it, and enquired what objection he had againſt that doctrine? The Duke, who thought him deſerving of his confidence, was ſo imprudent as to unfold to him his new creed; nay, he carried his inconſideration ſo far as to read to him part of his tract which he had wrote on that ſubject. Although I was very much terrified at it, yet I was impatient to know Alumbrado's opinion and behaviour on this occaſion. My aſtoniſhment roſe to

the higheſt degree, when he refuted the arguments of the Duke with a frankneſs which generally is ſuppoſed to ariſe only from love of truth, and defended the goodneſs and providence of God, with an evidence and warmth which can originate only from the light of religion. The dignity and energy with which he ſpoke had an irreſiſtible effect on the Duke; he caſt his eyes upon the ground in dumb amazement, and appeared to be confounded and aſhamed.

I cannot but confeſs that I myſelf began to believe I had been egregiouſly miſtaken in my opinion of Alumbrado's character. I begged his pardon in my heart, and though I could not love him, yet I thought it my duty not to refuſe him my regard any longer.

However, ſoon after two accidents happened which gave me reaſon to apprehend that I had changed my opinion too prematurely. I got intelligence that Alumbrado viſited the houſe of a man whoſe character was very much ſuſpected. Baeza was his name. The important office which he kept at the cuſtom houſe, and the extenſive

extenſive trade he carried on all over Europe, had rendered his houſe reſpected, wealthy, powerful, and honoured. He was a Jew by birth, but changed his religion from political motives. His conduct, at leaſt, did not refute the opinion that he confeſſed only with his lips the Roman Catholic religion, and it had given riſe to much ſcandal when Oliva*ez conferred on him the order of Chriſt. The connection between him and this miniſter was very intimate and not at all ſhaken by the revolution; but continued, only with more aſſiduity and circumſpection, which was no difficult taſk to a conſummate hypocrite like Baeza. It will be obvious that Alumbrado's connection with this man diſpleaſed me for more than one reaſon. Another circumſtance contributed to ſtrengthen my ſuſpicion of Alumbrado's honeſty. The Duke miſſed a ſheet of his tract on the ſyſtem of the *Manichees*. Alumbrado had viſited him frequently, had been alone in his ſtudy many a time where the manuſcript was lying on the writing deſk. The Duke, far from ſuſpecting him, fancied he

had miſlaid the paper, and having renounced that ſyſtem on Alumbrado's perſuaſion, did not care much for that tract.

Although my repeated exhortations and my avowed antipathy had not been able to prevail on my friend to drop all connections with that dangerous man, yet they had retained him from being too intimate with him; however, ſince he knew that I had conceived a more favourable opinion of Alumbrado, he attached himſelf more cloſely to him. The old Marquis obſerved this change with great ſatisfaction, but, at the ſame time, ſaw with greater grief the recovery of his ſon's health make but very ſlow progreſs. The cauſe of it was a ſecret, but rooted melancholy, into which the overflowing exaſperation of his heart and furious agony of mind had changed ever ſince he had adopted the principles of the Manichean ſyſtem. This melancholy corroded his vitals like the ſlow poiſon of a cancer, and ſtopped not only the circulation of the vital powers, but alſo the energy of the ſoul of my unhappy friend in its wonted activity. The ſituation of his mind was therefore

merely

merely paſſive, which rendered him the more ſuſceptible for thoſe external impreſſions which fitted the ſituation of his mind, the leſs power of reſiſtance and ſelf-activity he poſſeſſed. Thus he was an inſtrument which Alumbrado could play on at pleaſure. The latter ſeemed, however, not yet determined what meaſures he ſhould take for attaining his aim; but, unfortunately, the Duke himſelf put him afterwards on the right track. He found particular pleaſure in converſing with his new confidant on the happineſs which loving ſouls would derive from their reunion in a better world, and he neglected me now for no other reaſon but becauſe I could ſay but very little on that ſubject, while Alumbrado's imagination and eloquence were inexhauſtible. I had no hope of giving the mind of the Duke a different turn; his natural vivacity, which formerly ſo frequently avocated his attention from one object, and oftentimes directed it irreſiſtibly to another of a nature entirely oppoſite, this vivacity was entirely extinguiſhed; a gloomy ſameneſs, which was immoveably fixed to the object which

once had attracted his attention, having ſtept in its place. Every terreſtrial joy had fled with Amelia, Lady Delier and Antonio; the ſource from which he at preſent derived his pleaſure, originated beyond the grave. How joyfully would he have overleaped the cleft which ſeparated him from the darlings of his heart, if he had not been kept back by mine and Alumbrado's perſuaſions. This ſtate of mind encreaſed his anxious deſire of diſcovering an artificial bridge of communication with the kingdom of ſpirits. In ſhort, all the ideas he had imbibed in the ſchool of the Iriſhman awoke in his mind with redoubled force. What at firſt had been to him a mere object of knowledge, became now the moſt important concern of his heart. One time he ſurpriſed Alumbrado with the queſtion whether he thought it poſſible to converſe with ſpirits before our death? However the artful man extricated his neck with great dexterity from the ſling, replying, that ſuch a queſtion could not be anſwered in general, nor with a few words. I perceived that Alumbrado viewed the

Duke

Duke attentively and began to muſe, although he had cut off abruptly the thread of the converſation.

No one can conceive how ardently the Duke longed for the arrival of the Iriſhman, of whom he expected to receive the final ſolution of that problem. One rather ſhould think that the Iriſhman ought to have loſt all credit with him, on account of his treacherous behaviour; for not only his firſt promiſe to put the Duke in poſſeſſion of Amelia by means of his ſupernatural power; but alſo the ſecond, that he would initiate him in the practical myſteries of his ſupernatural wiſdom, as ſoon as the revolution ſhould have been accompliſhed, was ſtill incompleted. However, the Duke excuſed him, inſtead of ſuſpecting his having deceived him. "Hiermanſor," he ſaid, "is not all-powerful; how could he therefore, avert that fatal blow from Amelia's head? Hiermanſor has not fixed the day of his return; perhaps he has been detained by buſineſs of the greateſt conſequence, or means to try the meaſure of my confidence in him; but whatever may be the reaſon of his

non arrival, he certainly will not omit to make good his word." Alumbrado aſked him who that Hiermanſor was? and the Duke related to him at large his adventures with that man, without betraying the ſhare he had had in the revolution. I expected that Alumbrado, who at once was made acquainted with ſo dangerous a rival, would do his utmoſt to ruin his credit; but I was miſtaken; all that he ventured to ſay, was, indeed, very much againſt him; but he added, that one ought not to judge prematurely on ſo great and deep a character.

This lenient judgment was not ſufficient to cure the Duke of his deluſion; although his confidence in the Iriſhman was very ſtrong, yet his patience was very weak, and my reaſoning againſt Hiermanſor began to make him uneaſy. Several times was he going to make public inquiries after him, but the apprehenſion of offending him without being able to find him out always prevented him from doing it. At laſt, when the Iriſhman did not appear after a long and fruitleſs expectation, my friend took it in his head

to

to inquire after the Count de Clairval, and in case he should discover him, to seize him either by fraud or art, because he expected to receive from him some information of Hiermansor. Alumbrado desired the Duke to give him a description of the Count. "He is almost of my size," my friend replied, "but fair, of an interesting countenance, and a tranquil, gentle seriousness, generally characterizes his mien, which, however, frequently bespeaks the most jovial humour; his nose is rather of the aquiline kind, his mouth almost woman-like handsome, and his chin falls a little back, yet without disfiguring him." "If you wish to get him in your power," Alumbrado replied, "I will endeavour to *spell-bind him*; but then I shall want his picture; could you delineate it on a piece of paper?" The Duke, who as little as myself knew what to think of this offer, looked alternately at me and at Alumbrado. "Indeed," the latter continued, "I wish to possess the picture of the Count; leave the consequence to me." "If you really wish to possess it," my friend replied, "you shall have it."

Possessing

Poſſeſſing a great ſkill in drawing ſtriking likeneſſes, he finiſhed the portrait the day following, aſſiſted by his imagination, and gave it to Alumbrado. We were impatient to learn what he was going to do with it; however, he viſited the Duke four days without mentioning the picture; but on the fifth day informed him in what hotel he would find the Count. We were looking at him in dumb aſtoniſhment, when he added, "Make haſte, now you can ſurpriſe him, and if he ſhould refuſe to follow you, you only need to tell him that the guard is waiting for your order to ſeize him."

Alumbrado had ſpoken the truth; the Duke found the Count in his apartment. The latter was at firſt incapable of uttering a word, but having recovered from his aſtoniſhment, he declined in a faltering accent to accept the invitation of my friend. But when he heard the Duke talk of the guard, and ſaw that he was a priſoner, he ſubmitted to his fate. The Duke ordered his trunk to be carried to his coach, and then drove with him to his palace.

Appre-

Apprehending that the Count would be reſerved in the preſence of a third perſon, he had previouſly requeſted me to retire with Alumbrado to a cloſet, where we could hear and ſee them without being obſerved. The introduction to their diſcourſe had already been finiſhed in the carriage, conſequently we heard only the continuation. As ſoon as they had entered the room, the Duke deſired the Count to give him the key of his trunk, which was delivered to him without heſitation. While he was opening the trunk and ſearching for papers which he could not find, the Count took his letter-caſe out of his pocket and threw it in the chimney fire.

Although the Duke haſtened to ſave it, yet a great part of it had already been conſumed by the flames. The reſt he locked up in his writing deſk.

"Why have you done this?" he ſaid to the Count with riſing anger.

"Becauſe I do not like to have my ſecrets wreſted from me by force."

The Duke took ſeveral turns in his apartment in order to recover his equanimity,

nimity, and then rung the bell. "Wine," he called to the ſervant, who brought it immediately and retired.

"Count," ſaid the Duke in a mild accent, "the wine poſſeſſes the virtue of rendering people communicative and ſincere. Let us drink."

"You ſhall draw my ſecrets from me neither by force nor artifice. I ſhall at leaſt have the merit of confeſſing voluntarily, what I can, and dare confeſs."

"Very well. However, wine poſſeſſes alſo the virtue of diſpelling animoſity and perplexity. Come, let us drink."

The Count conſented to it.

"Firſt of all," ſaid the Duke, after they had been ſeated, "tell me where is Hiermanſor? He promiſed to pay me a viſit as ſoon as Por***al ſhould be delivered from the Spa**ſh yoke, but has not been as good as his word."

"He could not. Affairs of the greateſt importance have called him to Braſil, where he very probably is at preſent."

"Do you think that he will fulfil his promiſe after his return."

"Undoubtedly! But why do you wiſh for his viſit."

"He has promiſed to initiate me in the myſteries of an occult philoſophy. You are perhaps capable of ſupplying his place."

"No, my Lord."

"But you will be able to afford me ſome information with reſpect to thoſe illuſions by which I have been put to the teſt?"

"Yes!" the Count replied, after a pauſe.

"I only deſire you to explain to me the more intricate and moſt important deceptions, for the reſt I hope to unfold without your aſſiſtance."

"Moſt of them you will already have diſcovered by the papers which you have ta— found in my trunk."

"How do you know that?" The Duke aſked with aſtoniſhment.

"I know it from Hiermanſor."

"And by whom has *he* been informed of it?"

"By

"By your Grace."

"By me? I do not recollect to have discovered to him any thing."

"Not directly; however, you have betrayed yourself."

"On what occasion?"

"When he paid you a visit at **ubia. Do you not recollect to have asked him whether he had discovered to Amelia that your real father had not been the murderer of her Lord? This you could not have known if you had not seen my papers."

"It is true," the Duke replied after a short silence, "however, those papers did not extend farther than to the time when Hiermansor was taken up in your and my tutor's presence. I was then going to descend into the subterraneous vaults of a ruinous building, in order to take a brilliant pin out of the hair of a sleeping virgin."

"I know it; but you would have found neither the sleeping virgin nor any of those things which Hiermansor told you you would meet with."

"Is

"Is it poſſible; ſhould he have riſked a fraud in which I ſo eaſily could have found him out?"

"He knew before-hand that you would not get to the bottom of the ſtaircaſe, for it was ſettled previouſly that I ſhould appear in time with the officers of the police, and recall your Grace by firing a piſtol."

"Indeed!" ſaid the Duke with aſtoniſhment, "now I recollect another very ſtrange incident. I ſhould perhaps not have deſcended without your interference, for I was ſeized with an uncommon anxiety, which increaſed every ſtep I proceeded. I cannot conceive what was the reaſon of it; however it ſeemed as if an inviſible power puſhed me back."

"This I will explain to you. Don't you recollect that a thick ſmoke aſcended from the abyſs? A ſtupifying incenſe which poſſeſſed the power of ſtraitening the breaſt, and creating anxiety, was burning at the bottom of the ſtaircaſe."

"I cannot but confeſs," the Duke ſaid, after a ſhort pauſe, "that the execution was not leſs cautious than the plan has

has been artful. I had indeed been impelled, at that time to believe that Hiermanſor was not only poſſeſſed of the knowledge of ſubterraneous treaſures, but alſo of the power and the inclination of affording me a ſhare of them, and that it had been merely my fault to have returned empty handed. His curſory account of the wonderful things I ſhould meet with in the abyſs had contributed to ſet my imagination at work, and I was more deſirous to ſee thoſe miraculous things, than to get poſſeſſion of the jewels."

"Your Grace reſented it very much that I had interrupted that adventure by the ſeizure of Hiermanſor."

"Indeed I did, but what view had you in doing it?"

"It was of great conſequence to me, to prove myſelf to you and your tutor, in an inconteſtible manner, an implacable enemy of Hiermanſor. How could I have effected it better than by ſeizing him? the magiſtrate was an intimate friend of mine, and the whole farce pre-concerted with him."

"Then

"Then the Iriſhman has not been taken up ſeriouſly?"

"The officers of the police had been ordered to ſet him at liberty as ſoon as he ſhould be out of your ſight."

"Now I can comprehend why you ſo obſtinately oppoſed me when I intreated my tutor to make an attempt at delivering Hiermanſor.—But what would you have done, if I had perſiſted in my reſolution of taking that ſtep?"

"Then you ſhould certainly not have done it alone; I would have accompanied you to the magiſtrate, who, undoubtedly, would have found means of conſoling you with reſpect to Hiermanſor's fate. It ſeemed, nevertheleſs, not to be adviſeable to ſuffer you to remain any longer in the neighbourhood of the theatre where that ſcene had been performed. You might have peeped behind the curtain without our knowledge, and your tutor could have made ſecret enquiries. An accident might eaſily have betrayed to you that the proceſs againſt Hiermanſor was a fiction; in ſhort, we could not have acted with ſafety and li-

berty

berty while you ſhould have been near the ſcene of action, and for that reaſon the magiſtrate was ſuborned to endeavour to perſuade you to a ſpeedy flight, in which he ſucceeded to our greateſt ſatisfaction."

"Now it is evident how Hiermanſor could ſhew ſo much tranquillity and unconcern when he was taken up, how he could promiſe to ſee me at **n, and make good his promiſe."

"The latter was indeed an eaſy matter; however he wanted to render his re-appearance intereſting by concomitant extraordinary circumſtances. A lamentable incident procured him the means of effecting his purpoſe. You will recollect the execution of Franciſka, the too late diſcovery of her innocence, and the nocturnal funeral to which I invited you.—Hiermanſor could not have re-appeared to you on a more remarkable opportunity. At that period, when your ſoul was thrilled with gloomy melancholy and chilling ſenſations, the ſight of a man whom you ſuppoſed to languiſh in a dungeon, or perhaps to have finiſhed already his career

reer on the ſtake, could not but make the deepeſt impreſſion on you. You know that he omitted nothing that promiſed to enforce that impreſſion."

"But how could he then already know that I had been raiſed to the ducal dignity?"

"He had received early intelligence of it by a letter from a friend, who was intimate with the ſecretary of your father."

"Let us drop the diſcourſe on the ſcene of that night, it is accompanied with too horrid and painful ideas. Let us repair to the retired cell of the royal hermit, where no inferior miracles are crowding upon us. Firſt of all, tell me whether you really think him to be the old baniſhed King?"

"I do, indeed, not only becauſe Hiermanſor has told me ſo, but alſo becauſe his whole form reſembles in a moſt ſtriking manner, the picture of the real King."

"But when do you think he will aſcend the throne of Port**al?"

"I ſuppoſe, very ſoon!"

"Do

"Do you, indeed? I can ſee, as yet, no preparations for it. They even do not *talk* of the old King; every one believes him to be dead; I think it would be time to ſpread the news of his being ſtill alive."

"I muſt confeſs that I have neither heard nor ſeen any thing of him ſince we left him in his cell. I hope Hiermanſor's return will be the period of his taking poſſeſſion of the throne. Perhaps he intends to introduce him in triumph in Port**al."

"It ſeems, at leaſt, that they are very intimately connected. Do you recollect how Hiermanſor appeared at night, in a manner equally myſterious and ſurprizing, when he was ſummoned by the royal Hermit."

"O! as for that juggling trick—"

The Duke ſtarted from his chair. "A juggling trick—this too ſhould have been a juggling trick?"

"How can you be ſurprized at this diſcovery?"

"The incident was indeed wonderful enough

enough for giving reaſon to think it ſupernatural."

"You are right. That artifice could not but produce an aſtoniſhing effect on an uninformed ſpectator. The Hermit pronounces ſome unintelligible words while he kiſſes the picture three times; the lamp is extinguiſhed and lighted again, as if it were by an inviſible hand; a ſudden noiſe is heard, and a flame flaſhes over the picture. All this is very ſurpriſing. However, if one knows that the altar, on which the picture is placed, conceals a machine, that the Hermit's finger touches a ſecret ſpring, and this puts the wheels of the machine in motion, that the wick in the lamp is connected with it, and pulled down and up again through the tube in which it is fixed; if one knows *how* Hiermanſor entered the cell, then the whole incident will be diveſted of its ſupernatural appearance."

"But this very appearance of Hiermanſor is entirely myſterious to me."

"And yet it has been effected in a very ſimple manner. A moveable board, which could be puſhed to and fro without the

leaſt noiſe, was concealed among thoſe of which the cell was compoſed. Hiermanſor ſtole through that hidden avenue as ſoon as he ſaw from without, through a ſmall hole, the lamp extinguiſhed. He could enter without the leaſt danger of detection, becauſe you had turned your back towards him, and fixed your attention entirely on the altar."

"Then every thing had been previouſly prepared and pre-concerted with the King?"

"Certainly!"

"And the whole conduct of the King has been regulated by Hiermanſor?"

"Yes, my Lord."

"The incident," the Duke replied after a pauſe, "now ceaſes, indeed, to appear miraculous to me; however the behaviour of the King ſeems to me ſo much the more myſterious. How is it poſſible that this reverend old man could conſent to deceive me in ſo degrading a manner?"

"It was no eaſy taſk to perſuade him to it. However, after Hiermanſor had exhauſted his eloquence in vain, he declared

clared at length proudly, that no other choice was left him, than either leaving his crown for ever in the poſſeſſion of an uſurper, or to conſent to that innocent artifice. The King thought he was bound to chooſe the latter, for the benefit of the empire and his private happineſs."

A long ſilence on both ſides. At length the Duke reſumed: "Hiermanſor ſhowed me the ghoſt of my tutor at the church-yard; by what means has that been effected?"

"Your Grace will allow me to leave this queſtion unanſwered!"

"For what reaſon?" the Duke aſked with ſeeming coolneſs.

"Becauſe my anſwer would explain nothing to you."

"Why do you think ſo? the explanations which you have given me, as yet, have been very ſatisfactory to me."

"They concerned only things which you were able to comprehend."

"Indeed! you pay me a very bad compliment!"

"My Lord, do not miſunderſtand me, you have been telling me a little while

ago, that you have not yet been initiated by Hiermanſor in the laſt myſteries of his philoſophy!"

"I did, but what follows thence?"

"That you are ſtill in want of the knowledge which will be requiſite, if you are to be capable of comprehending the appearance of your tutor."

"Don't pretend to perſuade me that this apparition has been effected by ſupernatural means."

"I will perſuade you to nothing, I only tell you what I know."

"And I tell you only what I do not believe. All the other incidents ſhould have been effected by deluſive arts, and Antonio's appearance only be excepted?"

"The appearance of Antonio was no deception."

"You will never make me believe it."

"I cannot blame you for it."

"Why not?"

"Becauſe I have forfeited the right of deſerving credit."

The Duke was ſilent, viewing the Count attentively. The latter reſumed: "Beſides, it is very indifferent to me what you

think of the mattter. Hiermanſor may ſet you right."

"How far are you connected with Hiermanſor?"

"Very much like *you*. He has made himſelf my maſter, and I am ſubſervient to him."

"Do you ſerve him with reluctance?"

"With devotion."

"Then you will know to whom you are devoted?"

"I don't know much more of him than your Grace."

"Even that little which you know of him would be remarkable to me, if authentic."

"I ſhould tire your patience if I were to repeat to you all the improbable ſtories which are related of him. There are, however, very few credible accounts of him."

"I proteſt I ſhould be glad to know them."

"Even the true family name of Hiermanſor is not known to me. He is ſaid to have been born in Ireland, of plebeian parents. A near relation who profeſſed

aſtrology, had obſerved the ſtars on his birth, and propheſied great things of him. The ſame man perſuaded his parents to give him a learned education, which they afterwards repented ſo much the leſs, when they perceived the aſtoniſhing progreſs in learning which he made. When he had attained the years of adoleſcence, his relation inſtructed him in mathematics and aſtronomy. The fame of Hiermanſor's great learning procured him the place of governor in a noble family. The eldeſt daughter fell in love with him, and the language of her eyes ſoon betrayed to him the impreſſion he had made on her heart. She was a blooming beauty, who had attracted by her uncommon charms, and rejected many woers of high rank. It had been reſerved for Hiermanſor to kindle in her heart the firſt ſpark of love, and yet he appeared inſenſible of his good fortune. But he was not. He entertained a high ſenſe of the preference given to him: honeſty and prudence commanded him, however, to conceal his ſentiments for a perſon who was ſo far ſuperior to him in point of rank. Yet youthful age is

not

not always capable of maintaining the rigorous dictates of reason against the seducing voice of the passions, and thus Hiermanfor betrayed, in an unguarded moment, the secret of his heart, which was received with rapture by the young lady, and carefully concealed in her bosom. But from that moment he resolved to endeavour to rise to a situation which would permit him to woo the hand of his mistress without blushing. This bold idea had no sooner taken place in the soul of the resolute youth, than he began to delineate a plan for the execution of it. Hiermanfor thought the naval service would be the shortest way of attaining a splendid fortune, and instantly navigation became the chief object of his study. He found very soon an opportunity of putting his acquired knowledge in practice, which he chiefly owed to the support of the family in which he had been tutor. The proofs of uncommon skill which he gave in naval matters, soon raised him to the rank of a captain, when his mistress died. Hiermanfor resigned his place in the navy,

and was received as *lay brother* in the order of the Carmelites. Having performed his vow he was ſent to Rome, where he got acquainted with a prieſt of the ſame order, whoſe name was Father Gabriel, and who was famed for his great ſkill in phyſic and natural knowledge. Inſtructed by that learned man, he improved rapidly, and acquired at the ſame time great knowledge in natural magic, in which his relation had already inſtructed him.

" A genius like his could not, however, confine himſelf for a length of time to cloiſtered retirement and a ſpeclative life. His ſuperiors ſent a miſſion to the Indies, and Hiermanſor got leave to make that journey with the miſſionaries. There he is ſaid to have acquired among the Bramins the knowledge of the occult ſciences, in the myſteries of which he has promiſed to initiate your Grace. I do not know what prompted him to leave the order afterwards. His ſuperiors parting with him reluctantly, rendered it very difficult for him to procure diſpenſation from his vows. At length he got leave to retire

retire, under the condition never to be inimical to the order.—This is all that I know of his life."

"Then every thing the Magiſtrate and the Hermit have related of him is a fiction?" the Duke enquired after a ſhort ſilence.

"Not at all!" the Count replied, "almoſt all thoſe accounts are founded on facts, though they have been embelliſhed by fictitious epiſodes. The ſurpriſing feats of Hiermanſor, of which you have been informed, were however effected merely by means of natural magic."

"For inſtance, the delivery of the old King from the caſtle of St. Lukar—how has it been effected?"

"It certainly has been performed by Hiermanſor's acuteneſs, though not through him alone."

"And the apparition of Antonio at the church-yard—"

"Has been effected by his ſupernatural power."

"Count! by all that is dear to you, by Hiermanſor's friendſhip, by our recon-

ciliation, what is your real opinion of that apparition?"

"That it was effected by his ſupernatural power!"

The Duke roſe and preſſed the Count's hand. "Have you any ſecret wiſh which I could ſatisfy? ſpeak freely, and I will ſatisfy it, coſt it what it will, only make a frank and candid confeſſion."

"I have confeſſed every thing already."

"If you, perhaps, heſitate to diſcover your real ſentiments here, you may fix ſome other place, and I pledge my honour, that no man living ſhall be made acquainted with your ſecret."

"My dear Duke! I have indeed told you what I think."

"Count, I conjure you, by every thing ſacred, by the horrors of eternity!" here the Duke encircled him with his arms, "by Amelia's ſpirit, tell me what do you think of that apparition?"

"I believe *that* apparition to have been effected by Hiermanſor's ſupernatural power," replied the Count after a ſhort ſilence.

The

The Duke ſtepped a few paces back, and having viewed him ſome time with a ſtern look, ſaid, "You are my priſoner, do you know that I can ſend you to the dungeon?"

"I am in your power."

"Where you will not be *entreated* to ſpeak the truth?"

"Even on the rack I ſhall not contradict what I have ſaid."

"Come!" ſaid the Duke, after he had walked up and down the room in ſilent meditation; "Come, I will give you ſome time for conſideration."—So ſaying, he led the Count into another room where he locked him up.

"What ſhall I do with that fellow?" he ſaid to me when he returned to us, "believe what he has ſaid and ſet him at liberty; or miſtruſt and retain him?"

"Retain him," my reply was; "if he ſees that you are in earneſt, he certainly will confeſs."

Alumbrado was of the ſame opinion, our advice was however neglected, for the next morning when I went to ſee the Duke, I found the Count had already been libe-

rated. The matter happened in the following manner:

The Duke had paid him one more visit at night, in order to get some explanation of Amelia's history, asking the Count whether his account of Amelia's adventures had been strictly true, or intermixed with fiction? The Count confessed frankly that he had not been very conscientious in his relation, but had added to his picture many fictitious strokes; nay, that he had disfigured even the principal incidents by interpolation, in order to encrease by his adventrous tale, the Duke's propensity to wonderful incidents, and thus to render Amelia more interesting to him. The Duke asked him how he could have risked a fraud which the first meeting with the Countess could have laid open to him. "I was well aware," the Count replied, "that you as well as Amelia would be prompted by the tender harmony which made your hearts beat in unison, to avoid speaking of incidents which would have introduced Amelia's late Lord and her love for him." The Duke asked him whether the Irishman had not acted in concert

concert with Lady Delier? "Only as far as he made uſe of her to direct the love that had taken place between your Grace and Amelia," the Count anſwered; "the conditions and reſtrictions under which the Baroneſs was to aſſiſt in forwarding your mutual union are unknown to me." The Count being aſked, whether that wonderful note by which Amelia had been releaſed from her vow of eternal fidelity to her deceaſed Lord, had been a contrivance of Hiermanſor's natural ſkill, or the effect of ſupernatural power; the Count replied, the latter had been the caſe. The Duke had been affected ſo much by the repeated mention of his Amelia, that he began to melt in tears. The Count thought this ſtate of mind very propitious for regaining his liberty, and obtained it without difficulty. What could the Duke have refuſed in that ſituation to Amelia's brother-in-law?

Alumbrado ſeemed to be not leſs diſpleaſed with this event than myſelf. My hope that the Count would entirely deſtroy, by an ample diſcovery of the juggling tricks of the Iriſhman, the Duke's belief

belief in the ſupernatural ſkill of the latter was now utterly deſtroyed, for he had not unfolded the moſt important myſtery; the apparitition of Antonio at the churchyard. Yet I derived ſome conſolation from the papers of Clairval, which were ſtill in the hands of the Duke, and propoſed to throw ſome light on that extraordinary incident. My friend himſelf ſeemed to entertain the ſame hope, and although the papers had been partly conſumed by the fire, yet he was not diſcouraged, and undertook the laborious taſk of decyphering them. We retired leſt we ſhould diſturb him.

The next morning Alumbrado came to my palace, informing me that he went to pay a viſit to the Duke, but had not been admitted. We concluded from this, that he had not yet finiſhed decyphering of the papers.

The Duke joined us about an hour after with gloomy looks, he gave me ſome writings and ſaid, "that is all that I could make out; read it and edify yourſelf."—

I began to read aloud, "Beloved and truſty—" the Duke interrupted me—"It is a letter

a letter to Hiermanſor, written by the Lady of the late Duke of B——a, at a time when he had little hope of aſcending the royal throne of P——l.

'Beloved and truſty! I have read all 'your letters to our Privy Secretary, 'along with the note by which you ac- 'quaint him with your intention of in- 'troducing Miguel to the Hermit. I 'always read your letters with admira- 'tion, yet I cannot but conſeſs that I have 'great reaſon to ſuſpect you have it 'more at heart to be admired, than to 'gain Miguel over to our party. I ſhould 'think Miguel could have been ſecured 'to us in a ſafer, eaſier, and more expedi- 'tious manner, and you would have ſaved 'yourſelf a great deal of time and trou- 'ble if you had attempted it. Why are 'thoſe ſuperfluous machinations, why 'thoſe expenſive, intricate, artificial, and 'give me leave to add, thoſe fragile ma- 'chines which ſo eaſily may be deſtroyed? 'You could certainly have enſnared Mi- 'guel in a more ſimple and a leſs pre- 'carious manner. Machineries like thoſe

'which

'which you have made uſe of are always 'liable to the danger of being diſcovered 'by accident, which may ruin the whole 'plan.

'You will perhaps reply, that, if he 'ſhould make ſuch a diſcovery, it would 'be of little conſequence; that you know 'this Miguel too well, are too ſenſible of 'your ſuperiority, that he cannot do with-'out you, and that you keep him in chains 'which he will not be able to ſhake off, 'though your whole miraculous web 'ſhould be diſſolved in ſmoke. But, if 'ſo, wherefore thoſe needleſs artifices? 'What benefit will ariſe from your mira-'cles and ghoſts? The love intrigue 'with Amelia, and the charm of your 'eloquence would have been ſufficient for 'gaining Miguel over to our party.

'I may be miſtaken, your proceedings 'are however riddles to me, if I do not 'ſuppoſe that an arrogant activity has 'prompted you to contrive extraordinary 'intrigues, and to have recourſe to mar-'vellous machineries. People of your 'genius are wont to do ſo. You deſpiſe 'the ways of common men, force new

'roads

'roads through insurmountable rocks, entangle your man in numberless magic 'fetters, with no other view, than to have 'the pleasure of seeing your prisoner ensnare himself deeper and deeper by his 'attempts to regain his liberty. The simple, artless turn of a play, does not suit 'a genius like your's, which delights only 'in knitting and dissolving intricate knots, 'and in having recourse to artificial, complicated machines; obstacles and dangers serve only to give additional energy to your activity. Miguel was, perhaps, only an object which was to serve 'you for trying your skill and art, in order to see how far you could rely on 'your capacities for more important opportunities.

'But however it be, I am rather bound 'to thank you for your zeal to serve our 'cause, than to criticise the choice of the 'means you have made use of. Accomplish what you have begun, and you 'may be sure of my favour and active 'gratitude.'

While I had been reading, the Duke walked up and down the room with hasty strides.

ſtrides. He now ſtopped. "Well, Marquis! well, Alumbrado!" ſaid he, "do I not act a charming part in this letter?"

We remained ſilent, becauſe we ſaw that he was violently agitated.

"They treat me as a ſimpleton, as a blockhead. Is it not true?"

"How you exaggerate it!" ſaid I. "They aſcribe to you want of experience, and that is all."

"O Marquis, don't you ſee in what a tone, and with how much contempt the proud woman ſpeaks of me?"

"She is a woman who miſtakes you."

"Heavens and earth! and I ſhould brook her injuries without taking revenge?"

"My Lord!" Alumbrado ſaid, "in what relation have you been to the Ducheſs? I cannot ſee the connection of the whole affair?"

The Duke explained this connection to him, by diſcovering the ſhare he had had in the revolution.

Alumbrado was all attention during this account, and when it was finiſhed

ſeemed

ſeemed to be abſorbed in profound meditation.

"Friend!" ſaid I to the Duke, "there are ſome more written leaves"——

"It is Hiermanſor's anſwer to the letter you have been reading."

I read the letter aloud.

'It is with no ſmall aſtoniſhment 'that I find myſelf called to an account, 'in the letter which your Grace did me 'the honour of writing to me, for a point 'which I ſincerely wiſh never had been 'mentioned. The remarks you have 'made on it redound as much to the 'honour of your Grace's penetration and 'ſagacity, as they tend to mortify me by 'betraying me into a confeſſion, which I 'would have refuſed to make to any mortal 'living, except to ſo noble a challenger.

'My ſecond letter to your Privy Secre-'tary, explaining ſufficiently the motives 'which have prompted me to gain Miguel 'over to our party by the arts of natural 'magic, I think I need not add new 'arguments to thoſe contained in that 'letter, if your Grace will take the trou-'ble to re-peruſe and to ponder them at-

'tentively.

'tentively. Beſides the reprehenſion of
'your Grace is directed leſs againſt the
'means which I have made uſe of, than
'againſt the manner of their application.
'You aſk in your letter, why I have had
'recourſe to ſuch ſuperfluous machina-
'tions, to ſuch expenſive, intricate, arti-
'ficial, and fragile machines? Indeed you
'think too contemptibly of Miguel. His
'penetration, as well as his great know-
'ledge, raiſe him far above the common
'men of his age; his underſtanding, which
'has been improved under the tuition of
'an Antonio de Galvez, is not to be im-
'poſed upon ſo eaſily as you think. Be-
'ſides, you will have the goodneſs to
'conſider that he was not the only perſon
'I had to deal with, and that his tutor, who
'never ſtirred from his ſide, was always
'ready to cut aſunder the magical bonds
'in which I had entangled him. But why
'do I heſitate any longer to tell you the
'plain truth? My deſign was not di-
'rected againſt Miguel alone, but on his
'tutor too. It was the moſt ardent wiſh
'of my heart to gain this man to our party
'by my magical arts, and that was it
which

'which forced me to have recourſe to 'ſo many machinations, and ſuch expen-'ſive and complicated machines. If my 'deſign upon him had been crowned with 'ſucceſs, Miguel too would have been an 'eaſy and certain conqueſt.

'If your Grace ſhould aſk what has 'prompted me to form ſo daring a plan, 'and what reaſons I had to hope for ſuc-'ceſs? I beg you will condeſcend to pon-'der the following points: Count Galvez 'was an inſurmountable obſtacle in my 'way to Miguel, which rendered it neceſ-'ſary either to draw him in our intereſt, 'or to remove him from his pupil. It 'will be obvious to you for what reaſon 'I reſolved to attempt the former, if you 'will conſider how much advantage our 'affairs would have derived from ſo va-'luable a conqueſt. If we could have 'made ſure of Antonio, we then ſhould 'alſo have drawn the court of Rome in our 'intereſt by his interceſſion. Before the 'the preſent Pope was raiſed to the papal 'throne, he and a number of perſons of 'the higheſt rank were intimately con-'nected with him. We could, therefore,

'have

'have expected to intereſt for our cauſe by 'his influence a court, which will become 'our moſt dangerous enemy, if it ſhould 'not take our part; and I apprehend this 'will be the caſe.*

'What a triumph would it have proved 'to me, if I had ſucceeded in my at-'tempt to ſubdue this man through my 'magical operations, and to catch in *one* 'ſnare two perſons of ſo great an import-'ance to our cauſe. The idea of inſnar-'ing the Count by means of miracles and 'ghoſts was, indeed, a very bold one, 'but not ſo inconſiderate as it may ap-'pear at firſt ſight. Antonio has ſpent 'the earlier years of his youth in a monaſ-'tery at Rome. It was not unknown to 'me, that experience and meditation 'have enabled him afterwards to diveſt 'himſelf of the prejudices which there 'have been inſtilled in his mind: I was, 'however,

* On the margin of the manuſcript, the following note was written by an unknown hand: 'The Iriſh-'man has not been miſtaken, for nine years are now 'paſt ſince the revolution has taken place, and the new 'King of Port***l, has not yet been acknowledged by 'the court of Rome.'

‘ however, at the ſame time, well aware
‘ that the impreſſions we receive in our
‘ juvenile days, are re-produced with vi-
‘ vacity on certain occaſions. I alſo
‘ knew that his philoſophy does not deny
‘ the exiſtence of ſpirits, and the hope of
‘ futurity which he defended with enthu-
‘ ſiaſm, renders the human mind but too
‘ prone to give credit to the apparitions
‘ of ſpirits, if they have the appearance of
‘ reality. Even his propenſity to ſpecu-
‘ lation, his fondneſs of ſolitude, the inte-
‘ reſt he took in ſuperſenſitive objects,
‘ his melancholy temper, prompted me to
‘ expect that my artifices would find ac-
‘ ceſs to his heart; and if the heart is but
‘ intereſted for ſomething, then the under-
‘ ſtanding too is generally *half* gained.
‘ However, he who intends to gain it *en-*
‘ *tirely*, muſt take care not to expoſe his
‘ blind ſide to a keen-ſighted and pert ge-
‘ nius, and for that reaſon I was obliged
‘ to endeavour to carry the illuſion to
‘ the higheſt degree of probability; I was
‘ under the neceſſity of attempting to
‘ make it impoſſible to Count Galvez to
‘ penetrate my deluſions. This will con-

‘ vince

‘ vince your Grace that my plan, how
‘ bold ſoever it might have been, has not
‘ been formed without *probability of ſuc-*
‘ *ceſs*. However, when Count Clairval
‘ began to cultivate a more intimate con-
‘ nection with Antonio, I was made ſenſi-
‘ ble that my expectations have been too
‘ ſanguine.

‘ He entreated me to give up a deſign
‘ that never could ſucceed. Prudence
‘ commanded me to follow his advice,
‘ though it mortified my ambition ex-
‘ tremely. No other expedient was now
‘ left than to remove Count Galvez from
‘ his pupil, becauſe I apprehended that
‘ he would ruin my deſign on Miguel.
‘ Your Grace knows how ſucceſsfully this
‘ was executed.

‘ Perhaps you will aſk, whether it
‘ would not have been poſſible to gain
‘ Count Galvez for our cauſe by ſome
‘ other means? I muſt reply in the nega-
‘ tive. Miguel could indeed have been
‘ enſnared by other means, but not more
‘ *expeditiouſly*; (and every thing depended
‘ upon diſpatch) but his tutor never.
‘ The latter is attached to the King of

‘ Sp**n

'Sp**n with unſhaken loyalty, becauſe 'he thinks it his *duty* to be loyal; and a 'man of fifty years, of ſo firm and rooted 'principles, cannot be enticed from what 'he thinks to be his duty, before it ceaſes 'to be duty to him. But what power upon 'earth could abſolve from *a duty ſuch* a 'man? Here ſupernatural powers muſt 'interfere and abſolve him, beings from 'another world muſt appear as bails.

'I can ſcarcely think that the failure 'of this plan has originated from a fault 'of mine, for I have tried every means 'of exhibiting my miracles and ghoſts in 'a ſhape of probability. Yet this has en-'tangled me on the other ſide in a very 'diſagreeable dilemma. Michael, to whom 'his tutor has rendered ſuſpected even 'my moſt conſummate artifices, muſt be 'kept ſteady in the courſe he once has 'taken. I ſhall, perhaps, be neceſſitated 'to perform ſomething quite extraordi-'nary in order to fix the mind of this 'wavering young man who is conſtantly 'preſſing forwards. Thus I think to 'have given a ſatisfactory anſwer to the 'queſtion why I have introduced ſo ex-

'penſive, complicated and artificial ma-
'chines.

'If your Grace ſhould aſk why I have
'kept my deſign on Miguel's tutor ſo ſe-
'cret, then I muſt tell you, that I con-
'cealed it ſo carefully becauſe I intended
'to ſurpriſe the confederates unexpect-
'edly by my valuable acquiſition, if I
'ſhould have ſucceeded; and if not, to
'ſpare myſelf the mortification of having
'it ſaid that I had undertaken a taſk to
'which my powers were not equal. I
'hope your Grace will reward my frank
'and plain confeſſion by burying it in
'eternal ſecrecy.'

I returned the letter to the Duke, and a long ſilence enſued. He broke it firſt.

"My friend, you know my adventures with this Iriſhman, what do you think of him?"

"How can you aſk that queſtion after all the diſcoveries we have already made?"

"I wiſh to have it anſwered by you."

"I think," ſaid I in a pathetic accent, "that Iriſhman muſt be a ſupernatural being."

"Ridicule

"Ridicule me as long as you pleaſe—I cannot but confeſs that he is, nevertheleſs, incomprehenſible to me."

"My dear Duke, I know what I am to think of the Iriſhman, but I ſcarcely know what to think of you."

"You diſapprove of my connection with that man."

"Very much."

"Tell me your ſentiments without reſerve; I know you have had a ſtrong deſire for ſome time to come to an explanation with me."

"You have been ill, and I wiſh to ſpare you."

"I don't want your forbearance. Speak."

"At another time, my friend, at another time."

"No delay. Alumbrado is no ſtranger to my hiſtory, and conſequently may hear your obſervation on it."

"If you inſiſt upon it, then I muſt tell you that I am extremely vexed at the idea that the fellow, who dared to ſport with your underſtanding has enjoyed the triumph of guiding you in leading-ſtrings

whitherſoever he choſe. I am glad that you have rendered his magical labours ſo toilſome; I am rejoiced at the reſiſtance which you have oppoſed to his attacks; but it grieves me that he has conquered you ſo diſhoneſtly and artfully. I cannot but confeſs that the artifice to which your penetration yielded, has been enormous; however, I am angry with you becauſe the man whom you really had diſcovered to be a cheat, ſucceeded a ſecond time in gaining your confidence."

"Do you then imagine that the Iriſhman has impoſed on me in the latter period of our connection as well as in the beginning of it?"

"Undoubtedly."

"That this occult ſcience conſiſts merely in juggling tricks?

"In *natural* arts of all kind."

"By what natural means could he have effected the apparition of Antonio at the church-yard?

"I cannot tell; however, we ſhould probably have learned it from the Count if he had not been ſuffered to eſcape."

"I am

"I am glad you remind me of the Count. Why did he refuſe ſo obſtinately to explain that incident in ſpite of my prayers and menaces, declaring ſolemnly that it had been effected by ſupernatural means, although he has candidly diſcovered the reſt of the deluſions of the Iriſhman. What benefit could he expect from deceiving me any longer, the revolution being eſtabliſhed, and conſequently his end attained?"

"Has he not confeſſed that he is in the ſervice of the Iriſhman? Can you know what orders he has received from his employer? Was not the veil of myſtery which the Count has thrown over that incident, the only remaining mean of ſupporting the authority of his lord and maſter? Who knows what he would have confeſſed if you had ſhown a firm reſolution to enforce your menaces?"

"I confeſs I acted very weakly and raſhly, in ſuffering him to eſcape ſo ſoon."

"At bottom it matters very little. What confidence could you have repoſed in the confeſſion of a man, who on a for-

mer occaſion has impoſed you in ſo ſhameleſs and daring a manner? And what will you ſay if I prove to you that he has belied you the laſt time too?"

"You aſtoniſh me."

"Don't you recollect that he pretended the note through which Amelia has been abſolved from her vow by her late Lord, to have been the effect of Hiermanſor's ſupernatural power?"

"Not only the Count, Hiermanſor too has made me believe it."

"Both of them have told you a barefaced lie."

"Friend, how will you be able to make good your charge?"

"By proving that pretended miracle to be a juggling trick."

"You have raiſed my expectation to the higheſt pitch."

"I have learned that trick of a juggler, and I am ſure that which the Iriſhman has made uſe of is the ſame. He gave Amelia a blank ſlip of paper, and directed her to write the queſtion on the upper part of it. Here you muſt regard three points; firſt of all, that he *himſelf* gave

gave the paper to Amelia; ſecondly, that he deſired the queſtion to be written on the upper part of it; and thirdly, that he dictated the queſtion to her; he then put the paper on the table, fumigated the apartment with an incenſe of his own compoſition, and requeſted the Counteſs to look at the paper in the morning. It was very natural that the anſwer to the queſtion was ſeen beneath it, having been previouſly written with ſympathetic ink the preceding evening, but firſt rendered viſible in the night by the fumigation. Very likely it had been written by the Count, who could imitate the hand-writing of his brother."

The Duke gazed at me a long while, ſeized with dumb aſtoniſhment. At length he clapped his hands joyfully, exclaiming, "O! my friend, what a light have you caſt upon that dark myſterious affair."

"A light," my reply was, "that will aſſiſt you to ſee clearly how diſhoneſtly the Iriſhman and the Count have dealt with you to the laſt. They endeavoured to perſuade you that you had been de-

ceived at firſt, merely for the ſake of probation, and that you had been paid with ſterling truth after Paleſki's diſcovery. Poor deceived man; you have always been beſet with lies and deluſions; the ſole point in which they differed from each other, conſiſting merely in the ſuperior art which the latter impoſitions were contrived with."

"Then you believe that the apparition at the church-yard has alſo been a deception, like the incident with the miraculous note."

"Yes, I have every reaſon to think ſo. When I have once caught a perſon in the act of committing a fraud, I then have the greateſt right to ſuppoſe that he has repeatedly impoſed upon me; and when I am convinced that he has frequently deceived me, I then have the greateſt reaſon to conclude that he has cheated me the laſt time alſo."

"Then you think a real apparition of a ghoſt to be impoſſible."

"Why do you aſk that queſtion? All that we have to decide at preſent, is, whether

whether the Iriſhman or any man living can effect ſuch an apparition."

"You want to evade my queſtion."

"Indeed not!"

"Then tell me, do you think apparitions of ghoſts to be poſſible?"

"Tell me, does not this queſtion imply, that, are men capable of ſeeing ghoſts?"

"Certainly."

"That I deny."

"You think that no man living has that capacity."

"And not without reaſon. We can ſee only thoſe objects which throw an image on the retina of the eye, and conſequently only expanded things; a ſpirit has no expanſion, and therefore cannot be ſeen by us."

"You cut it very ſhort."

"My argument is valid."

"Yet you have demonſtrated nothing elſe but that we cannot ſee *pure* ſpirits; we may, nevertheleſs, be capable of ſeeing ſpirits in bodily clothing."

"This I grant without the leaſt heſitation, for daily experience proves it.

We ſee *men*, of courſe we ſee ſpirits in *bodily clothing*."

"You fancy to eſcape me by this turn; but you are miſtaken. You allow that we can ſee ſpirits if clothed in a bodily covering."

"What we *ſee* is always nothing but the bodily covering; but we muſt *conclude* by other marks and circumſtances, whether it be inhabited by a ſpirit. Beſides, there is in the whole dominion of our *ſenſible* knowledge not one being that anſwers our idea of a ſpirit; this idea has been produced merely by *reaſoning*, and therefore a ſpirit never can become an object of our *perception*."

"Very ſtrange!" the Duke replied, ſhaking his head; "the Iriſhman has ſaid much the ſame, and nevertheleſs, he hit upon an expedient of proving to me the poſſibility of apparitions."

"I have read that argument; it is taken from the dialectic. This circumſtance alone ought to have made you ſuſpect it. Or are you ſuch a novice in that ſcience that you ſhould not know how pliable it is to accommodate itſelf to all opinions? Thoſe

Thoſe philoſophers who fancy all the beings of the whole creation to be ſpirits, as well as thoſe who deny the exiſtence of God, draw their arguments from that ſource. Is there any abſurdity that could not be fitted to that baſeleſs philoſophy?"

"You are carrying matters too far. The Iriſhman did indeed propound ſeveral poſitions, which by their evidence enforce their claim to truth."

"That I do not deny. A great deal of philoſophical penetration is however required, if one ſhall be able to diſcern the truth and falſehood, which its aſſertion imply in a ſtrange and motly mixture. One feels indeed, frequently, the falſehood of ſophiſtical ſubtilties without being able to refute them."

"I ſhould be glad to know what you have to object againſt the doctrine of the Iriſhman concerning the poſſibility of apparitions?"

"In order to do this, it will be neceſſary previouſly to abſtract his doctrine.

"When a ſpirit," the Iriſhman ſays, operates on mine, then he is preſent to me. If I were a mere rational being, I

then ſhould be ſatisfied with *imagining* the preſence of the ſpirit, *without* myſelf; but ſince I am a ſenſible being, by virtue of my nature, my imagination forms a corporeal idea of the object which my underſtanding *thinks*; that is, it forms an image of it. The preſence of a ſpirit, therefore, puts my inferior intellectual powers in motion by means of the ſuperior ones; I do not only imagine it merely without myſelf, but I perceive, at the ſame time, a ſhape anſwerable to it; I not only collect the ideas which he produces in my mind, but, at the ſame time, ſhape them in words. In ſhort, I ſee the ſpirit and hear him ſpeak.——Do you think, my friend, that I have comprehended the doctrine of the Iriſhman?"

"Perfectly!"

"The ſhape in which I ſee the ſpirit is, conſequently, no real ſubſtance, but only the product of my ſenſitive power of perception, of my imagination."

"Very right."

"Conſequently, the ſeeing of a ſpirit is, indeed, founded on a ſpiritual influx, which, however, is formed and ſhaped at

pleaſure by our imagination; therefore, on every apparition of ſpirits truth would be intermixed with illuſion, and the notions which have been inſtilled in our mind by our education, and all the prejudices we have imbibed in our infancy, would act an important part on every occaſion of that kind?"

"I perceive what you are aiming at."

"Then tell me, what would the gift of ſeeing ſpirits and ghoſts benefit us, ſince the ſpiritual effect could not but be interwoven ſo cloſely with the phantoms of our imagination, that it would be impoſſible to diſcern reality from the groſs illuſions which it is ſurrounded with?"

The Duke was abſorbed in ſilent meditation, and I continued:—

"Don't you ſee that *ſuperſtition* thus would be at full liberty to exerciſe its ſway over us, becauſe we ſhould be led to believe that even the moſt abſurd deluſions of our imagination *could poſſibly* be founded on a ſpiritual influx?"

The Duke continued to be ſilent, and I reſumed:—

"And

"And don't you see that it would be impossible to discern a ghost-seer from a lunatic?"

The Duke started up: "How, from a lunatic?"

"Undoubtedly. The characteristic of lunacy consists in mistaking mere objects of the imagination for real substances, existing without ourselves, the original cause of which is a convulsion of the vessels of our brain, which are put out of their equilibrium. This suspension of the equilibrium can arise either from weakness of nerves, or from too strong a pressure of the blood towards the head, and mere phantoms of our imagination then appear to us, even while awake, to be real objects without ourselves. Although such an image should be but faint at first, yet the consternation at such an apparition, so contrary to the natural order of things, would soon excite the attention, and impart to the phantom a vivacity that would not suffer the deluded person to doubt its reality. It is therefore very natural; for the visionary fancies he sees and hears very plainly, what no person besides him perceives,

ceives, or imagines he ſees ſuch phantoms appear and diſappear ſuddenly, when they are gamboling only before *one* ſenſe, that of *ſight*, without being perceived through another ſenſe; for example, that of *feeling*, and therefore appear to be penetrable. The diſtemper of the viſionary does not affect the underſtanding immediately, but only the ſenſes; in conſequence of which the unhappy wretch cannot remove the deluſion by arguments of reaſon, becauſe the real or ſuppoſed perception through the ſenſes, always antecedes the judgment of the underſtanding, and poſſeſſes an immediate evidence which far ſurpaſſes all reflection. For which reaſon I can blame no perſon who treats the ghoſt-ſeers as candidates for the lunatic hoſpital, inſtead of looking upon them as people belonging, partly, to another world."

"Marquis, Marquis!" the Duke ſaid, ſmiling, "you uſe the ghoſt-ſeers very ill. I ſhould leave them entirely at your mercy, if the Iriſhman had not promiſed to communicate to me a criterion by which

which one can diſcern real apparitions from vain phantoms of the imagination."

"It is a pity he has only promiſed it, it being probable that this promiſe will not be performed with greater punctuality than the reſt of his engagements."

"The event will prove how much you wrong him."

"But what would you ſay, if I could prove that he can communicate to you no criterion of that nature?"

"If you could do this—"

"Nothing is eaſier. The criterion whereby a real apparition of a ghoſt could be diſcerned from an illuſion, muſt be either external or internal: that is, you muſt be able to aſcertain the preſence of a ghoſt, either by means of your ſenſes, or by concluſions deduced from the impreſſion your mind receives. Don't you think ſo?"

"It would be much ſafer if theſe two criterions co-exiſted."

"It would be ſufficient if only one of theſe two criterions were poſſible. However you ſhall ſoon be convinced that neither can be proved. Whatever you per-

perceive, or ſuppoſe you perceive by means of your ſenſes, in caſe of an apparition, is either a real material object, whereby perhaps an impoſtor, perhaps nature, who is ſo inexhauſtible in her effects, or an accidental meeting of uncommon incidents ſurpriſes you; or it is an object that exiſts no where but in your heated imagination; what you perceive through your ſenſes never can be the ſpirit himſelf, becauſe ſpirits are incorporeal beings, and therefore neither can be ſeen, heard, nor felt; it is, conſequently, evident that no external criterion of the reality of an apparition can exiſt."

"This, I think, cannot be diſputed."

"But there exiſts perhaps an internal criterion. In order to decide this queſtion, let us conſider what paſſes in the human mind when a ghoſt appears. Firſt of all, a lively idea of the preſence of a ghoſt takes place, and ſenſations of terror, aſtoniſhment and awe ariſe—however this idea and theſe ſenſations, may be nothing elſe but the conſequence of an uncommon, though natural external impreſſion of a feveriſh fancy, and conſequently

quently never can be indubitable proofs of the preſence of ſpirits. But perhaps the preſence of ſpirits is aſcertained by the co-exiſtence of certain extraordinary notions, ſenſations, and cognitions? This too cannot be, for we muſt be convinced that they could not ariſe in our ſoul in a natural manner, if we ſhall be able to aſcertain their having been produced by the influence of a ſpirit. In that caſe it would be requiſite we ſhould know the whole ſtore of our clear and obſcure ideas, all their reciprocal relations, and all poſſible compoſitions which our imagination can form of them, a knowledge that is reſerved only for the omniſcient Ruler of the world. If we happen ſometimes, in our dreams, to have the moſt wonderful viſions, to reaſon in the moſt ſenſible manner, to diſcover new truths, and to predict incidents which afterwards really happen; why ſhould not the ſame faculty of the ſoul which produces ſuch uncommon effects in our dreams, ſurpriſe us ſometimes with ſimilar operations while we are awake, when it is agitated in a violent manner? In

ſhort,

ſhort, my friend, there exiſts neither an internal nor an external criterion whereby we could aſcertain the reality of an apparition."

"O how inſufficient is human reaſon!" the Duke groaned, "how ambiguous the faculty through which we fancy we reſemble the Godhead, and that guides us much unſafer than inſtinct directs brutes. But a ſhort time ſince I thought it to be conſonant with reaſon to believe in apparitions of ghoſts, and now I am convinced of the contrary. Your arguments have pulled down what thoſe of the Iriſhman have conſtructed, and thus I am conſtantly driven from one belief to the oppoſite one. Where ſhall I find, at length, a fixed point to reſt upon? O! how happy is he, who undiſturbed by the reſtleſs inſtinct of thinking, and of inveſtigating the nature of things, reſts in the lap of faith!"

I had not yet recovered from my aſtoniſhment at the ſpeech of the Duke, when Alumbrado aſked me, after a ſhort pauſe:

"Then

"Then you think it abſurd to believe in the poſſibility of apparitions?"

"A belief that has no firm foundation is abſurd."

"You then think every apparition, however it be ſhaped—"

"Is deluſion, the ſource of which ariſes either from external natural cauſes, or flows from our bewildered imagination, or from both at once."

"One queſtion more!" the Duke ſaid, "What do you think of the occult wiſdom which Hiermanſor is ſaid to have learnt from the Bramins?"

"That it conſiſts in a profound knowledge of phyſic and natural hiſtory."

"And the ſupernatural power he is boaſting of—?"

"Is nothing but a ſkilful application of that knowledge?"

The Duke remained ſilent for ſome time, and then reſumed:—

"You think it impoſſible for mortals to acquire a ſupernatural power?"

I ſmiled.

"It ſeems you deny alſo the poſſibility of miracles!" Alumbrado ſaid with a dread-

dreadful look, which he however ſoon ſweetened again.

"I am convinced of the poſſibility of miracles," I replied, "becauſe it is ſelf-evident that God, who is the author of the laws of nature, can alter and ſuſpend them; but this only the Creator can do; man, conſequently, is not capable of working miracles."

"But men can become inſtruments in the hand of God," Alumbrado continued, "whereby Providence performs miracles!"

"Undoubtedly, but no wretches like the Iriſhman. The eternal ſource of truth and holineſs can never employ, as an immediate inſtrument, an impoſtor who deals in lies and artifice."

"Where will you find a mortal without fault?" the Duke ſaid, "indeed you are too much prejudiced againſt the Iriſhman. He did not deceive me out of malice or ſelfiſhneſs, but only for the ſake of a juſt and noble purpoſe."

"Actions that are in themſelves immoral, like impoſition and lies, never can be rendered moral by the juſtneſs of their

their end, and an organ of the Godhead never can employ means of ſo culpable a nature. But, my friend, if you really are perſuaded the furtherance of the revolution to have been a noble and juſt action, why has the Iriſhman been obliged to exert all his arts to prevail on you to aſſiſt in the execution of that undertaking?"

The Duke caſt his eyes to the ground, and Alumbrado left us. Miguel ſeemed to be penetrated with ſhame and confuſion, and continued for ſome time to keep his eyes rivetted to the ground without uttering a word.

I took him affectionately by the hand: "It was not my intention to tell you my opinion of your adventures with the Iriſhman in Alumbrado's preſence; you have forced me to do it, and I could not help telling my mind freely."

"I thank you for it."

"Your obſtinacy and my frankneſs may prove fatal to me."

"How ſo?"

"It will perhaps coſt me my life and liberty."

"I do

"I do not comprehend you."

"I have declared myſelf againſt the belief in apparitions, and Alumbrado is perhaps at preſent on the road to the inquiſition, in order to inform againſt me."

"Have you not yet conquered your prejudices againſt him? Don't be uneaſy, and ceaſe judging unjuſtly of a man againſt whom you have no reaſon of complaint, except a countenance which you do not like."

"You did not obſerve the fiend-like look he darted at me. O my friend, whatever may befall me, I will ſubmit willingly to it, if I have ſucceeded in recalling you from your errors!"

"I thank you for your love, but I apprehend very much I am one of thoſe unhappy men of whom you have been ſaying, that no arguments of reaſon can remove their deluſion. I am ſenſible that my ſenſation has an immediate evidence, which overpowers every perſuaſion of the underſtanding—this I am ſenſible of, as often as I recall to my mind the apparition at the church-yard."

"You

"You view me with looks of pity," the Duke continued after a ſhort pauſe, "I divine your thoughts. However, if you had ſeen what I have witneſſed—"

"Then I ſhould have been aſtoniſhed at the artful deluſion, and the dexterity of the Iriſhman."

"And at the ſame time would not have been able to conceive, as well as myſelf, how it could have been performed in a natural manner."

"I grant it; but I never conclude that any thing has been performed by ſupernatural means, becauſe I cannot comprehend how it could have been effected in a natural manner. There was a time when you fancied the apparition in Amelia's apartment to have been effected by ſupernatural means, and yet it was not ſo. Who would have the childiſh arrogance to fancy his intellectual faculties to be the ſcale of the powers of nature, and his knowledge the limit of human art?—However the apparition of the church-yard has ſome defects, which its author could not efface in ſpite of his dexterity, and which eaſily would have diſpelled the

the deluſion before the eyes of a cool obſerver. The Iriſhman could not give to the phantom the accent of Antonio's voice, how ſkilfully ſoever he imitated his features. That the apparition did not move his eyes and lips, nor any limb, is alſo a ſuſpicious circumſtance, that proves the limits of the artificer's ſkill. But what renders the reality of the apparition moſt ſuſpicious is, undoubtedly, your friend's ignorance of what *his* pretended *ſpirit* (conſequently his proper *ſelf*) told you at the church-yard; for if he had known any thing of it, he would not have concealed it from the Prince of Braganza, in whoſe arms he died, much leſs from you, in his farewell letter. Finally, if you conſider what your tutor has told the Prince about his ſtatue, which has been cut in wood during his impriſonment, you will find it very probable that the Iriſhman has made uſe of it in ſome manner or other for effecting that deluſion."

The Duke ſtared at me like a perſon ſuddenly roufed from a profound ſleep.— "Marquis!" he ſaid, at length, "you have opened my eyes; but my unwont

looks are unable to penetrate another fact I cannot expel from my memory."

"Again, an apparition— ?"

"Which, however, did not happen to me, but to my father."

"You mean the apparition of Count San* ?"

"The very same."

"Your *father* has related to me all the particulars of it; I have reflected upon it, and imagine I am capable of explaining it in a natural manner. Your father received, two days before the ghoſt appeared to him, a letter, by which he was informed that the Count was dangerouſly ill, and that his life was deſpaired of on account of his advanced age. This intelligence affected him violently, and the idea of the impending diſſolution of his deareſt friend, prevailed in his mind from that moment. The melancholy of your father ſeemed to encreaſe hourly, reduced him in the day to the ſtate of a dreaming perſon, and diſturbed his reſt at night. As often as he awoke in the ſecond night, he fancied he heard ſomebody groan, yet the groaning perſon was undoubtedly nobody

body but himſelf, and the cauſe of his groans originated from the preſſure of the blood againſt the breaſt. This preſſure awakened him once more, early in the in the morning, with ſome violence; he fell again aſleep a few minutes after, and it was very natural that the object of the dream that ſtole upon him ſhould be no other but Count San*. Your father miſtook that dream for a real apparition and nothing is more pardonable than this ſelf-deceit. The only circumſtance that renders this incident remarkable, is, that the Count really expired in that very hour. However, I aſk you whether it be ſo very ſtrange, if our imagination, which deceives us ſo many thouſand times by its deluſions ſhould at length coincide once accidentally with the truth?"

"One rather ought to wonder," the Duke replied, "that this is ſo rarely the caſe."

"Here you have two inſtances of apparitions," I reſumed, "which agree in their being deluſions, only with that difference, that one of them which happened at the church-yard originated from external

cauſes, and the other from the imagination of your father. We are not always ſo fortunate as to be able to explain appations in ſo natural a manner; our incapacity and ignorance gives us, however, no right to think that they are ſupernatural."

"You think then that the belief in apparitions and the influence of ſpirits originates merely from ignorance?"

"Certainly; when man was yet in his unpoliſhed ſtate, and ignorant of the laws of nature and of thinking, the unciviliſed mortals could not but obſerve many external phenomena which they could not explain, their ſtock of experimental knowledge not being equal to that taſk. Neceſſitated by the law of reaſon to ſearch for the cauſe of every effect, they ſubſtituted unknown cauſes, when unable to find out any that were known to them, and miſtook theſe powers for ſpirits, becauſe they were inviſible to them, though they perceived their effects."

"I do not deny, my friend, that the original ſource of the belief in apparitions, and the influence of ſpirits, has taken its riſe from an evidently falſe concluſion. It

It has however been frequently the fate of truth that its discovery was founded on erroneous premises; consequently the manner in which an idea is generated cannot render its internal truth suspected, provided it be supported by other valid arguments."

"Your remark is very just and true, yet it cannot be applied to the present case, for I have already proved that we possess neither an external nor an internal criterion by which we could discern the influence and apparition of those invisible beings, and that we consequently have no sufficient reason to believe in their existence. This too I will not contest. You have, however, proved only the impossibility of finding out a criterion by which we could discern the real influence of spirits, but not the impossibility of that influence itself. It may yet be supposed that these beings can produce apparitions without, and effects within ourselves, and that we are connected with them in an effectual and secret manner. While this internal impossibility is not proved, it will not be absurd to imagine

that men who mortify their ſenſuality, who are entirely abſorbed in meditation, and fix their looks merely on ſuperterreſtrial things, may be favoured more frequently with the influence of ſpiritual beings, and a more intimate connection with them."

"I will not pretend to ſay that this claſs of men qualify themſelves for ghoſt-ſeers by the mortifications you have been mentioning; it is however certain, that they are in a fair way of becoming fanatics and madmen. At the ſame time, I think it very imprudent to ſacrifice every earthly pleaſure, to neglect the duties we owe to human ſociety, on account of the poſſibility of a matter, the reality of which is founded on no arguments whatever. It is no abſolute impoſſibility that I ſhould one time be made a Mandarin of China, yet the bare poſſibility of it will certainly not induce me to trouble my head with the ſtudy of the Chineſe ſtate-politics in order to qualify myſelf for that dignity. Moreover, it is not only poſſible, nay, it is probable that the moon is inhabited by rational beings, I ſhall nevertheleſs certainly

tainly not be anxious to give any offence to the man in the moon by my actions. But to be ſerious, my friend, the point of your queſtion is not, whether it be poſſible ſpirits ſhould have an influence on us and external objects, but whether we really do poſſeſs a certain and deciſive criterion whereby we can aſcertain the reality of that influence; and I think I have ſufficiently proved that we poſſeſs none. Nay I even maintain, that if ſomething ſhould not only be poſſible, but alſo really exiſt, yet its exiſtence is no concern of mine, while I cannot aſcertain its exiſtence by a ſufficient ground, while it does not manifeſt its exiſtence to my knowledge by certain and indubitable criterions."

"But your objection," I reſumed after a ſhort ſilence, "may be purſued ſtill further. You maintain that I could not prove the internal *impoſſibility* of the influence of ſpirits on human beings, and thus far you are right; but I have an equal right to maintain that you alſo cannot prove their *real poſſibility*; for in that caſe it would be requiſite to know not only what a ſpirit is according our idea,

but alſo what it is in *itſelf*; and that only the Author of ſpirits can know. We know our own ſoul only by its effects, and no mortal can explain the *eſſential nature* of this firſt cauſe of all our ideas and actions. For that very reaſon it ever will be concealed from us whether it is related at all to ſpirits here below, and what the nature of that relation is? Here, my friend, are the limits of human reaſon, beyond which we cannot proceed without falling in with the empty ſpace of ſophiſtical phantoms. While you ſhall remain within the lawful boundaries, you never will have reaſon to complain of the inſufficiency of human reaſon, as you have done juſt now. It is criminal arrogance to overleap the ſacred limits, to which Providence has confined it; for the eternal wiſdom of God is equally entitled to our regard by what it has denied, as by what it has granted us. Deſcend, therefore, my friend, deſcend from the empty ſpace to which the Iriſhman had ſeduced you, to the firm ground of experience and common ſenſe! Happy is he who looks upon this ground as a poſt allotted

lotted to him, which we can never tranſgreſs without being puniſhed, and which implies every thing that can afford us ſatisfaction while we keep firm to what is uſeful."

About ſix weeks after this converſation I happened, one night, to ſup with the Marquis in the company of his ſon and Alumbrado. Our diſcourſe on the new government was growing very warm, when the clock in the room ſtruck ten. Alumbrado ſuddenly grew deadly wan, and ſeemed to be ſtruck dumb; his eyes ſtared at one ſpot, and he reſembled a lifeleſs ſtatute. We looked at each other with aſtoniſhment; the old Marquis was the firſt who called to him, but received no anſwer, and ſtarted up ſeized with terror. The Duke and myſelf followed his example; our endeavours to reſtore Alumbrado to recollection were, however, fruitleſs; he remained in profound ſtupefaction. Not knowing what had happened to him, we were going to ſend for a phyſician, when he roſe from his chair like a perſon to whom nothing uncommon has happened, and told us with the greateſt

unconcern, "This very moment a ſtrange accident has happened 300 miles from hence. At *li*, at the Sun Tavern, the picture of the new King which was hung up in the dining room, gave occaſion to a diſcourſe concerning him. One of the gueſts ſaid a great deal to his praiſe, manifeſting, at the ſame time, a ſtrong apprehenſion that the King of S——n might not ſubmit ſo quietly to the loſs of the crown of P——l, and perhaps, reclaim it by force of arms. Another gueſt declared this to be a vain idea, maintaining that the new King was as firmly fixed on his throne as his picture oppoſite him on the wall: but no ſooner had he pronounced theſe words, when the picture ſuddenly fell to the ground with a tremendous noiſe."

Here Alumbrado ſtopped. While we were ſtanding around him in dumb aſtoniſhment, he eyed us with the firm look of a perſon who has related an incident of which he has been an eye witneſs. Aſtoniſhment and horror ſeized me, and I did not know what to ſay. The Duke recovered firſt from his ſurpriſe, aſking him by what means he had got that intelligence.

gence. "I muſt beg you," Alumbrado replied in a low accent, "to ſuppreſs a queſtion to which I can give no ſatisfactory anſwer. However," he added with emphaſis, "you may rely on the truth of my intelligence."

He had not deceived us. On the ſixth day after this extraordinary incident, letters from *li* arrived confirming the ſame event, and nine days after, it was reported in the foreign newſpapers. It really happened on the ſame evening, and the ſame night when Alumbrado had informed us of it.

Being unexpectedly honoured by the new King with a commiſſion that obliged me to leave the kingdom of P——l, ſoon after this extraordinary incident had happened, I was not at leiſure to inveſtigate the ſource of Alumbrado's prophecy; nor could I learn the Duke's opinion of it; my deluded friend beginning to grow very cloſe and reſerved in my preſence. It grieved me to be obliged to leave him in Alumbrado's power, under ſuch critical circumſtances, I could however, not delay my departure. The Duke tore

himself from my embraces with weeping eyes, and promised to write frequently to me.

A week after my arrival at the place of my destination, I received a letter from my friend, which I am going to transcribe faithfully.

'I have had to-day a most important 'conversation with Alumbrado. The 'principal subject of it was the old con-'cealed King of P——l, for whose resto-'ration I had interested myself. "Can 'you seriously believe—" Alumbrado 'said, "that the person with whom you 'have conversed at the Hermitage, has 'really been the old King of P——l? It 'seems you did not even suspect that the 'introduction of the old man was a jug-'gling farce, which was acted with a view 'similar to those of the other delusions of 'the Irishman? Although we should sup-'pose that the King had not been killed 'in the field of battle, and that he himself 'had been the identical person who was 'confined at the castle of St. Lukar, which 'however, has not been proved, yet the

'whole

'whole affair would ſtill bear a very ſuſpi-
'cious aſpect. Not to mention the great
'improbability of his eſcape from a well-
'guarded caſtle, where he was kept in
'cloſe confinement, and of his having at-
'tained an age of 108 years notwithſtand-
'ing the hardſhips he ſuffered in the field
'of battle, and in his priſon.—I only beg
'you to conſider who it was that intro-
'duced him to you as King of P —l? Was
'not the Iriſhman that perſon? At the
'ſame time, give me leave to recal to
'your recollection, that Count Clairval
'has confeſſed that the pretended King
'acted in concert with that impoſtor, and
'then tell me ſincerely, what ground you
'have to believe ſuch an improbability on
'the teſtimony of two cheats? Perhaps
'you will appeal to his great reſemblance
'to the late King? But have not three
'perſons before him pleaded ſimilar marks
'as proofs of the identity of their per-
'ſon, and nevertheleſs been unmaſked as
'impoſtors? My good Duke, on mature
'conſideration it ſeems that the Iriſhman
'relied very much on your youth and the

'abſence

'abſence of your tutor, when he impoſed 'upon you by that juggling trick."

"Ah! what ideas do you recall to my 'memory! (I exclaimed) that letter from 'the Queen and the anſwer of the Iriſh-'man.—"

'Very right! (Alumbrado interrupted 'me) theſe letters ſufficiently prove, that 'you was conſidered as a young man who 'promiſed to be a fit inſtrument for exe-'cuting their deſign. And it is no longer 'a ſecret what that deſign was, and in 'whoſe head it has been hatched out. The 'proud Ducheſs of B——za had a longing 'for the crown of P——l, and it was ſhe 'who perſuaded the Duke to form a plan 'of ſeizing it. Your aſſiſtance, my dear 'Duke, was wanted for attaining that aim, 'but the conſpirators foreſaw at the ſame 'time, that you would refuſe it, your an-'tipathy againſt your illuſtrious relation 'being no ſecret to them. For that rea-'ſon they pretended that the Duke of 'B——a had no other view but to replace 'the old King on the throne of his anceſ-'tors. It was neceſſary you ſhould be 'made to believe that he was ſtill alive

and

'and in ſafety; for that purpoſe the her-
'mit was brought on the ſtage, and acted
'his part with no common ſkill."

"Damned complot!" I exclaimed, with
'riſing indignation." "Compoſe yourſelf,
'my Lord," Alumbrado reſumed, "your
'anger will now avail you very little.
'Take care not to manifeſt your indigna-
'tion too loudly, leſt the new King might
'forget that you are his relation, and have
'aſſiſted him to aſcend the throne. You
'can do nothing elſe at preſent, but to
'ſubmit humbly to his authority; and I
'adviſe you at the ſame time not to neg-
'lect paying due regard to the Queen, for
'ſhe rules the King and the empire. Do
'not expect that the preſent King will
'yield the ſceptre he has uſurped to any
'man living. If you don't believe me,
'you may inquire of him after the old
'King, and he will tell you, that he has
'reſigned the government to him, becauſe
'he feels himſelf unequal to the arduous
'taſk of ruling a large kingdom, on ac-
'count of his advanced age, or perhaps
'that he is dead."

'My

'My dear Marquis, what do you think 'of this? I fear Alumbrado is not mis- 'taken, and I am in a ſtate of mind that 'would render it imprudent for me to 'appear at court; but as ſoon as the 'tempeſt that ruffles my mind ſhall be 'ſubdued, I will pay a viſit to the new 'King in order to come to the bottom of 'the truth.'

'P. S. You will be ſo kind to con- 'tinue to direct your letters to Li*bon, 'for neither I nor my father ſhall leave 'the town this ſummer.'

Before I could return an anſwer to this letter, I received a ſecond, the contents of which were as follow:

'Will you believe, my friend, that 'I deſired three times to have an au- 'dience, before my royal couſin conde- 'ſcended to admit me to his preſence? 'This utter want of regard and gratitude 're-kindled my indignation in ſuch a 'manner, that I entered the royal apart- 'ment in a way that was not very confo- 'nant with the court etiquette. The 'King,

'King, however, received me very courteously, pretending to be extremely sorry that the accumulated affairs of state had not allowed him to receive my visit sooner, declaring at the same time that he was very glad to see me. "I am come, (I replied) in order to tell you that I am surprised that the old King has not yet made his appearance, and released you from the heavy burden of state business."

"Don't you know that he is dead?"

'The emotions that I felt at these words are beyond all description; and my astonishment, the paleness that overspread my face, and my silence, must have betrayed them to the King.

"At what are you astonished thus? not at the death of an old man of a hundred and eight years?"

"No," I replied after a pause, "but I am surprised that he died at so seasonable a period."

"Will you explain yourself more distinctly?"

"I think it is a very strange accident that the royal hermit should have entered

'tered the kingdom of heaven, and left
'your Majeſty the terreſtrial crown, juſt
'when he was to ſhow himſelf to the peo-
'ple as their lawful king."

"It was an accident."

"And a very fortunate one for your
'Majeſty."

"What do you call fortunate? My
'family had a lawful claim to the crown
'of P—t—l, and I have an additional
'right to the poſſeſſion of it becauſe I
'have torn it from the head of the uſurper
'at the riſk of my life. I would, how-
'ever, have reſigned it cheerfully to my
'grand uncle if his death had not de-
'ſtroyed that plan. You are miſtaken
'if you think the lot of a King to be ſo
'enviable. The burden of government
'lies heavy on my ſhoulders."

"O! there are means of alleviating
'that load."

"Of which I ſhall make as little uſe as
'poſſible, for it will be the chief object
'of my cares, and will afford me the
'greateſt pleaſure to render my people
'happy."

"Who

"Who could doubt it? Yet I think 'one ought to make the death of the de-'ceaſed King publicly known."

"If we could but firſt convince the 'people that he has been alive lately. 'The profound incognito behind which 'he concealed himſelf, throws an inſur-'mountable bar in our way. No one 'would believe us."

"Upon my honour, I almoſt diſbelieve 'it myſelf any longer."

"You are right; one needs not to *be-'lieve* what one is convinced of, for you 'have ſeen him with your own eyes. If 'fate had ſuffered him to ſhow himſelf 'in public, every one would have ac-'knowledged him to have been the per-'ſon that he really was, the old lawful 'King of P—t——l. Having, however, 'lived and died in obſcurity, the whole 'matter may remain a ſecret, and that ſo 'much the more becauſe the diſcovery 'would be intirely uſeleſs. It is there-'fore my royal pleaſure that no mention 'whatever be made of it. Farewell! '(he added after a ſhort pauſe) you will 'always find me your affectionate King."

'Thus

'Thus ended my audience. Do not 'desire me, my friend, to diſcloſe to you 'the ideas and ſenſations which it pro- 'duced within me. I ſhall endeavour to 'obliterate even the recollection of that 'ſcene.

'Alumbrado is very much diſpleaſed 'with the manner in which I have ſpoken 'to the King. "Do you imagine," ſaid he, 'that his offended pride ever will forgive 'you the torments of that ſelf-denial 'which the patience he has oppoſed to 'your galling language has coſt him? The 'ſacrifice which he has made to his policy 'by that painful forbearance, will cer- 'tainly coſt you dear. Henceforward, 'you muſt renounce every hope of being 'promoted; for he will be careful to 'keep in ſubmiſſion, and at a proper diſ- 'tance, a man of ſpirit, as you muſt have 'appeared to him. This is perhaps the 'leaſt misfortune that threatens you; 'your warmth, your ill-timed frankneſs, 'may produce conſequences of a more 'ſerious nature. Alas! why have you 'not been on your guard? Have I not

'adviſed

'advised you to appear with humility in 'his presence?".

'Alumbrado had certainly the most 'friendly view in reprimanding me thus; 'he did not know that every word of his 'wounded my heart like a two-edged 'dagger.

'I have been interrupted by the visit 'of a Prelate of very high rank. He 'came to inform my father and myself, 'that the Vice-Queen of P—t——l had 'been imprisoned by the order of the 'King, because she has had the impru-'dence to declare that the new King had 'usurped the throne in a fraudulent man-'ner, and that it was the duty of every 'inhabitant of P—t——l to acknowledge 'only the King of Sp—n as his lawful 'sovereign, because the voluntary oath 'of allegiance the P—t—se had sworn to 'the latter, could not be made void by 'that which the Duke of B——a had ob-'tained by artifice and force. "I cannot 'conceive," the Prelate added, "what rea-'sonable objection can be alledged 'against this declaration; but neverthe-

'less,

'leſs, no one dares to affirm it, for fear of 'ſharing the fate of the Vice-Queen."

'The Vice-Queen and the Prelate, ap- 'pear to me to be in the right. How- 'ever, what can be done? Farewell, my 'friend, and let it not be long before you 'favour me with an anſwer.

'P. S. This very moment I received 'an anſwer to a letter I had wrote to a 'friend near the place where the hermit 'lived. He informs me that the old man 'expired four months ſince, worn out 'with age.'

I ſuſpected already from the firſt letter, but more ſo from the ſecond, that the Duke was in danger of taking a courſe from which he could not return too ſoon. I imagined I had diſcovered the deſign which Alumbrado had formed upon him, and ſhuddered at the idea that he might carry his point. Yet my ſuſpicion againſt Alumbrado was ſtill a mere ſuppoſition, which gave me no right to accuſe him. After mature conſideration I thought, however, it would be beſt to deliver the Duke, againſt whom his plan appeared to be

be chiefly directed, from his clutches, and thus expected to gain two advantages by one ſtroke: not only to cut the ſinews of Alumbrado's undertaking aſunder, but alſo to guard the Duke againſt the ſnare which was laid for him.

With that view I wrote to the latter:

'Your letters have been very important to me; I muſt, however, beg you to fetch my anſwer yourſelf. Don't refuſe my requeſt, and haſten to the arms of your friend, whoſe happineſs in a place on which nature ſeems to have laviſhed all her bleſſings, would be complete if you were preſent. Here we will diſcuſs the political concerns which give you ſo much uneaſineſs, for I have more than one reaſon for not doing it by way of letter, and my affairs threaten to detain me here ſome time longer. The journey will not only improve your health, but it will alſo eaſe your mind, which is bent down at preſent by a gloomy ſameneſs of ideas, and very much wants amuſement and diverſion. I am convinced that your melancholy

'will

'will not purſue you to the paradiſe that
'bloſſoms here. And if only your
'gloomineſs of mind ſhall have left you,
'you will view things that now appear to
'you in a frightful ſhape, in a more
'pleaſing light. At the ſame time you
'may expect that the commiſſion the King
'has charged me with, will enable me to
'explain to you many political objects
'which I dare not do in writing. Come,
'my friend, you certainly will not regret
'your having undertaken this journey.

'&c. &c. &c.'

My letter produced the deſired effect. The Duke returned me a very affectionate anſwer, and promiſed to begin the journey in a fortnight. How joyfully and impatiently did my heart pant for his arrival! but I was diſappointed. He did not come, but ſent me a letter, which I am going to communicate to the reader.

'Why am I not yet arrived?—Aſk
'Heaven that queſtion, but not me, for
'I have done every thing in my power
'to

'to fulfil my promiſe. In ſpite of Alum-
'brado's remonſtrances, I went on board
'of the ſhip that was to convey me to
'my friend. A favourable breeze that
'ſwelled our ſails, enlivened my hopes of
'embracing you ſoon. Evening ſet in,
'and the wind and the ſky continued to be
'propitious. The ſecond and the third
'night ſtole upon us amid the ſame fa-
'vourable auſpices.

'I do not know how it happened, that
'on the third night the recollection of my
'fainted Amelia awoke within my mind
'with additional vivacity. It was not,
'however, aſſociated with painful, but
'with bitter-ſweet ſenſations, which fre-
'quently afford to feeling minds a more
'delicious pleaſure than joys unmixed. I
'proceeded inſenſibly from ſenſations to
'the realms of fancy. I looked at the
'ſtar of love, and imagined I beheld
'Amelia's fainted ſpirit enthroned in its
'ſilver luſtre. My ſoul ſoared above the
'immenſe ſpace that ſeparated us, and
'anticipated the bliſs of the celeſtial ſpi-
'rits.—O! why has ſhe ſo ſoon been ren-
'dered ſenſible of the limits of her power,

'which obliged her to return to our sub-'lunary globe?

'I felt a faintness which invited me to 'rest, and having bid adieu to the starry 'firmament and the ocean, I went to my 'cabin, where the solacing hand of sleep 'soon closed my eyes.

'I awoke an hour before the dawn of 'morn. Finding myself entirely refresh-'ed, I left my couch and returned on 'deck, in order to hail the stars once 'more, before they should be dispelled 'by the majestic king of day. But what 'a scene did my gazing eyes behold!— 'The firmament appeared no longer to 'be over us, but we seemed to ride upon 'it. I did not know whether I was 'dreaming or awake, rubbing my eyes 'repeatedly. In vain, the scene re-'mained unaltered: intense darkness co-'vered the sky, all its stars and galaxies 'appeared to be on the water.

'O nature! thy grateful son never will 'forget the enjoyment which this unde-'scribable spectacle has afforded him!— 'I gazed a long time in silent wonder at 'the illuminated surface of the ocean, be-

'fore

'fore I could examine the individual 'beauties of that grand ſcene. Whither-'ſoever I directed my gazing looks, I be-'held fiery ſtreaks. However, all parts 'were not equally illuminated; ſome 'ſpots emitted quick flaſhes of light, while 'others continued ſome minutes to 'ſparkle. The ſeparated water guſhed 'before us in luminous ſtreams, and the 'furrow which the veſſel drew formed a 'white bright ſtreak behind us, which 'was interſperſed with ſky-blue ſpots. 'The multifarious and dazzling light was 'ſkipping on the curling waves; the ſpume 'which the little bubbles produced on the 'ſurface of the water, glittered like ſil-'ver-coloured ſnow. I could have 'plunged in the watery abyſs in order to 'ſink down in that heaven.

'The riſing ſun put a ſtop to that en-'chantment. My fellow travellers began 'to ſtir. I haſtened to tell them what a 'ſcene they had miſſed. A reverend old 'man, who was preſent when I related 'what I had ſeen, ſmiled. "One can 'ſee," ſaid he, "that this is your firſt 'voyage; this phenomenon is nothing

'uncommon in all ſeaſons, and particu-
'larly in warmer climes; nevertheleſs
'the naturaliſts ſtill differ in their opi-
'nion of its cauſe, ſome believing that it
'proceeds from ſmall luminous inſects,
'and others from an oily ſubſtance that
'ſeparates from rotten animal bodies.—
'Many pretend this phenomenon to be
'the forerunner of an impending tempeſt,
'but this is falſe."

'The old man may not have been miſ-
'taken, yet this time he was refuted by
'experience. The little clouds which
'were ſwimming ſingly in the ſky, united
'by degrees and overdarkened the ſun.
'A black tempeſt began to gather in the
'north. The crew were juſt going to
'prepare againſt the ſtorm, when ſud-
'denly a violent gale of wind aroſe, and
'hurried the veſſel with incredible rapi-
'dity over the ruffled ſurface of the ſea.
'We loſt one of our anchors, which fell
'from the deck with a thundering noiſe.
'Some loud peals of thunder gave the
'ſignal for the breaking out of the ſtorm.
'The light of day diſappeared, the bil-
'lows of the ſwelling ſea were rolling one

'upon

'upon another with a roaring noiſe; the 'dreadful flaſhes of lightning ſeemed to 'dye the ſurface of the ocean with blood, 'and each clap of thunder threatened to 'ſhiver the maſt to atoms. The foaming 'of the waves, the rolling of thunder, and 'the howling of the winds, ſeemed to 'announce to that part of the world the 'return of old chaos.

'The ſtrong flaſhes of lightning made 'us ſuddenly obſerve that land was near. 'How welcome ſoever ſuch a diſcovery is 'in fair weather, yet it was to us the moſt 'dreadful incident that could have hap-'pened, on account of our imminent dan-'ger of being wrecked. Our cables 'ſeemed not to be able to reſiſt long the 'fury of the winds and waves which aſ-'ſailed the veſſel.

'All theſe circumſtances contributed to 'recall to my mind the recollection of a 'ſimilar incident which had robbed me 'of my Amelia. The wounds of my 'heart began to bleed afreſh, and the 'melancholy ſenſations which aſſailed my 'mind, deprived me of the power that I, 'otherwiſe, ſhould have oppoſed to the

'terrors which ſurrounded me. My 'heart beat violently againſt my breaſt, 'and nothing but my ambition could have 'prevented me from joining thoſe who 'groaned and lamented loudly, wringing 'their hands and tearing their hair.

'I ſtood on deck a prey to ſpeechleſs 'agony, when ſuddenly ſomebody tapped 'me on the ſhoulder. Conceive my 'aſtoniſhment when, on turning round, I 'ſaw Alumbrado ſtanding behind me. I 'ſtaggered back as if a midnight ſpectre 'had taken hold of me with icy hands.— 'Terror and ſurpriſe deprived me of the 'power of utterance, and ſuſpended every 'motion of my limbs. He had made the 'voyage without my knowledge, and 'found means to keep himſelf concealed 'from me; you may therefore imagine, 'how violently I was affected by the ſud- 'den appearance of that man, whom I 'fancied to be at Lif'on.

"Are you not ſorry now, that you 'have ſlighted my advice?" Alumbrado 'ſaid, "it ſeems you will not ſee your 'friend in this world." Some minutes 'paſſed before I was able to reply. "Let

'us

'us now enjoy in ſilence the grandeſt 'ſpectacle that nature can afford!" So 'ſaying, he looked with tranquillity at 'the foaming ocean, as if he had been 'ſtanding on the ſheltering ſhore, far 'diſtant from the danger that ſurrounded 'us from all ſides. His eyes beheld with 'inconceivable ſerenity the wild commo-'tion of the waves, which now raiſed the 'veſſel to the flaming clouds, and now 'hurled it into the gaping abyſs of the 'boiling ſea. The firm tranquillity which 'Alumbrado's countenance beſpoke, in 'ſpite of the furious combat of the ele-'ments, the impending deſtruction of the 'ſhip, and the doleful lamentations of the 'deſponding crew, appeared to me to de-'note more than human courage. I 'gazed with ſecret awe at a being that 'ſeemed to be delighted with a ſpectacle, 'which made every hair of my head riſe 'like briſtles.

'At length the flaſhes of lightning grew 'fainter, the roaring of the thunder leſs 'violent, and the fury of the winds ſeemed 'to be exhauſted; but the ſea continued 'to be agitated in ſo dreadful a manner,

'that we apprehended the cables would 'not be able to ſtand the motion of the 'ſhip any longer. In vain did we im- 'plore human aſſiſtance by the diſcharge of 'our guns, the towering waves threaten- 'ing deſtruction to the boats that at- 'tempted to come to our relief.

"In vain will human force endea- 'vour to wage the unequal conteſt againſt 'all-powerful nature!" I exclaimed when 'I beheld that deſponding ſight. Alum- 'brado turned round. "I will tame the 'fury of theſe foaming waves, if you will 'promiſe to return to Lif*on!" I gazed 'at him in ſpeechleſs aſtoniſhment. "I 'am in earneſt," he reſumed, "will you 'return to Lif*on?" If I will?" I re- 'plied, "If I will? how can you aſk 'me that queſtion? enable me to do it!" 'Alumbrado left me without returning 'an anſwer.

'A few minutes after he returned.— "You will, preſently, behold a miracle," 'he ſaid, "but I muſt requeſt you to tell 'nobody the author of it."

'I promiſed it, and the miracle enſued. 'The rolling foaming ſea grew calm and 'ſmooth.

'ſmooth. We went on ſhore, and found 'ourſelves not farther than a day's jour-'ney from Liſbon.

'You ſee, my friend, that a higher 'power, againſt which oppoſition would 'have been uſeleſs, has put a ſtop to my 'voyage. I have related the hiſtory of 'it without making any comments, and 'leave it to your own judgment to form a 'juſt opinion of it. As for me, I am 'convinced that I have at length found 'the man whom my boding ſoul has long 'been in ſearch of.'

This letter aſtoniſhed me to the higheſt degree, and, at the ſame time, augmented my apprehenſions very much. In my anſwer I declared neither for nor againſt Alumbrado's ſupernatural power, becauſe I neither choſe to confirm the Duke in his belief in it, nor to riſk loſing his confidence; for how could I have expected to receive farther intelligence of his connection with Alumbrado, if I had been deprived of the latter? and yet it was of the utmoſt importance to me to learn every tranſaction of that deſigning man.

Notwithſtanding this precaution, near a month elapſed without my having received an anſwer to my letter. I wrote a ſecond time to him, but before his anſwer could reach me, was ordered by the King to return inſtantly, and to make an oral report of the iſſue of my commiſſion. I was, therefore, obliged to depart without being able to wait the arrival of his letter.

I anticipated the pleaſure of ſurpriſing him by my unexpected arrival, and went to his palace as ſoon as I arrived at Lif*on. He rather ſeemed ſurpriſed than pleaſed at the unexpected ſight of me, aſking with a kind of anxiety, whether I had received his laſt letter. When I anſwered in the negative he ſeemed to grow more eaſy, but adding, ſome time after, that it would be ſent after me without delay, his brow began again to be overclouded. I was not much pleaſed with this behaviour, and begged him to relate to me the ſequel of Alumbrado's hiſtory, but he deſired me to await the arrival of his letter, in which I ſhould find a circumſtantial account of it. In vain did I conjure him by the ties of our friendſhip

ſhip to gratify my deſire, and tried every art of perſuaſion in order to get the wiſhed for information. He always evaded my queſtions, and frequently betrayed ſtrong marks of uneaſineſs. Diſpleaſed with this reſerve and myſterious behaviour, I took leave with evident coolneſs.

The two following days elapſed without our ſeeing each other. I muſt not forget to mention, that I received, the ſecond day after my arrival, a letter from an unknown hand. When I opened the cover, I found a ſecond ſealed letter along with the following lines which were directed to me: 'To morrow you will 'receive a viſit of an old acquaintance, 'to whom you will have the kindneſs to 'deliver the incloſed letter. But if he 'ſhould not have made his appearance on 'the day after to-morrow, you may open 'the letter, which will give you farther 'information.'

I could gueſs neither the writer of the note, nor who that old acquaintance could be.

The day following I received the Duke's letter, which had been ſent after

me. I opened it with impatience, and read the following lines:

'It appears more and more probable 'to me, my friend, that Alumbrado has 'raiſed the tempeſt that threatened to 'prove fatal to me, in order to puniſh me 'for my diſobedience to his advice. For 'ſhould he, who can ſubdue the billow-'ing waves, not alſo be able to agitate 'them? You may ſay whatever you 'chooſe, a ſupernatural power muſt have 'been concerned in that event, and who 'is capable to fix its extention, its limits? 'My father and myſelf venerate Alum-'brado as a worker of miracles ever ſince 'that event, although he ſtrives to hide 'himſelf behind the pious cloak of hu-'mility.

'O! why was Alumbrado not preſent 'when that tempeſt raged which deprived 'me of my Amelia? He would have ſaved 'her, and all the gods of earth would 'envy me for my felicity. The Iriſh-'man has cheated me of every earthly 'bleſſing, by not fulfilling his promiſe.

'Con-

'Concerning the Iriſhman, Alumbrado 'has given me a very extraordinary hint. "The Marquis of F* (ſaid he) is un- 'doubtedly right when he maintains, that 'God never intruſts an impoſtor with the 'power of working miracles. He is how- 'ever miſtaken, if he thinks the ſpeaking 'phantom, which Hiermanſor made ap- 'pear at the church-yard, had been nothing 'elſe but a natural deception; no one 'will ever perſuade me that it is poſſible 'to effect any thing of that kind by na- 'tural means. Effected by mere natural 'means, (you will ſay) and yet no mi- 'racle? certainly not; for cannot Hier- 'manſor have deluded you by the aſſiſt- 'ance of the father of lies? I will not 'explain my opinion on that head more 'at large, yet I think the Iriſhman is an 'hypocritical villain, who carries on a 'wicked trade. One ought to congratu- 'late you, that your good principles de- 'terred him from initiating you in his 'ſhocking myſteries. It was not without 'reaſon that he accuſed you of want of 'ſelf-ſubſiſtence and reſolution, for a 'dreadful degree of firmneſs of ſoul is

'required

'required for joining in a contract where-
'by mortal men bid defiance to the great
'eternal Ruler of the world. However
'your better genius watched over you,
'and although you have been entangled
'a long time in the bonds of wickedneſs,
'yet he has delivered you from thoſe
'ſnares before they were tied indiſſolubly.
'You ought to be thankful to the mercy
'of the God of love, and to be on your
'guard in future. If you ſhould meet
'with men who perform ſupernatural
'works, you may eaſily find out what
'ſort of people they are; if they deal in
'lies and impoſition, they belong to the
'kingdom of darkneſs, but if truth and
'juſtice is ſacred to them, they are chil-
'dren of light. If you had examined the
'Iriſhman after this ſtandard, you would
'have fled with terror from the apparition
'of the church-yard, and he would never
'have ſucceeded in entangling you in an
'undertaking which has deprived the
'King of Spain of his lawful crown. The
'doctrine and the principles of the Iriſh-
'man ought to have rendered him ſuſ-
'pected to you. He endeavoured to

'point

'point out to you *reaſon* as the only in-
'fallible inſtructor and guide, at the ex-
'pence of faith, and at the ſame time
'ſtrove to confound that very reaſon by
'artful and fallacious concluſions, as the
'Marquis of F* has demonſtrated in a
'maſterly manner. The Iriſhman was
'very careful not to make you reflect on
'the limits of reaſon and the power of
'men, becauſe a genius like you would
'eaſily have concluded how much we
'are in want of divine illumination and
'grace; and it was his chief aim to re-
'move the light of religion, becauſe his
'works required being covered by delu-
'ſive miſts. You will never have ſeen
'him frequent the church, nor perform
'religious rites, will never have heard
'him pronounce certain ſacred names.
'I know that ſort of people, who are ſo
'much the more dangerous, the more
'they are ſkilled in concealing their real
'ſhape behind deceiving maſks. The
'ſpreading libertiniſm, and the furious
'rage of explaining every thing natu-
'rally, threatens indeed to ſuſpend the
'belief in the exiſtence, nay even in the

'poſſi-

'bility of miracles and sorcery, however 'they have not ceased notwithstanding 'that. The opinions of men may alter, 'but things will remain as they are. 'The same Omnipotence that in times of 'old has led the Israelites through the 'red sea, manifests itself still in our days 'through signs and miracles, although they 'are not acknowledged as such by the 'blind multitude. The same reprobated 'spirit that spoke formerly through the 'oracle of Delphos, and by whose assist-'ance Simon the magician performed 'extraordinary feats, is still active in our 'present times. Is it, therefore, impro-'bable that men who by their superior 'sanctity rise above the generality, and 'connect themselves more intimately with 'the Godhead, should resemble the Su-'preme Being in power, and enjoy an 'immediate influence of the Ruler of the 'world? Is it so very incomprehensible 'that the spirit of darkness should favour 'those who resemble him in wickedness, 'and endow their inclination of perpe-'trating wicked deeds with a physical 'power of executing their diabolical de-

'signs?

'ſigns? People of either deſcription
'will, indeed, always rarely be met with;
'ſuperſtition will miſtake as ſuch many
'who do not belong to that claſs, yet
'who can prove that they do not exiſt
'at all? I am, certainly, no enemy to
'reaſon, however I conceive it to be not
'leſs abſurd obſtinately to reject what-
'ever is miraculous, than to believe it
'blindly. I eſteem reaſon while it does
'not overſtep the limits to which it is
'confined, as the Marquis of F* has
'juſtly obſerved, nor attempts to expel
'faith. There are ſupernatural things,
'ſacred truths, which the former never
'can comprehend, being reſerved only
'for the latter. Faith is hailed by noon-
'tide light, even where reaſon finds no-
'thing but midnight darkneſs. While
'the latter proceeds ſlowly, and with un-
'certain ſteps, through a mazy labyrinth
'of concluſions and arguments, the for-
'mer enjoys a clear immediate ſight of
'truth, and experiences all the ſtrength
'of its evidence. The period is however
'arrived, when men begin to abandon
'themſelves excluſively to the cold ſpe-
'culations

'culations of reaſon, and this fatal maxim 'manifeſts itſelf but too evidently in the 'practical life. Rarely any thing is un-'dertaken before it is pondered and 'weighed moſt anxiouſly with a puſillani-'mous minuteneſs. And this is one of 'the chief cauſes of the preſent ſcarcity 'of great and ſtriking actions. The ſa-'cred flame of enthuſiaſm extinguiſhes, 'and every energy of ſoul dies away 'along with it. While reaſon waſtes her 'whole ſtrength in barren ſpeculations, 'the demands and wants of our heart re-'main unſatisfied, a kind of inſenſibility 'ſteals upon us, the mind grows puſilla-'nimous, and all noble paſſions are ſuf-'focated. No, no! this is no age in 'which great geniuſes can thrive! Rea-'ſoning has produced but very few im-'mortal deeds; faith, however, although 'it ſhould have been only the faith of 'man in his natural abilities, has fre-'quently rendered impoſſible poſſible.— 'If ſo, what miracles will faith in the aſ-'ſiſtance of an omnipotent being be able 'to perform? The firſt King of Portu-'gal has given us the moſt glorious proof

'of

'of the truth of this aſſertion: he went, 'as you know from hiſtory, with four 'thouſand men againſt the infidels, and 'was oppoſed by five kings with four 'hundred thouſand Moors. Terror aad 'diſmay ſeized his little army at this 'fight; however, the celebrated appari-'tion through which God promiſed him 'the victory over his enemies, revived 'the broken ſpirit of his troops. And 'what elſe but faith in this promiſe could 'have made him riſk and gain a battle, 'in which *one* man had to encounter an 'hundred?"

'My dear Marquis, I have been inter-'rupted again by the viſit of a great pre-'late, and, with your permiſſion, ſhall 'communicate to you the ſubſtance of 'what he has told me. The Jews (he 'ſaid) have, as you will know, offered 'to the new Regent, on his acceſſion to 'the throne, to pay a great ſum of mo-'ney to him, if he would grant them li-'berty to live and to trade in the coun-'try as external Chriſtians, without being 'perſecuted by the Inquiſition.—It would 'have been highly advantageous to reli-

'gion

'gion, if this liberty had been granted to 'the Jews; for although they ſhould 'have viſited the Chriſtian churches at 'firſt only for form's ſake, and obſerved 'only the external rites of worſhip, yet 'many would have been edified, and 'convinced of the truth of Chriſti-'anity ſo irreſiſtibly, that they would 'have ſeriouſly embraced the Chriſtian 'religion. The Inquiſitors themſelves 'have intimated this to the King. How-'ever the ——, I do not know how to 'call him, who cares little for the pro-'pagation of faith, has refuſed to grant 'this petition of the Jews. The Inqui-'ſition has informed the Pope of it; and 'the holy father, who as yet has refuſed 'to acknowledge his royal authority, will 'now have an additional reaſon for not 'confirming the uſurped dignity of a free 'thinker, who injures the intereſt of the 'church whenever opportunity offers. 'I have, however, great reaſon to ſuſ-'pect that our new King foments theſe 'diſſentions deſignedly, for ſome horrid 'purpoſe. Not contented with having 'alienated the nation from their lawful

'Sove-

'Sovereign, he alſo endeavours to obtain 'an opportunity of alienating them from 'the chief of the church. O Marquis! 'O Duke! what gloomy proſpects for 'all thoſe who are reſolved to live and 'to die in the religion of their anceſ-'tors.

"Stop," the Marquis exclaimed, "he 'ſhall not dare to carry matters to that 'point; by heaven, he ſhall not." My 'father had not yet ceaſed giving vent to 'his indignation, when the other prelate, 'whom I mentioned in my laſt letter, 'joined us. The two prelates were re-'joiced to ſee each other, and concealed 'their ſentiments ſo little from each other, 'that they both avowed their opinions of 'the new King without the leaſt reſerve. "I cannot conceive how you," ſaid he, who 'had joined us, turning to my father and 'me, "who are ſprung from royal blood, 'can ſubmit to the humiliation of obey-'ing a uſurper, who will do every thing 'in his power to humble your family as 'much as poſſible. Don't you perceive 'that he confers the higheſt dignities on 'other people, while he, out of a cow-

ardly

'ardly policy, keeps his nearest relations 'at a distance, and in profound submis- 'sion? The King of Sp—n knows your 'merits, and is capable of rewarding 'them properly. Who would not rather 'hold an important office under the 'greatest Monarch, than live in inac- 'tivity and obscurity, under the most in- 'significant King in Europe? These are 'the sentiments of many nobles who are 'still firmly attached to their old lawful 'Sovereign."

'Dear Marquis, my heart is deeply 'afflicted, and strange ideas are crossing 'my head. What must I do? Alum- 'brado says, nothing, but commit every 'thing to the paternal care of God.

'To day I received your letter, in 'which you reproach me for my long 'silence. I am, however, not sorry that 'my letter, which I wanted to send eight 'days ago, has been kept back through 'negligence, for now I shall be able to 'conclude it with the relation of a most 'extraordinary incident.

'I used for some time to visit every 'evening our favourite spot before the 'town,

'town, which always attracted me very 'much, partly by its natural charms, and 'partly by the undisturbed solitude one 'enjoys there. On the left side, a chain 'of hills, that form a beautiful group; on 'the right, a wood, inclosing the exten-'sive plain, and in the middle the pros-'pect of the distant blue mountains—— 'You know what an enchanting effect 'that spot produces, particularly at sun-'set; and thither I took a walk every 'evening. The way to that charming 'place is decorated with the ruins of an 'old chapel, which partly is surrounded 'with a half decayed wall. Approach-'ing those ruins last evening, I saw 'Alumbrado step forth with hasty paces. "Stop!" he exclaimed, "Do you know 'that you will be a dead man if you pro-'ceed a step farther?" Alumbrado's un-'expected appearance, his intelligence, 'and the seriousness of his countenance 'convulsed my nerves. "A dead man?" 'I exclaimed. "Yes!" said he, "did 'I not foretell you that the King would 'vent his resentment against you? If you 'go fifty steps farther, you will bleed

'under

'under the hands of his banditti. You 'ſtare at me," he continued. "If you 'wiſh to be convinced of it, then follow 'me into the chapel, and let us change 'cloaths; I ſhall purſue this path, wrapt 'in your cloak, and the hired aſſaſſins 'will fall upon me, under the miſtaken 'notion that I am the perſon whom they 'have been ordered by the King to aſ-'ſaſſinate. If you will aſcend to the top 'of this turret, you may witneſs the 'whole ſcene." I ſhuddered with hor-'ror, and peremptorily refuſed to ſubmit 'to it." "You need not to be under the 'leaſt apprehenſion for my life," he re 'plied. "All that I deſire of you is to 'make no noiſe when you ſee me fall, 'but to go quietly home without mention-'ing to any one what you will have ſeen. 'We ſhall meet again at your houſe." 'All my objections availed nothing; we 'exchanged our dreſs, he ſaw me to the 'top of the turret, and left me. I pur-'ſued him with anxious looks and a beat-'ing heart.

'Alumbrado had ſcarcely reached the 'ſkirts of the wood, when I heard the

'report of a piſtol, and ſaw him drop 'down, upon which three ruffians darted 'forth from the buſhes, gave him ſome 'ſtabs, and carried him into the wood. 'I ſtaggered down the narrow ſtair-caſe 'by which I had aſcended the turret, and 'went home, thrilled with emotions that 'ſurpaſs all power of deſcription. I ſat 'up till after midnight, but no Alum-'brado came; however, at ſix o'clock 'he entered my apartment. I cannot de-'ſcribe what I felt on ſeeing him. He 'was unhurt, but nevertheleſs I ſtag-'gered back at the ſight of him. "Alum-'brado!" ſaid I, after a pauſe of dumb 'aſtoniſhment, "do I really ſee you 'alive after the ſcene my eyes have wit-'neſſed laſt night?" "Piſtols and dag-'gers," he replied, "cannot hurt the 'man who is under the immediate pro-'tection of God. Come," added he, "let us go to your father."

'I related to my parent the incident of 'the preceding night. He ſeemed to be 'petrified. The cruel villainy of the 'King, and the ſupernatural power of 'Alumbrado, appeared to have carried

'him beyond himſelf; the thanks which 'he wanted to offer to the latter for the 'preſervation of my life, and curſes 'againſt the King, hovered at the ſame 'time on his lips; but he could not 'ſpeak.

"Let us take a walk in the garden," 'Alumbrado ſaid. We went; but I ſhall 'not repeat the converſation that took 'place. Yet I do not think that Alum-'brado has added fuel to the fire. "The 'Duke of B——a," ſaid he, "is King, 'and accountable to no other tribunal 'but that of God. No mortal dare lift 'up his hand againſt him without the ex-'preſs command of God or his Vice-'gerent. I have received no ſuch or-'der, and I think you neither. All that 'you can do is to be on your guard againſt 'the King, and to mention to no one 'the villainous tranſaction of laſt night. 'Will you promiſe this? Your own 'ſafety requires it." We promiſed it.

'I could not help manifeſting my 'aſtoniſhment at Alumbrado's wonderful 'preſervation. "Do you then think," 'ſaid he, "that only thoſe who are

'leagued

'leagued with the ſpirit of darkneſs are 'proof againſt fire-arms and ſwords, and 'that the children of light do not enjoy 'that privilege? I will give you a 'proof of it; ſend for a gun and balls, 'here is powder." So ſaying, he pro-'duced the powder horn which I had 'miſſed ſome days. "You have," added 'he, "either loſt it or it has been ſtolen, 'for I have found it in the hands of the 'banditti." "What are you going to do 'with balls and a gun?" My father aſked 'with marks of aſtoniſhment. "That 'you ſhall ſee inſtantly," Alumbrado re-'plied, "if you only will ſend for both." 'I ordered Pietro to fetch my fowling 'piece and a couple of balls out of my 'apartment. He returned with them, 'and Alumbrado whiſpered in my ear to 'ſend him out of the room. Having diſ-'miſſed the ſervant, Alumbrado begged 'me to charge the gun, but previouſly to 'examine carefully the powder and the 'balls. I did as he had deſired me, and 'the gun being charged, Alumbrado ſaid 'to the Marquis: "Now take the gun, 'my Lord, and fire it at me." My father

'was almoſt petrified at this requeſt, and 'having gazed at him a good while, with 'looks of aſtoniſhment, exclaimed: "No! I never ſhall do any thing of that 'kind!"—Then you too are deſtitute of 'faith?" Alumbrado ſaid, looking up to 'heaven. "O God, how degenerated 'are even the faithful adorers of thy 'ſon!" "I have declined it out of no 'other motive," the Marquis replied, "but becauſe I will not tempt the omni-'potence of God." "The motive of 'my requeſt is not temptation, but the 'glory of God," Alumbrado replied. "If I fall, then I am a daring provoker 'of the Almighty, and deſerve my fate; 'but if I remain unhurt, you will have 'reaſon to conclude that the power of 'God has warded off the ball, and know 'in what light to view me." So ſaying, 'he uncovered his breaſt, retreated three 'ſteps, and deſired my father to fire.

'My father took up the piece, level-'ling it at him with a trembling and fear-'ful hand. "I beg you will not ſpare 'me, and inſiſt upon your aiming at my 'head or heart!" The Marquis took

'his

'his aim, but trembled ſo violently that 'he was obliged to lay down the gun. 'Alumbrado deſired me to ſtep nearer, 'and putting my hand to his bare breaſt, 'ſaid: "Feel whether this heart beats ſo 'timorouſly as that of your father." Theſe 'words provoked the pride of the Mar-'quis, he ordered me to ſtep aſide, 'levelled his piece and diſcharged it. 'A cloud of ſmoak concealed Alum-'brado's ſituation for a moment from our 'eyes. It is impoſſible to depict the 'ſenſations that ruſhed upon my heart, 'when I beheld him in his former ſitua-'tion, and heard him exclaim: "You 'have aimed well, my Lord, however, 'the ball has recoiled from my breaſt, 'there it lies on the floor." My father 'ſunk on his knees and lifted his hands to 'heaven as if praying, and I gazed at 'Alumbrado with ſilent awe.

"Duke!" ſaid the latter, "charge the 'gun once more." The Marquis ſtarted 'up, exclaiming: "For what purpoſe?" "I want your ſon to repeat the deed."— "No, there is no occaſion for it;" my fa-'ther replied, "the omnipotence of the

'Eternal has been glorified ſufficiently."

"Juſt now," Alumbrado returned, "you 'have been of too little faith, and now 'you are too credulous? Is it impoſſible 'that you ſhould have miſſed your aim? 'That the ball accidentally has hit ano-'ther object and recoiled? But although '*you* ſhould be convinced that you have 'aimed well and hit me, is the Duke ſo 'too?"

'In ſhort, I was obliged to charge 'the piece again, and Alumbrado ex-'poſed his uncovered boſom once more.

'I could rely on my gun, and was ſure 'not to miſs him, becauſe he was ſtanding 'only ſeven paces diſtant from me. I 'pointed at Alumbrado's head, took my 'aim well, and fired; however, he ſtep-'ped forth from the cloud of ſmoak like 'a being of a ſuperior order; the ball lay 'on the floor, and Alumbrado had not 'received the leaſt hurt.

'He now took a dagger out of his pocket, 'and plunged it twice in his breaſt, up 'to the hilt, extracting it without a wound 'being ſeen.

'O my

'O my friend, make haſte to recant at 'the feet of this aſtoniſhing man the pre-'judices which you have uttered againſt 'him. Bluſh at your philoſophy, where-'by you have combated ſo frequently 'my propenſity to ſupernatural events. 'I have always had a preſentiment that 'this irreſiſtible propenſity would be gra-'tified one time; yet I was a ſtranger to 'the road which led to the object of my 'moſt ardent wiſhes. Alumbrado has 'pointed it out to me, and a new epocha 'of my life has commenced with that pe-'riod. How little, and how diſguſting 'and vain does now all the wiſdom and 'all the tinſel ſplendor of the world ap-'pear to me, ſince I have been made ac-'quainted with that higher good, which 'is concealed from, and inacceſſible to 'the greateſt part of human kind.'

'P. S. On reading my letter over, 'I find a few paſſages in it, which would 'determine me not to ſend it on account 'of the great watchfulneſs with which all 'letters are examined by order of the 'King, if I had not been aſſured that

thoſe which are directed to you are exempted from examination.

Having peruſed this letter of the Duke of Ca*ina, I did not know whether I ſhould haſten firſt to him, to his father, or to Alumbrado. I ordered inſtantly my carriage to be got ready; but when I was going to ſtep out of the houſe, my valet ſtopped me, pale and panting for breath. "My Lord," he ſtammered, "Coming—I have"—"Well, what is the matter?"—"It is almoſt incredible," he reſumed, "it is rumoured all over the town—" Here he ſtopped again. His conſternation communicated itſelf to me, and I exclaimed in a trembling accent, "For heaven's ſake! what has happened?"—"It is reported that the Marquis of Villa R*al and his ſon—but don't be terrified, my Lord!"—"What?" I replied, "Are you—" I could not proceed, my lips being ſealed with terror—"It is rumoured that the Duke of Ca*ina and his father have been taken up on an accuſation of having conſpired againſt the life of the King."

Theſe words curdled the blood in my veins,

veins, and I was ready to drop to the ground; however, deſpair ſoon rouſed me from the ſtupor that had ſeized me. I got in my carriage in order to enquire perſonally into the truth of that dreadful intelligence. Coming in the ſtreet I obſerved a univerſal commotion, and received, but too ſoon, a confirmation of my valet's intelligence; being informed, at the ſame time, that forty-five perſons more had been arreſted along with the Duke and his father. The multitude were aſſembled before the royal palace, demanding with a furious clamour, that the traitors ſhould be delivered up to them; the king however thanked them for their zeal, and ordered the conſtable to diſperſe the populace.

My aſtoniſhment, my agony and conſternation, and an indiſpoſition which had been brought on by the violent agitation of my mind, prevented me from recollecting that this was the very day on which I was to expect the friend, of whoſe intended viſit I had been appriſed by that letter from an unknown perſon. The ſucceeding day I happened to ſee that letter

accidentally on my writing-desk, and the friend to whom I was to deliver it, not having made his appearance at the fixed hour, I made use of the liberty I had received to open it.

Conceive my astonishment when I saw the hand-writing of the Duke of Ca*ina. 'When you shall read these lines,' he wrote, 'the great deed will be performed, 'and P——l reduced again under the 'S——sh dominion. Forgive me, for 'having this time deceived your confi- 'dence, and believe me, that nothing but 'your connection with the new King could 'have prevented me from communicating 'the matter to you before our design is car- 'ried into execution. For that reason only 'I have had recourse to art, and wrote 'this letter which will inform you of the 'whole transaction, but is to be opened 'only when it will be impossible to put a 'stop to our undertaking.

'Not only my father and myself, but 'also those two prelates whom I have 'mentioned in my letters, and a great 'number of noblemen agreed after se- 'veral conversations to force the usurper

'to

'to reſtore the crown of P——l to the 'King of S——n; yet this deſign appear-'ed to be ſo dangerous, that neither the 'Marquis nor myſelf would engage in it 'before we had the conſent of Alum-'brado. We preſſed him, therefore, one 'evening to grant us his permiſſion and 'aſſiſtance. He heſitated a long while, 'and at length replied, "Well! I will 'oppoſe you no longer, but I delare ſo-'lemnly that I will not afford you the 'leaſt aſſiſtance in your deſign againſt the 'King before I ſhall be convinced that it 'is the will of God, which we can learn 'by no other means but prayer. The 'ſpirit of God inſpires thoſe that are 'praying to him with ſincerity of heart, 'and the ſentiments which prevail in our 'ſoul in that ſituation are the voice of 'God. Let us devote this night to prayer, 'addreſs the Omniſcient ſeparately, and 'to-morrow morning communicate to each 'other what the Lord ſhall reveal to us. 'If you ſhall continue firm in your reſo-'lution after you have performed your 'devotion, then it is the will of the 'Eternal, and we will go to work."

'I had, for a long time, entertained the 'wiſh of ſpending a night in a church, 'imagining that this would afford me a 'pleaſure of a moſt ſingular nature. I 'reſolved, therefore, to execute Alum-'brado's propoſal, and, at the ſame time, 'to gratify this darling wiſh of my heart. 'With that view, I concealed myſelf one 'evening in the cathedral. The firſt idea 'which forced itſelf upon my mind, as 'ſoon as I was left alone in that ſacred 'place, was that of the immediate pre-'ſence of the Eternal, and this notion 'filled me with ſolemn awe. I went to 'the altar, throwing myſelf on my face 'upon the ſteps of it, and adoring the 'omnipreſent God with ardent fervour. I 'ſoared beyond the limits of materiality, 'tranſported by devotion, and my ſoul 'and every ſenſe was hurried along by 'the torrent of holy enthuſiaſm. I prayed 'with filial ſubmiſſion for filial illumina-'tion and heavenly aid.

'The clock on the church ſteeple tolled 'eleven, when I recovered from my pious 'trance. The church was covered with 'awful darkneſs; the ſolitary lamps which

'were

'were burning before the altar, and the 'images of the ſaints, produced on the 'oppoſite parts of the fabric large maſſes 'of light and ſhade, while they ſpread 'only a faint duſk over the other parts of 'the Gothic building. The preſence of 'the Eternal, the melancholy ſtillneſs of 'night, the extenſive circumference of 'the venerable edifice, made me ſenſible, 'with a kind of horror, of my ſolitary 'ſituation. The profound ſtillneſs that 'reigned around was interrupted only 'now and then by a momentaneous crack-'ing, by the clattering of the windows, 'the whiſtling of a guſt of wind ruſhing 'through the ſoftly reſounding organ-'pipes, and by the chiming of a bell. 'Proceeding further, I was ſtruck with 'the hollow ſound of my footſteps, which 'reminded me that the marble pavement 'covered the vault in which the bodies of 'the deceaſed fathers of the order were 'awaiting the morn of reſurrection. I 'went through one of the aiſles, and ſtopped 'in awful contemplation, now at an altar, 'now at the image of a ſaint, and now at 'a tomb. The antique, artleſs appearance

'of

'of many images and ſtatues contributed 'much to encreaſe their awful effect. A 'chapel, where a whole length picture of 'Chriſt on the croſs was ſuſpended, at-'tracted my attention particularly, be-'cauſe the quickly repeated flirtation of 'the lamp which was placed before it had 'made me fancy that the picture was ſtir-'ring. The ſingular diſtribution of light, 'darkneſs, and ſhade prevailing through 'the whole church, the ſudden flaring 'and dying away of the lamps, produced 'the moſt different and ſurpriſing effects 'on the eye, and furniſhed the imagina-'tion with multifarious objects of occu-'pation.

'At length, I entered a great hall, which 'led to the inmoſt porch, and from 'thence to a church-yard, the iron gate of 'which was locked. The firſt look I 'directed at it made me ſtart back, ſeized 'with ſurpriſe. I looked once more at 'it, and beheld again ſeveral white figures 'that appeared and vaniſhed with a ruſt-'ling noiſe. I cannot but confeſs that a 'chilly tremor ſeized my limbs and fixed 'me to the ground. A few minutes after,

'a monk carrying a lanthorn appeared in 'the back part of the burying place; and 'a ſhort reflection unfolded to me the 'whole myſtery. The noiſe which I had 'heard proceeded from his ſteps, and the 'figures were nothing elſe but white ſtatues, 'which appeared and diſappeared as he 'moved the lanthorn in walking. Pro-'bably, he had been praying in the porch, 'and was now returning to his cell: I 'concealed myſelf in a pew, in order to 'avoid being ſeen by him. A wearineſs 'which proceeded from the chilly night 'air and want of ſleep, bade me, at length, 'put a ſtop to my wanderings. I ſeated 'myſelf in a pew, where I abandoned my-'ſelf to the wild freaks of my imagina-'tion.

'The dawn of day was already peep-'ing through the ſtained windows, when I 'awoke from the fanciful dreams of my 'wondering mind, and the purple rays of 'the morning ſun reflected with radiant 'glory from the image of the holy Vir-'gin, ſuſpended againſt the wall oppoſite 'the window. I was abſorbed in the con-'templation of this ſublime object for

'ſome

'some time; however the trance in 'which this charming sight had thrown 'me, soon gave room to religious sensa- 'tions of a more sublime nature; a pious 'confidence in the heavenly aid of Pro- 'vidence was kindling in my bosom, and 'I was going to prostrate myself before 'the blessed Virgin, when the church was 'thrown open. I hastened to conceal 'myself in a corner, and slipped out of the 'church as soon as the sexton had entered 'it. In going home, I fancied I observed 'Hiermansor at a distance, nay he seemed 'even to advance towards me; however, 'I fled from him with horror.

'About an hour after my return, I was 'joined by Alumbrado, who entered my 'apartment with awful solemnity. His 'countenance spoke more plainly than 'his lips. We went to the Marquis who 'seemed to have awaited our arrival with 'impatience, and bowed respectfully to 'Alumbrado.

"You have been watching last night," 'the latter said to us, "and dedicated it 'to devotion. Is your resolution still 'firm and unalterable?"

"Yes!"

"Yes!" we replied at the same time.

'A long pause ensued. At length 'Alumbrado began: "I too have dedi-'cated the night to devotion, and join in 'your league." Taking us by the hand, "I have conversed with God, and re-'ceived heavenly revelations, which I will 'communicate to you, if you will pro-'mise eternal secrecy."

'We promised it.'

"Yes, my friends," he resumed, "God 'has chosen you to be ministers of his 'avenging justice. Your mission is 'honourable, but awful—awful, and, at 'the same time, blissful. But I must re-'mind you, that it does not befit the 'instruments of the Eternal to scan his 'holy degrees, nor to resist. Will you, 'therefore, promise to obey implicitly?"

"We will."

"To obey also when the decrees of 'God shall come in contradiction with 'your opinions and feelings?"

"The decrees of the Eternal are im-'penetrable, but ever wise and ever just. 'We will obey!"

"Then you swear to obey blindly?"

'We

'We swore, and now we learned from 'Alumbrado our mission, and the whole 'plan of the secret league. It would be 'superfluous to give you the particulars 'of it, because it will be executed, and 'consequently known to you when you 'shall read this letter.—Farewell, my 'friend, for whom I always shall retain a 'tender affection, although you should 'become my most inveterate enemy. 'Farewell.'

This letter partly unfolded to me the mystery of the whole event; I could, however, best form a clear idea of the particulars of the conspiracy and the whole design when the culprits were tried. I shall confine myself to a brief sketch of that infernal plot.

Olivarez the Minister of S——, having not been able to put a stop to the secret preparations the Duke of B——za had been making for restoring the crown of Port—l to his family, and his three last artful attempts to that effect having miscarried, he sent Alumbrado whom he had already successfully employed on differ-

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ent occaſions, to Lif*on, in order to watch the ſecret motions of that nobleman and to counteract them effectually. Alumbrado fixed his eyes on a man who was generally reſpected as well on account of his rank, his birth, and extraordinary merits, as of his great wealth; the Marquis of Villa— Re*l, whoſe ſecret antipathy againſt the Duke of B——a, Oli*arez had pointed out to him. With the aſſiſtance of this man, he deſigned to lay the mine which was to blow up the great work of the Duke of B——a. He found the Marquis in a ſituation of mind that ſeemed to promiſe very little ſucceſs in the proſecution of his political views.

The ſuppoſed apparition of Count San*, and the illneſs which had ſucceeded it, had changed him from a ſtateſman to a pietiſtical hermit. However, an intriguing genius like Alumbrado was not diſcouraged by theſe unfavourable ſymptoms; he only changed his meaſures, and founded on religious fanaticiſm and ſuperſtition a plan, by which he expected to intereſt the Marquis for his deſigns. Yet he had, perhaps, imagined this taſk much

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cafier than it really was, or the progreſſes the Marquis made were ſlower than he had expected—in ſhort, the revolution broke out before he had attained his purpoſe. This unexpected blow did not depreſs Alumbrado's ſpirit. He had, indeed, not been able to diſpute the acquiſition of the crown of P——l with the Duke of B——a; he formed however, the reſolution to deprive him of it. With this view he returned to S——n to conſult with Oli*arez. The latter had really been induced by the diſſimulation of the Duke of Cam*na, to believe him ſerious in his devices againſt the family of B—— a, and this was ſufficient to prompt him to agree with Alumbrado that one ought to endeavour to intereſt the Marquis and his ſon for the deſign againſt the new Sovereign.

That, and how this has been effected, was proved afterwards by the event.

Alumbrado had foreſeen that the execution of ſo dangerous a deſign would require many co-operating powers, and therefore had taken care to procure in time the requiſite aſſiſtants. One of his principle aſſociates was the archbiſhop of Br*ga,

Br*ga, Primate of P——l, an acquiſition which coſt Alumbrado very little trouble, the Prelate meeting him half-way. The archbiſhop had witneſſed the ſucceſsful iſſue of the revolution with the greateſt indignation, becauſe he was entirely devoted to the S—ſh court and the Vice Queen to whom he owed his preferment. On the breaking out of the Revolution, he had already drawn the ſword againſt one of the conſpirators in order to avenge his benefactreſs; her confinement was therefore an additional motive to him for joining the conſpirators, by whoſe aſſiſtance he hoped to avenge her wrongs and to reſtore her to liberty. Alumbrado gained through him even the biſhop of *arda, Grand Inquiſitor of the Empire. The inſinuation that he would not enjoy long his important office under the new government, the King being inclined to aboliſh the Inquiſition, was the chief motive of his having taken a part in the conſpiracy.

Both prelates were very ſenſible how neceſſary it was that the Marquis and his ſon ſhould join the conſpirators if Alumbrado's deſign ſhould ſucceed, and therefore

ſupported him in his endeavours to enſnare theſe noblemen, although they diſſembled to have not the leaſt connection with that vile deceiver. Meanwhile the latter endeavoured ſecretly to encreaſe the number of the conſpirators through the intereſt of theſe two prelates, and they ſucceeded in gaining over to their party Count Arm*mar, a couſin to the Primate, a great number of other Port***eſe noblemen and the Jews. It has already been mentioned in the letters of the Duke, that the new King rejected their petition of being ſuffered to live and to trade in the kingdom as external Chriſtians, uncontrolled by the Inquiſition. The Primate made them a voluntary offer of that privilege; nay, he even promiſed ſecretly, in the name of the King of S—n, that they ſhould have a public ſynagogue, if they would co-operate in the execution of the plot, which they conſented to without heſitation.

The deſign itſelf was, indeed, horrid enough: On the 6th of Auguſt, 1641, the Jews were to cauſe a conflagration in the night, not only in the royal palace, but alſo

alſo in different parts of the town, in order to divert the attention of the people. Then the conſpirators were to penetrate into the palace under the pretext of extinguiſhing the fire, and to ſtab the King; the Queen, however, and the two young Princes, were to be ſeized by the Duke of Ca*ina, in order to obtain through them the poſſeſſion of the caſtle. The Primate with his train was, meanwhile, to parade through the ſtreets, in order to frighten the refractory multitude with the Inquiſition, and when the whole plan ſhould have been happily executed, the Marquis of Villa R*al was to be inveſted with the dignity of Vicegerent.

This was the plan of an undertaking that could be attempted only by foolhardy and deluded men. Alumbrado, who knew beſt how hazardous and adventurous it was, was well aware, that, even if their deſign ſhould be executed in the moſt ſucceſsful manner, the capital only would be gained, and every thing loſt again if they were not ſupported by an external power. He found it therefore neceſſary that a S—ſh fleet ſhould be ready to ſurpriſe the

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port as soon as the fire should break out, and a small army of S——rds waiting on the frontiers, in order to penetrate in the country on the first intelligence of the successful execution of the undertaking. Oliv*rez was to afford this assistance, and consequently, intelligence must be sent him and every thing preconcerted, which was extremely difficult, the new Sovereign having issued the strictest orders not to suffer any suspicious letter to pass the frontiers. Ba*za, of whom I have already made mention in a former page, had, on account of his extensive trade, received an exclusive privilege of carrying on an unmolested correspondence with S—n. Alumbrado found means to insinuate himself with this important man in such a manner, that he undertook the dangerous task of forwarding the letter which contained that intelligence. However—

The Irishman was returned from his journey. Some expressions which he accidentally overheard and several unusual movements his eagle eye espied, excited his suspicion, in spite of the secrecy of the conspirators and the great precaution they observed

obſerved in carrying on their plot. He found it, nevertheleſs, very difficult to come upon the right tack. Although he had ſucceeded in his attempt of getting admittance to Ba*za's houſe in the diſguiſe of a foreign merchant, and gained the confidence of that man by means of ſome very great money tranſactions, yet he could not trace out the leaſt thing concerning the ſecret plot which he ſuſpected to be carrying on, Ba*za being always on his guard, notwithſtanding the repeated invectives the Iriſhman uttered againſt the new government in order to allure him to take the bait. But when Baeza received the aforeſaid letter in order to ſend it to S—n, he betrayed ſo much anxiety that it could not eſcape the keen-ſighted looks of the Iriſhman. The latter employed every art to diſpoſe the merchant to direct that letter to the Marquis of Aja*onti, a commander of a Sp—ſh fortreſs on the frontier, and acted his part with ſo much dexterity, that Baeza adopted his advice without entertaining the leaſt ſuſpicion, thinking that the letter would certainly be delivered to the Miniſter

when it once had reached the Sp—ſh territory.

The Iriſhman could not indeed, divine the important contents of the letter, and the uneaſineſs which the merchant betrayed concerning its ſafe delivery, could alſo have originated from the great importance of the mercantile papers it might have contained. It was, therefore, a mere act of prudence that he ſent inſtantly a meſſenger to his friend Ajam*nti, requeſting him to examine that letter carefully if it ſhould come to his hands.

The Marquis receiving the letter opened the firſt cover, and ſeeing it directed to the Sp—ſh Miniſter of State, and ſealed with the great ſeal of the Primate of P—l, his ſuſpicion having been rouſed by the previous notice he had received from the Iriſhman, he opened it without heſitation, and thus diſcovered the imminent danger threatening the life of the King of P—l. Being a near relation to the Queen and ſincerely attached to the King, he ſent the letter without delay to his royal kinſman. The King was ſeized with aſtoniſhment and horror when he learned what a dread-

ful

ful plot was carrying on againſt himſelf and the kingdom. He convoked inſtantly the Privy Council, and concerted with them the neceſſary means which were to be taken in order to award the impending blow.

The fifth of Auguſt, in the night of which the plot was to be carried into execution, the King ſent orders to all the troops that were quartered in the neighbourhood of Lif on, to march inſtantly to the capital under the pretext of a review. On the morning of the ſame day, he delivered himſelf ſealed inſtructions to his moſt faithful officers, ordering them not to be opened before noon, when they were to execute the contents with the greateſt diſpatch. Theſe precautions being taken, the King ordered the Great Council of State to aſſemble at one o'clock. The Biſhop of Br*ga and the Marquis of Villa Re*l were arreſted as ſoon as they entered the council chamber, and a captain of the life guard ſeized the Duke of Ca*ina at the ſame time in the public ſtreet. This was the time when all the officers opened their ſealed orders, which contained the

names of thoſe whom they were to arreſt, and of the priſon to which they were to conduct them. Every one of the conſpirators was confined in a different priſon, and ſome were arreſted by more than one officer. All thoſe that had been ordered to execute the King's command, arrived at the ſame time at the places of their deſtination, and performed their miſſion almoſt in one moment. The number of the priſoners amounted to forty-ſeven.

A committee of Grandees was now appointed to try the conſpirators. The letters through which the plot had been diſcovered were not produced at the beginning of the trial, in order not to betray the Marquis of Aja*onti. Baeza being threatened to be put to the rack confeſſed firſt, and the reſt confirmed his confeſſion after having been put to the torture. The Marquis of Villa Re'l and the Duke of Ca*ina, and the two prelates confeſſed voluntarily.

Alumbrado endured the firſt degree of the torture without confeſſing any thing; however, at the ſecond he began to be more tractable.

Ima-

Imagining that my readers will be deſirous to learn the particulars of the life of this extraordinary man, I will give a ſhort ſketch of what I could learn.

He was born at *a*. If the virtues of parents were as inheritable as their rank and fortune, he would not have been a diſgrace to a family as noble as it was reſpectable. Already in his juvenile age he exhibited marks of a penetrating underſtanding, of an extraordinary docility and acuteneſs, but nature had thrown away her gifts upon a villain. The great rigour with which his father watched his conduct, had no other effect but that of making him a hypocrite, for he would commit any crime if he could do it unobſerved, although he was generally believed to be a pattern of every virtue. In his ninth year he killed a girl by a ſtone thrown from a ſling, and was capable not only of fathering the crime upon one of his play-fellows, but, at the ſame time, of rendering his accuſation more plauſible by his ſolemn proteſtations, and the tears he ſhed over the corpſe. Progreſs of time changed his conduct not in the leaſt,

he rather improved in wickedneſs, and in the art of concealing his crimes.

Inheriting from his father an immenſe fortune, he determined to indemnify himſelf for his former conſtraint, by the moſt licentious manner of life, and abandoned himſelf to all ſorts of debauchery, with a fury that ruined both his health and his fortune. The grief at this conduct broke the heart of his mother, at which he was not very ſorry, expecting to improve his fortune by a new inheritance. He was, however, diſappointed, for his mother, thinking it ſinful to ſupport him in his debaucheries, left her wealth to a cloiſter. Glowing with thirſt for revenge, he ſet it on fire and ran away.

The vengeance of Heaven purſued him, and want ſoon completed the meaſure of his wretchedneſs. Whitherſoever he went he was haunted by the unrelenting puniſhments of the Omnipreſent Judge on high, and the greateſt diſtreſs. At length he obtained leave of a captain, who was juſt going to ſea, to embark on board of his veſſel. Thus he did, indeed, get out of the reach of public juſtice, but not of the

the vengeance of Heaven. The ſhip was captured by Algerine pirates, and he was dragged to captivity.

He abjured his religion and turned Mahometan, in order to eaſe the yoke of ſlavery that lay heavy on his ſhoulders. His great capacities enabled him ſoon to improve his ſituation, and during ſome ſucceſsful cruizes againſt his own countrymen, he acquired a conſiderable fortune, which he increaſed rapidly through his ſpeculations on land and ſea, which he carried on for more than twenty years with aſtoniſhing ſucceſs. Meanwhile he took every opportunity of injuring the Chriſtians, and Portugal loſt through his infernal intrigues her moſt valuable poſſeſſions in Africa.

Yet his good fortune became at laſt the ſource of new misfortunes, puffing him up with pride in ſuch a manner, that he aſpired to a dignity in the ſtate which a renegado rarely or never obtains. The Dey of Algiers died, and he ſpared neither expences nor artifices to be conſtituted his ſucceſſor; his ambitious views were however fruſtrated. His pride was

wounded, and he endeavoured to gain his aim by additional bribes, but in vain! Enraged with new diſappointment, he conſpired againſt the new Dey; a Derviſe, whom he wanted to implicate in his plot, betrayed him, and he had ſcarcely time to ſave himſelf by a ſudden flight, leaving all his ill-gotten wealth behind.

On his return to Europe he diſguiſed himſelf in the garb of a pilgrim, and affected to be a peregrinating penitentiary. Wherever he paſſed through he pretended to have viſited the holy ſepulchre, where the infidels had detained him a long while in captivity, from which he had been delivered, at length, in a miraculous manner. He diſtributed ſmall pieces of wood, ſtone, and earth, as valuable relics, for which the poor ſuperſtitious multitude paid him great ſums of money.

Thus he roamed from place to place, and met every where with credulous people, with hoſpitality and alms. At Aran*uez he got acquainted with the Biſhop of P—*, who, at that time, exerciſed the office of a papal legate at the court of Spa*n. His phariſaical hypocriſy enabled

bled him to ingratiate himſelf with that worthy prelate, who was ſo much deceived by him, that he received him into his ſervice. Alumbrado diſpatched the private ſecretary of his deluded maſter by a doſe of poiſon, and ſucceeded him in his place. The unſuſpecting prelate was ſo much pleaſed with Alumbrado's abilities and ſervices, that he recommended him to Oliva*ez when he returned to Rome.

The character of the Prime Miniſter of Spa*n differed materially from that of the Biſhop; Alumbrado, however, knew how to accommodate himſelf to every one. He ſoon prejudiced his new patron ſo much in his favour, that he entruſted him with the execution of a political charge of the greateſt importance, and Alumbrado acquitted himſelf ſo well of his commiſſion, that the Miniſter promiſed to reward his ſervices on the firſt opportunity. Alumbrado improved every opportunity of ſecuring the favour of his maſter, and endeavoured anxiouſly to explore his ruling paſſions.

The keen-ſighted diſſembler ſoon found out that the Miniſter was a great admirer

of the occult ſciences, and inſtantly hinted that he had acquired a great knowledge of thoſe ſciences on his travels. From that moment the Miniſter was rather in Alumbrado's ſervice than the latter in his.

Thus they had lived together in mutual good underſtanding five years, when the commotions in Port**al began to alarm the Court of Mad**d. Alumbrado was ſent to Liſbon, in order to counteract the machinations of the Duke of Brag**za, but having not been able to effect his purpoſe, attempted to carry his point by forming a conſpiracy, which, if it had ſucceeded, would have proved fatal to the life of the new King, and plunged the empire into the greateſt miſery.

Unfortunate young man! who haſt been implicated in the moſt enormous artifices of a monſter in that infernal plot; have not all the torments of Hell raged in thy boſom, when the veil which that arch deceiver had thrown over that horrid undertaking was removed, when thy ſeducer was unmaſked before his judges, and thou

ſaweſt in whoſe hands thou haſt been, and how the miracles by which thou hadſt been enſnared, had been wrought? A fragment which I have copied from the records of the trial, will enable the reader to form an idea of the ſtate of my unhappy friend.

Duke. It is impoſſible, I ſay.

Alumbrado. And yet it is exactly as I have told you. It was you who prompted me by your relation of your adventures with the Iriſhman, to gain you for my purpoſe by *deluſive miracles.* Theſe were the only means left me by the Marquis of F******, for I could not expect to enſnare you by *apparitions* of *ghoſts*, after the ſenſible arguments which he had oppoſed to your belief in their exiſtence. Your friend's philoſophical caution not to truſt a man whom you ſhould have caught once in the act of committing a fraud, obliged me to be on my guard, and I endeavoured to perſuade you that I was a *ſaint.* I pronounced the Iriſhman a *ſorcerer* in order to prejudice you againſt him, and to exclude him from all further connection with you. Thus I gained more

more than I ever ſhould have done, if I had pronounced him an impoſtor, becauſe I had it very much at my heart to inſpire you with a *blind belief* in ſupernatural events of every kind, and a *blind confidence* in my miracles. It gave me great pleaſure to have found out a mean *through which I could influence you and the Marquis at once*, and guide both of you to one mark. I feared, however, the Marquis of F—— would diſcover my artifices, and for that reaſon recommended him to the King by a third perſon, for the tranſaction of affairs which removed him far enough from us.

Duke. Infernal villainy! execrable wretch!——But no, your deeds contradict your confeſſion. No, Alumbrado, human art cannot produce miracles like yours. Did not nature herſelf obey you?

Alumbrado. Your imagination only obeyed me. The idea of the miraculous had been inſtilled in your mind already, and I had nothing elſe to do but to ſtrengthen it, in order to get poſſeſſion of the confidence which Hiermanſor had enjoyed.

joyed. I thought it, however, prudent to uſe a different method. He founded his ſupernatural power on the occult ſciences, and I on religious myſteries. I did not find it more difficult to *lead you from the deluſions of ſpeculative philoſophy, to thoſe of implicit faith*, than to give you proofs of my miraculous power. A little dexterity, a little ſucceſs on my part, and a judicious accommodation to circumſtances, delivered you and the Marquis into my power. I gained my purpoſe, and this was the only miracle in the whole affair.

Duke. However, the effects which you produced, are ſtill ſo very myſterious to me.—

Alumbrado. And yet every thing was done in a very natural manner.

Duke. How could you know the accident that happened at the Inn at *li*, in the very moment when it took place.

Alumbrado. Becauſe I had preconcerted it with ſome of my emiſſaries at *li*. You now will comprehend how I could know the day and the hour, and

how that incident could agree ſo exactly with my prediction.

Duke. What end did you mean to gain by that deception?

Alumbrado. The throwing down of the picture by an inviſible hand, was to give you a hint that a higher power had decreed the dethronement of the King.

Duke. However, the appeaſing of the tempeſtuous ſea could be no deluſion, nor an accident. Through what extraordinary means did you effect it?

Alumbrado. Mere precaution enabled me to effect it. Experience had taught me that oil poſſeſſes the extraordinary quality of reſtoring the equilibrium of the water, if violently agitated, and of ſmoothing the ſwelling waves. For that reaſon I have been uſed never to make a voyage without carrying ſome caſks of oil with me; and I had taken the ſame precaution when I went on board of the veſſel in which you had taken your paſſage. Having left you, after I had announced to you the pretended miracle, I ordered my people to beat off the hoops of the caſks and to throw them overboard. The

oil

oil inſtantly ſpread over the ſurface of the water and calmed the agitated waves.*

Duke. (After a pauſe) It was your intention to perſuade me to return to Li**on, and you have gained your aim by that expedient; but what would you have done if no tempeſt had afforded you an opportunity of deceiving me by a pretended miracle?

Alumbrado. I ſhould have watched another opportunity, and deviſed other artifices; for it was with that view that I accompanied you on your voyage without your knowledge.

Duke. By what means did you preſerve your life, under the hands of the royal banditti?

Alumbrado. The whole ſcene you beheld from the top of the turret was preconcerted by me. The fellows who attacked

* Pliny long ago knew that extraordinary quality of the oil, and in our times it has been confirmed by the experiments of the immortal Franklin. Mr. Oſorezkowſky, the celebrated Ruſſian academician, experienced the ſame on his phyſical voyage, and our modern ſeamen in general are no ſtrangers to that effect of the oil, and frequently make uſe of it in dangerous ſurges. T.

tacked me, neither had been ſent by the King, nor were they banditti, but had been previouſly inſtructed by me how to act; their piſtols were charged only with powder, and their poniards did not wound me. This will explain to you the whole miracle.

Duke. Not ſent by the King, did you ſay. He then had no deſign againſt my life?

Alumbrado. No, the King never had the leaſt idea of ſuch a deed.

Duke. Villainous! villainous! to deceive me thus!—And with what view did you deviſe that horrid fraud?

Alumbrado I wanted to inflame your father's mind with reſentment againſt the King. Nay, I will tell you more. It was *my* work that the King treated you with ſo much coldneſs, and neglected to raiſe your family; for I had repreſented you and your father to him, by one of my agents, as perſons who beheld his new dignity with envious eyes. Through theſe mutual exaſperations, I gained the advantage of increaſing your perſonal antipathy againſt the King, and of turning

ing it, at length, into hatred that had all the appearance of juſt reſentment.

Duke. Ah! I now begin to penetrate the whole atrocity of your artful wiles. Then it was you who has incited the King againſt me and my family, and formed the plot againſt his life?

Alumbrado. What would it avail me to deny the charge?

Duke. And yet it ſeemed as if you had not been concerned in the conſpiracy. The deſign againſt the King had already been determined, and ſtill you withheld your conſent and aſſiſtance.

Alumbrado. And not without reaſon. I would not expoſe myſelf. The grand Inquiſitor and the Primate took care to gain you to our purpoſe without your ſuſpecting it, while I was directing the plot behind the curtain; I ſhould have deſtroyed my own work if I had ſtepped forth too ſoon. My ſeeming backwardneſs ſpurred you on, and ſcreened me from ſuſpicion. However, after I had performed the laſt fictitious miracle, I thought myſelf ſufficiently ſecured againſt all ſuſpicion, and calculated that it would

be

be ſeaſonable to command you in the name of God, to take an active part in the conſpiracy.

Duke. After the laſt fictitious miracle? Do you mean that incident by which you ſhowed yourſelf proof againſt ball and dagger?

Alumbrado. I do. The miracle will appear very natural to you when I tell you that I had filled the powder-horn, which I had conveyed ſecretly from your apartment, with a powder of my own invention, which could not carry the ball farther than five ſteps. Having placed myſelf ſeven ſteps diſtant from the gun, I was far enough out of harm's way. I requeſted to be fired at twice, in order to empty the powder-horn of its contents, a precaution that prevented you from diſcovering, afterwards, the real nature of the powder. The dagger with which I ſtabbed myſelf, had alſo been previouſly made for that purpoſe, and could do me no harm. The blade of it, which was not much pointed, ſnapped back into the hollow handle on the ſmalleſt reſiſtance, which made you believe that it had penetrated

trated my breaſt. A ſpring which forced it again into its former ſituation, rendered it entirely impoſſible for you to diſcover the fraud.

Duke. What views had you in making me believe that you was invulnerable?

Alumbrado. Was it not to be expected that you would repoſe the utmoſt reliance on the aſſiſtance of a man who ſhould appear to you proof againſt balls and daggers? However, I have, as yet, explained to you only the particular views I had in performing fictitious miracles, and now will tell you that every one of them tended to effect a general end, which was nothing leſs than to perſuade you and the Marquis to believe that God was working and ſpeaking through me. Our plot was ſo hazardous, the circumſtances ſo unfavourable, and ſucceſs ſo improbable, that we had reaſon to apprehend you would ſhrink back from your reſolution, when you ſhould have pondered more maturely the danger which it was attended with. For this reaſon I thought it moſt prudent to appear to you to be an organ of the godhead, becauſe it was to be expected

pected that you would fear no danger whatever, if you ſhould be perſuaded that our deſign was the work of God, and ſupported by his omnipotent power; for with God nothing is impoſſible. In order to corroborate you in that belief, I adviſed you to have recourſe to *prayer*.——

Duke. Daring wretch! how could you run that riſk?

Alumbrado. Why not? you had already taken your reſolution before you implored God to ſignify his will to you. The execution of our plan had been, ſome time ſince, the principle idea that prevailed in your mind, and forced itſelf upon you on every occaſion, and, of courſe, in your prayers too; it was, therefore, very natural that, in the latter caſe, you ſhould miſtake for a decree of God what, in reality, was nothing elſe but the voice of your provoked paſſions. I entertained not the leaſt apprehenſion that devotion would produce more pious ſentiments in your mind, becauſe the ſophiſtry of your paſſions, and the two prelates had already perſuaded you that our deſign was juſt; I rather expected that the

fervour of your prayer, particularly at night, would encreaſe the fermentation of your blood, and animate you with additional courage to execute our plan.

Duke. Infernal ſpirit! but no! thou art worſe than Satan! for he reſpects the temples and altars, but thou haſt laid thy ſnares even in thoſe ſacred places. *Prayers* and *faith*, theſe ſacred treaſures of man become in thy hand tools of ſeduction; and thou doſt not tremble at the idea of being accountable to the all-ſeeing Judge for thy villainous deeds?—What wouldſt thou have done, daring wretch! if a ray of divine illumination had diſpelled my errors?

Alumbrado. I was not afraid of that. You could expect no ſuch illumination from above, becauſe your own reaſon would have pointed out to you the illegality of your deſign, if you had conſulted your own good ſenſe rather than your paſſions. God does not work miracles while we can be inſtructed by natural means.

Duke. But ſuppoſe he had—for how canſt thou preſcribe limits to the wiſdom of

of God, ſuppoſe he had, nevertheleſs, condeſcended to open mine eyes through his holy ſpirit?

Alumbrado. (careleſsly.) I then ſhould have had recourſe to a natural expedient —which I intended to adopt in caſe of emergency. You will recollect that you miſſed a ſheet of your treatiſe on the *Manicheean ſyſtem*; it was I who purloined it. If you had ſhrunk back from your engagement, I would have threatened you with all the terrors of the Inquiſition; the ſheet was written by you and the grand Inquiſitor my friend; conſequently now as other choice was left you, than either to make good your engagement or to experience all the horrors of that tribunal.

Duke, (ſhuddering with horror.) Lead me back to my dungeon, leſt the aſpect of this monſter ſhould poiſon me entirely.

The day after the trial, the ſon of the gaoler brought me a letter, which, to my utter aſtoniſhment, was from the Duke, and contained the following lines*: * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Grief,

* This letter is the ſame which is prefixed to the firſt volume of theſe Memoirs.

Grief, horror, pity, hope, and deſpair aſſailed my heart alternately, after I had read this letter. I moiſtened it with burning tears. When this violent agitation of my mind began to abate ſo much that I could reflect again, I conſidered what could be done for the preſervation of this hapleſs man, and regardleſs of my indiſpoſition haſtened to the archbiſhop of Liſbon, who always had been very partial to the Duke and was much reſpected by the Queen. I entreated this worthy prelate to intercede with the latter for my hapleſs friend. "Alas!" he replied, "I have attempted it already without ſucceſs." "How, my Lord?" her reply was, "how can you intercede for a traitor who has meditated our deſtruction and the ruin of our kingdom. All that you can expect is that I ſhall forget what you have aſked."

This account of the archbiſhop rent my heart; however, I entertained ſtill ſome hope that the King, whoſe generous diſpoſition I knew, would not prove callous againſt my tears and prayers. I went without delay to the palace, and was admitted.

mitted. I ſupplicated him on my knees, to grant his royal mercy to the unfortunate deluded young man, and exerted every power of eloquence to excite his pity. "Riſe, Marquis," the King replied, "there is no occaſion for your interceſſion; I have determined already to pardon the Duke and the reſt of the conſpirators; yet their fate does not depend on myſelf alone, but alſo from the deciſion of the Council of State." With that reſolution I was diſmiſſed.

The following day, the gaoler brought me a ſecond letter from the Duke, which I ſhall tranſcribe literally:

'MY DEAREST FRIEND,

'I am allowed to converſe with you 'once more. The 200 dobras have 'gained the gaoler, and the promiſe of 'a like ſum has prompted him to engage 'to deliver this letter to you. I muſt in-'form you of an important incident, that 'happened laſt night, within the walls of 'my dungeon. The door of my priſon

'was

'was ſuddenly flung open, and *Hierman-*
'*for* entered. Although I have great rea-
'ſon to be angry with him, yet he ap-
'peared to me an angel of light, in com-
'pariſon with Alumbrado. The ſight of
'him rouſed my heart from its ſtate of de-
'ſpondency; however, my former gloomi-
'neſs of mind ſoon returned, when af-
'ter a long and ſolemn ſilence, he ex-
'claimed: "muſt we meet again in *this*
'place?"

'I could return no anſwer; the con-
'ſciouſneſs of my guilt lay heavy on my
'mind, and the looks of the Iriſhman
'confounded me. Without being af-
'fected by my perplexity, he reſumed,
'after a ſhort ſilence: "you was a no-
'ble, deſerving young man when I left
'you, and now I find you a rebel." I
'do not know whether it was the accent
'in which he pronounced theſe words,
'or the truth they implied, that made my
'blood ferment on a ſudden—in ſhort, I
'exclaimed: "if you had fulfilled your
'promiſe as an honeſt man, I ſhould then
'perhaps not have been in this ſituation."
'The Iriſhman ſeemed to be affected vehe-

'mently. "By heaven! my Lord!" he 'exclaimed, "it was no fault of mine, 'a journey, and buſineſs of great import-'ance, prevented me from ſeeing you 'ſooner. But I do not comprehend you 'ſufficiently, will you be ſo kind as to 'explain the meaning of your words?"

"I will, as ſoon as you ſhall have 'given me an explanation of an inci-'dent which you have promiſed to clear 'up."

"What incident do you mean?" the 'Iriſhman ſaid.

"The apparition of Antonio, at the 'church-yard. Was it a natural con-'trivance of your invention?

"It was."

"Merciful God!"

"What is the matter with you?"

"Don't aſk me, the explanation—the 'explanation—"

"The apparition was effected by means 'of a convex mirror; the viſion which 'you wanted to embrace was nothing elſe 'but the image of a ſtatue of your tutor, 'which was reflected on the ſpot where it 'appeared

'appeared by a mirror placed before that 'ſtatue."

"But how did it happen that the mirror 'eſcaped my obſervation?"

"You will recollect that the viſion ap-'peared not far from the chapel, behind 'the wall of which the mirror was placed 'in ſuch a manner that it could not be 'perceived by you."

"And Antonio's ſtatue?"

"You would have obſerved it if the 'ſight of the apparition had not engroſſed 'your whole attention; however, its having 'been painted white like the reſt of the 'ſtatues in the church-yard, probably 'would have induced you to miſtake it for 'the ſtatue of ſome ſaint or other, and 'thus it would not have attracted your 'attention."

"But how could the apparition diſap-'pear and re-appear at my deſire?"

"That was not difficult. One of my 'people, who directed the mirror through 'one of the church windows, removed it 'when the viſion diſappeared, and re-'placed it again in its proper ſituation

'when you desired the phantom to ap-
'pear once more."

"But if I had discovered the arti-
'fice?—"

"Don't you believe that I had taken
'the necessary precaution? Even if you
'had seen the mirror, yet you would not
'have discovered its effect. I was, how-
'ever, pretty sure that you would not
'enter into an examination, being well
'aware that you would have no inclina-
'tion of doing it, because I had desired
'you to make every investigation you
'should wish, and thus prompted you to
'believe that I apprehended no disco-
'very."

"However, the phantom spoke, how
'could that be?"

"Not the phantom, but Count Clairval,
'who was in the gallery of the chapel,
'spoke through a speaking trumpet. The
'direction of the trumpet and the striking
'resemblance the phantom bore to your
'tutor, induced you to attribute the words
'which he pronounced to the vision."

"Hiermanso," said I after a pause,
"then

"then your laſt miracle too was a de-
'luſion?"

"You have my confeſſion."

"And nevertheleſs you aſſured me ſo
'ſolemnly that it was the work of ſuper-
'natural power!"

"I did ſo; but I intended to recant
'after the end which I had in view ſhould
'have been attained. Unforeſeen inci-
'dents prevented me from doing it
'ſooner."

"Why did not Count Clairval recant
'in your name, when I entreated him ſo
'ſolemnly and ſo preſſing to confeſs the
'fraud?"

"He had received no orders to that
'purpoſe."

"You promiſed me, one time, to
'initiate me in a new philoſophy, and to
'introduce me to an happineſs that is con-
'cealed from other mortals."

"Then I promiſed you what I am not
'able to perform. Without circumlocu-
'tion, I impoſed upon you!"

"And you have the courage to tell me
'this to my face?"

"I have ſpoken the truth, and hope you 'will forgive me. Yes, I have deceived 'you, and the ſucceſs of the revolution 'depended chiefly upon that innocent 'fraud. I deceived you becauſe—for-'give me my frankneſs—becauſe you 'would be deceived."

"Your morality agrees pretty well with 'your policy."

"I am aſtoniſhed," the Iriſhman re-'plied with a contemptuous ſmile, "that '*you* preſume to call my morality in queſ-'tion; the clangor of theſe fetters con-'traſts very much with your moral 'ſpeeches."

'Scarcely able to retain my riſing in-'dignation, I replied, "But if I could 'prove that this innocent fraud, as you 'pleaſe to call it, has been the chief cauſe 'of my crime, of theſe fetters, and of my 'impending execution?"

"Heaven forbid it?" the Iriſhman ex-'claimed, ſeized with terror.

"You have excited by your deluſions 'my propenſity to miraculous events. The 'explanation of your deceptions did not 'at all deſtroy the dangerous effect they

'produced on my mind, becauſe I never 'was able to recover entirely from the 'erroneous opinion that the apparition of 'the church-yard had been the effect of 'ſupernatural power. An infernal im-'poſtor took advantage of the ſituation of 'my mind, and incited me through new 'deluſions to engage in the undertaking 'that has been the cauſe of theſe fetters. 'Are you now ſenſible of the injury I 'have ſuffered through you?"

'The Iriſhman grew pale, and ſeemed 'deprived of the power of utterance. At 'once he recovered from his ſudden 'terror, and ſtarted up. "Whither are 'you going?" I exclaimed. "To the 'King?" he replied. "What buſineſs 'have you with the King?" I enquired. "I am going to implore him to ſpare your 'life and to ſet you at liberty. Forgive 'me, unfortunate young man! (he added) 'forgive me! I will exert every power 'of perſuaſion for the preſervation of 'your life." So ſaying he left me, and I 'have not ſeen him ſince. I muſt pa-'tiently await the effect of his applica-

'tion. Farewell! my friend farewell! I 'am not afraid of leaving this world, for 'Amelia is dead, Antonio is no more, 'and, alas! my father too will be con-'demned to die. However, the idea of 'dying branded with ignominy, thrills 'me with terror and deſponding agony. 'Gracious Heaven, ward off this dreadful 'blow, if it be poſſible!'

Heſitating between hope and fear, I awaited the day which was to decide the fate of my hapleſs friend. It arrived.—

My melancholy tale draws nearer towards its concluſion? why does my hand tremble thus? why do theſe tears ſtart from my eyes? what means this dreadful agony that almoſt breaks my heart? Alas! thy doom is fixed, ill-fated victim of deluſion!

The judges who were to decide the fate of the conſpirators met, and decreed that the Marquis of Villa Re*l and the Duke of Ca*ina ſhould be beheaded as rebels againſt the King, whoſe authority they had acknowledged with the reſt of the ſtates of the empire, and the other con-

ſpirators

ſpirators hanged and quartered. The puniſhment of the Primate and the Grand Inquiſitor was left to the deciſion of the King.

The King propoſed in the council of ſtate in which this decree was debated, that ſome of the criminals ſhould be executed, but the reſt impriſoned for life. The Marquis of **ira inſiſted, however, upon the execution of the legal puniſhment, and was ſeconded by the other members. The King mitigated the puniſhment of thoſe who had been ſentenced to be hanged, ordering them to be beheaded. The two prelates, whoſe fate had been left to his Royal pleaſure, were doomed to eternal impriſonment.

Going to Court the next day, I heard Alumbrado had found means to eſcape from his priſon. It was believed Olivarez had bribed the gaoler by a large ſum to ſuffer him to liberate himſelf, which appeared to me very probable, as the latter could be found no where, and very likely had joined the villain in his flight, who, however, as it is to be wiſhed for

the beſt of human kind, will not eſcape the puniſhment due to his crimes *.

What I am going to relate now is the account of an eye-witneſs, for how could I have been preſent on ſuch an heart-breaking occaſion?

On the 28th of Auguſt a ſcaffold, covered with black cloth, was erected before the houſe where the priſoners had been confined the preceding night. On this ſcaffold three ſteps were ſeen, on each of which a chair was placed, the upper

* He did not eſcape the vengeance of Heaven if, as I have reaſon to ſuppoſe, Alumbrado is the ſame perſon with Vi*o*va. The latter fled from Port**al to Spa*n, deceived the Miniſter through his pretended occult knowledge, and continued to be connected with him after he had been removed from the helm of government. However a journey which Alumbrado made to Tol**o, where he attempted to play off his magical deluſions, brought on his deſtruction; he was ſeized by the officers of the Inquiſition, and executed as a heretic and ſorcerer. Oli*arez too was re ſte by the Inquiſition, when that ruthleſs tribunal was informed of his connection with the villainous Alumbrado; his relations are, however, believed to have diſpatched him by poiſon, in order to ſpare him the diſgrace of a public execution.

Marquis of Sau*****.

upper one for the Duke of Cam*na, the middle chair for the Marquis of Villa R*al, and the lower one for the Duke of Ar*amar.

The Marquis of Villa R*al was the firſt who ſtepped out of one of the windows of the houſe, which ſerved inſtead of a door. He begged the bye-ſtanders pardon in a ſhort ſpeech, and was beheaded.

As ſoon as his corpſe was covered his ſon made his appearance. His pale and ſtaring countenance reſembled that of a corpſe. He uttered not a ſyllable, ſeated himſelf on the chair, and one blow ſevered his head from his body.

The pen drops from my hand, and the idea of that horrid ſcene curdles the blood in my veins. Reader, who art peruſing theſe pages, look back once more on the road on which a noble young man, adorned with the moſt excellent genius, and the beſt of hearts, ſuffered himſelf to be ſeduced to a crime for which he atoned with his life!

CONTINUATION.

(By an Unknown Hand.)

The Marquis of F*, to whom the preceding Memoirs had been entruſted for publication, dying nine weeks after the execution of his unhappy friend, left theſe intereſting papers to me, after I had promiſed him on his death-bed to execute the laſt requeſt of their ill-fated author. I have diſcharged the truſt repoſed in me ſome years ſince, and the character of the poor deluded young man has been vindicated in the eyes of the public, who have received the mournful tale of his misfortunes with tears of pity. The continuation of theſe extraordinary Memoirs, which I am going to add, is ſo wonderful and remarkable, that I wiſh it had been in my power to communicate it to the public along with the reſt; the whole being, however, a ſecret of ſtate, which I am not allowed to diſcloſe while the perſons concerned in it are alive, I ſhall, perhaps, be obliged to leave the pub-

publication of the ſubſequent pages to my children.

Nine years are already elapſed ſince the execution of the conſpirators, and the death of the Marquis of F* and—the Duke of Ca*ina, whoſe hapleſs fate the latter has bewailed in ſilent grief, and who generally is believed to have been executed with the reſt of his aſſociates, is yet alive.

The King, who ardently wiſhed to ſpare the life of the Duke, but at the ſame time was afraid of counteracting the decree of the council of ſtate, who had doomed him to public execution, found himſelf in no ſmall embarraſſment. However, the Iriſhman, who wiſhed with equal ardour to ſave the life of the poor miſguided young man, ſoon found out means of diſſolving the Gordian knot. "I could," ſaid he to the King, "make a maſk, which no one ſhould be able to diſcern from the real phiſiognomy of the Duke; and this maſk I could faſten to the face of ſome other perſon, in ſuch a manner, that every one ſhould believe that perſon to be the Duke. If, therefore,

fore, we can find a perſon who reſembles him in ſize, and in the make of his body, and at the ſame time ſhall be willing to loſe his head in the place of the Duke, it will not be difficult to ſave the life of the latter, without either offending the Senate, or leaving him at liberty to conſpire a ſecond time againſt the life of your Majeſty. This perſon, who in every reſpect will anſwer our purpoſe, is *Alumbrado*. He is of the ſame ſize with the Duke, and if informed that he is condemned to be torn by horſes, will not refuſe to accept the maſk, and to die by the ſword in the place of the Duke. In order to cover this innocent fraud, we muſt give out that Alumbrado has eſcaped from the priſon, and thus the benevolent wiſh of your Majeſty can be accompliſhed with ſecrecy and ſafety."

This plan of the Iriſhman was executed with the privity and aſſiſtance of only a few perſons, who took a ſolemn oath never to diſcloſe the ſecret, and Alumbrado was beheaded in the room of the Duke. The deceit was carried on ſo dexterouſly, that none of thoſe who wit-

witneſſed his execution, ſuſpected him to be any other perſon but the Duke whom he repreſented.

The latter, however, knew nothing of this fraud that had been practiſed in his favour, for although the Iriſhman had modelled his face in wax, yet he had not received the moſt diſtant hint of the purpoſe for which it had been done. When he was carried out of his dungeon, a few hours after the execution of his father and the diſguiſed Alumbrado, and led through a dark ſubterraneous paſſage, he fancied that he was to meet his doom. He was conducted over many ſecret ſtaircaſes, and at length entered, through an iron door, a dark apartment where he was ordered to wait. But ſoon after a ſecond door was opened, and an apartment illuminated with numberleſs torches preſented itſelf to his view. There he beheld the King ſitting at a table, and a man with a ſack and a ſword ſtanding by his ſide, who beckoned to him to ſtep nearer. The Duke having entered the apartment, the door was bolted after him, and he expected every moment to be his laſt.

laſt. The King looked at him for ſome time without ſpeaking a word, and at laſt began:—"You have deſigned the ruin "of your country, and conſpired againſt "my life, what do you think you de- "ſerve?" "Death!" the Duke replied. "You have been doomed by the Council "of State to ſuffer a very painful death; "I have, however, mitigated their ſen- "tence into that of your being executed "by the ſword." The Duke thanked the King for his clemency, and looked at the man, whom he miſtook for the executioner. "Your ſentence has been "executed already!" the King reſumed, after a long pauſe of awful expectation. The ſilence of the Duke, and the expreſſion of his features, beſpoke his deſire for an explanation of theſe myſterious words. "You gaze at me;" the King added, "you doubt, perhaps, the truth "of what I have ſaid? however you ſhall "ſoon be convinced." So ſaying he made a ſignal to the man who was ſtanding by his ſide, upon which the latter opened the ſack, and taking out a head recently cut off, ſhowed it to the Duke, who

who ſtaggered back when he diſcerned his own features in the face of the bleeding head. The whole myſtery was now explained to him, and the King added: "You owe your life to my mercy and "the invention of the Iriſhman; it is, "however, not in my power to reſtore "you to human ſociety. Although you "are alive, yet you will be numbered "among the dead, and be loſt to the "world for ever. You will paſs your "life baniſhed from ſociety, and de-"prived of liberty, yet you may reſt "aſſured that none of the comforts of "life, liberty excepted, will be denied "you."

This ſentence was executed literally. The Duke was confined for the reſt of his life in a ſtrong tower ſituated on the river Ta*o, where handſome apartments were allotted to him, and wanted nothing but liberty.

THE

TRANSLATOR's ADDRESS

TO HIS

THINKING READERS.

BEFORE the Tranſlator takes leave of the Reader, who will not withhold a tear of tender pity from the Hero of the preceding pages, when informed that the mournful tale of his deviations and hapleſs fate is not the offſpring of imaginary fiction, but founded on hiſtorical facts, recorded in Abbe Vertot's excellent Hiſtory of the Revolution in Portugal; he deems it his duty as a man, and as a Chriſtian, to put his young friends, who will peruſe his tranſlation, in a way to avoid the ſnares of ſuperſtition, the dire effects of which are the theme of the preceding volumes. A careful attention to the four following principles, will be the ſureſt means of ſteering clear of the dangerous rocks and quickſands of ſuperſtition, on which the happineſs of ſo many mortals has been wrecked; the Tranſlator, therefore, begs his readers who value their peace of mind, never to forget

That Order is the Supreme Law of Nature. The motion of the celeſtial bodies, the ecliptical courſe of our globe, the regular change of day and night, and of the different ſeaſons, and every object we behold in Nature's boundleſs realms, enforce the truth of that principle on the mind of the attentive obſerver. We no where behold effects without a ſufficient cauſe, no where cauſes without proportionate effects; no where vacancies nor irregular leaps in the ſeries and concate-

nation

nation of things; no where beings that are insulated and unallied to the whole; no where supernatural effects nor *immediate* interpositions of the Godhead, where the regular powers of Nature are sufficient to effect the great views of the Creator. On the contrary, we behold every where the most indissoluble union, and the exactest proportion between cause and effect, every where the most admirable connection between all the smaller and the lesser parts of the whole, and between all the mutations and changes that take place therein: we behold every where fixed, immutable laws, after which all the works of God, the sun and the smallest grain of sand, the worm and man, the king of creation, move and act, every where great ends and means that are proportionate to them. Who can examine the world, without perceiving the most perfect order whereby it is ruled? And what reasonable man would conclude from what he *does not know, nor can comprehend* of the contrary of those things which he *can* see and examine? How was it possible that man could successfully carry on his occupations and labours without this unalterable order of things? How could he know the will of his Creator, and how execute it? how conclude with the least security from what is past, of what will be? how compute the success of his undertakings, meditations and exertions? What a dreadful scene of confusion would a world exhibit, wherein the series and the connections of things were constantly interrupted through miracles, or the influence of superior beings. Order is, and ever will be, the supreme law of Nature; respect, therefore, this law, take it for your guide on your pilgrimage, and you will avoid the deviations of superstition.

Super-

Superſtition miſconceives this order of things, expects effects without cauſes, or from ſuch cauſes as have no relation to them; it arbitrarily transforms the nature of things, ſeparates what is indiſſolubly connected, and connects in the ſame arbitrary manner things which evidently contradict each other, or are not connected at all.

Superſtition obliterates the natural limits of created beings, imputing to them qualities and powers which they do not, nor can poſſeſs, if they ſhall be and continue to be what they really are. The ſuperſtitious expects every where miracles and exceptions from the ſtated rules of Nature, and the more wild and confuſed his fancies are, the more important ſolutions of myſteries do they appear to him to promiſe. But is not this ſcorning the laws of the Supreme Ruler of the world, and cenſuring the order of things which is founded thereupon? Is not this expoſing the world, which is the work of the Supreme wiſdom and goodneſs, to all the dangers and confuſions of blind fatality, and deſtroying all dependence on our reaſoning and concluſions, on our actions, hopes and expectations? Is ſuch a manner of thinking conſiſtent with a ſound knowledge of God, and of the ways of Providence? If you wiſh to avoid the deluſions and the ſnares of ſuperſtition, that bane of human happineſs, of good order, and of peace of mind, O! then reſpect Order as the ſupreme law of Nature, as the unalterable will of her Creator and Ruler! Make yourſelves acquainted with the regulation of the world, and the eternal laws after which it is governed; ſuſpect every thing that is contrary to the regular courſe of Nature, and do not fooliſhly dream that it is in the power of

mortal

mortal man to change or abrogate it by means of certain words and formulas, or of certain myſterious ceremonies. Endeavour to trace out the natural cauſe of every effect, and if you cannot find it, at leaſt take care not to yield to the ſelf-conceited idea, that there exiſts no natural cauſe, becauſe you are too ſhort-ſighted to ſee it. Let your ſyſtem of reaſoning be governed by the ſame accurate connection, the ſame natural combination and order you behold in the whole creation, and you will not be ſurpriſed by ſelf-deluſion, or the deceptions of impoſtors.

Reaſon is the greateſt prerogative of Man; a ſecond truth that powerfully can guard us againſt the wiles of ſuperſtition.

What diſtinguiſhes us more eminently from all other inhabitants of our globe, what renders us more the reſemblance of our Maker than *Reaſon?* the faculty of tracing out the cauſes of things, of forming juſt ideas of their connections with each other, and of deducing firm concluſions from what we know, of what we do not know? Our ſenſible organs and ſenſations we have in common with the beaſts of the field; reaſon only renders us ſuperior to them. Reaſon enables us to diſcover the deluſions of our ſenſes, or to compare and adjuſt the impreſſions we have received from external objects. By the light of reaſon we can inveſtigate the origin of our feelings, trace out their ſecret cauſes and their turns, and raiſe them to clear notions. Aſſiſted by reaſon, we can govern every other faculty of our mind, ſtrengthen or weaken, and direct it in a manner which is moſt favourable for the diſcovery and examination of truth. Without reaſon every natural phenomenon would confound us, and every uncommon

effect

effect it produces fill our soul with fear and consternation; without reason we should be the sport of our own passions, and of those of others.

Superstition does, however, not argue thus. The superstitious and the vile disseminator of superstition, despises reason, decries that sacred prerogative of man, exaggerates her imperfections and weaknesses, hurls her from the throne on which the Creator has placed her, and raises sensation and imagination upon it. The superstitious will not think, not examine nor draw just conclusions; every picture that heats his fancy; every appearance that blinds his senses; every obscure idea that makes his blood ferment, is well received by him; he prefers it to every principle of reason, and every incontestible truth, because they do not amuse, nor heat his senses and his imagination. The more mysterious, the more inconceivable a phenomenon, an experience, doctrine or system is, the more eagerly he takes hold of, and the more firmly does he rely upon them, because they leave his reason at rest, and promise him great discoveries without trouble and exertion. But can this be called honouring human nature and her Creator? is this valuing and making a proper use of the prerogatives that ennoble human nature? Do we not degrade ourselves to an inferior sort of beings when trusting to no other guides but to our senses and feelings, and scorning the dictates of reason? Is it to be wondered at, when the superstitious entangles himself in the mazes of delusion, and falls a victim to a self-created tyrant? If you are desirous to avoid these dark and perilous labyrinths, if you wish to pursue the road to eternity with peace of mind and safety, O! then honour reason as the greatest treasure of man, and maintain the dignity this gift of all-

all-bountiful heaven confers upon you. Reject, without hesitation, whatever is contrary to generally adopted principles of sound reasoning, however charming and seducing it be in many other respects. Suspect every thing of which you can form no distinct and clear idea, or no notion at all, every thing that obliges you to trust merely to an obscure sensation, to your own feelings, or to those of other people, or to vague pictures of imagination. Suspect every thing that shuns the investigation of the impartial and cool examiner; every thing that conceals itself under the veil of incomprehensible mysteries; suspect every one that attempts to pre-occupy you against reason, and advises you not to be guided by her torch in your opinion. If the secrets which are offered to you really are incomprehensible, then you have no interest in them; if they are useful and important truths, then they must admit examination, and be founded on firm arguments. Pursue every ray of light on the road to the sanctuary of truth, while you can account to yourselves for every step you proceed, and if necessary, can return to the spot whence you started; but do not venture on dark roads, where, with every step you proceed, you may lose your way, or be precipitated into a bottomless abyss. A few clear truths that force themselves on your understanding as such, and do not infringe on the sacred rights of your reason, are certainly of far greater value, and can guide you safer than all occult arts and sciences that force you to renounce the use of your understanding, and to walk in the dark. Keep firm to the former, and you will maintain your dignity, and be out of the reach of superstitious delusions.

Man

Man is deſtinated for an active and a laborious life, and whatever makes him relinquiſh, or diſlike it, removes him from his deſtination. This is the third principle I wiſh to recommend to the conſideration of the reader who wiſhes to guard againſt the inſidious wiles of ſuperſtition. Man is not deſigned to lead an idle and contemplative life, but to exert his faculties, and to acquire the means of happineſs. He is deſtinated to uſe all his mental and corporeal faculties, to apply them to uſeful occupations, and thus to unfold and to improve them. He therefore, never can grow reaſonable and wiſe, nor virtuous, rich, and powerful, without his own uninterrupted exertions to become ſo. He muſt learn every thing through meditation and diligent application, and acquire every thing with trouble and labour, and only what he thus learns and acquires, he can conſider as his property, which he can rely upon, and uſe with ſafety. Man muſt not expect the interceſſion of phyſical, or moral miracles, for the ſake of his inſtruction and ſupport, the increaſe of his wealth, or the reſtoration of his health; for if that were the caſe, he neither would, nor ever could attain here below, that degree of perfection he is deſigned to acquire. Man ſhall not overleap a ſingle ſtep on the ſcale of perfection, but approach the great mark only by degrees, and with careful ſteps. Whoever will pay due attention to the inſtitutions and regulations God has made for the improvement and the education of man, will be convinced of the truth of this principle.

If, therefore, you wiſh to execute the will of God, and to attain the deſtination for which you are deſigned, O! then beware of ſuperſtition; for it goes diametrically againſt the inſtitutions and regulations which God has made for the happineſs of man, ſub-

verts the order of things, and wants to lead you to the mark without the employment of means, or at leaſt by unnatural means; promiſes to conduct you to the goal of happineſs on a leſs difficult road than nature has deſigned. Superſtition promiſes you wiſdom, knowledge, advantages and eminent qualities, which are to coſt you little or nothing, and which you are to obtain without the leaſt exertion and trouble, through faith, hope, or mechanical proceſſes and ceremonies. This is, however, not the courſe of nature, is not the will of the Creator, nor the deſtination of man; it is the hope and the wiſh of the lazy and weak, the language of him who is averſe from labour and trouble, and yet wants to reap the fruits ariſing therefrom. Apply your faculties according to your deſtination, apply them with diligence and cheerfulneſs, perform your duty faithfully, and enquire for wiſdom and knowledge, wealth and honour, health and power, on the road of activity and uſefulneſs, for this is the only path that leads to happineſs and human perfection.

The laſt principle I wiſh to recommend to you as a ſafeguard againſt ſuperſtition is: *Man is not deſigned to foreknow the future events of his life!* and how could he know, by what means foreſee them? if that ſhould be poſſible, the powers of his underſtanding, his reaſon and his knowledge, either muſt be ſo much enlarged that he could form the moſt accurate idea of the great concatenation of all poſſible events and cauſes throughout the creation, and then he would not be a mortal, that is a limited being; (this, however, would be a kind of omniſcience, which is the ſole prerogative of the Godhead) or he muſt be inſpired in a miraculous manner by the Supreme Being, which would infinitely multiply miracles and wonders, and ſubvert the wiſe laws

laws of nature. But let us ſuppoſe the Godhead ſhould really give it in the power of man to explore his future fate, would he be the happier for it? No, undoubtedly not! a knowledge of that kind rather would prove the greateſt bane to the happineſs of the individual, and of the human race in general. The villain would grow more daring, and ſcorn all divine and human laws, if he could foreſee that no temporal bad conſequences would attend his vile courſe, and every one that could foreknow the bleſſings which futurity has in ſtore for him, would anticipate the joys that await him; ſo that the expected happineſs, when realiſed, would charm him infinitely leſs than if it had ſurpriſed him unawares. Many great geniuſes, that through their talents have proved bleſſings to the world, and, notwithſtanding their unremitted exertions to raiſe a fortune, through their ſervices to human kind, lived and died in poverty, would have relaxed in their zealous endeavours to render themſelves uſeful to the ſtate, if they could have foreſeen their fate; the world would have been deprived of the fruits of their diligence, and deſpair would have utterly deſtroyed every remnant of comfort which the ignorance of their future fate has left them; while, on the contrary, heaven-born hope gave wings to their genius, and animated them to purſue their career with redoubled alacrity. If the favourite of fortune could foreſee that the fickle Goddeſs never will prove inconſtant to him, would this not render him proud and overbearing? would not the firm perſuaſion that the uninterrupted continuation of his happy ſituation would entirely exempt him from every application to the kindneſs and aſſiſtance of his fellow creatures, render him neglectful in his endeavours to preſerve their

good opinion? while, on the contrary, the uncertainty in which he is, with respect to his future fate, makes it his interest to gain the affection of his fellow creatures. If, on the other side, the favourite of fortune could with certainty foresee that a time will inevitably arrive when his present happy situation will be overclouded, his wealth lost, his body racked with excruciating pains, &c. &c. would not this fore-knowledge poison the enjoyment of his present happiness, and render him miserable even in the lap of bliss? In short, would not the possibility of exploring future events destroy the felicity of numberless mortals, banish hope, that sweet comforter, and oftentimes, the only remaining friend of the unfortunate, from this sublunary world? Would it not frequently render vice more daring, and break the only staff of suffering virtue? If, therefore, we are persuaded that a good God rules the world, and that the Supreme Being watches with a paternal care over the felicity of mankind, we cannot, we dare not expect, that he ever will suffer man to remove the mysterious veil that hides futurity from mortal sight! Some of my readers will, however, perhaps object that, notwithstanding the many bad consequences which inevitably must arise from a fore-knowledge of future events, man would, at the same time, be enabled to avoid at least those misfortunes that can be guarded off by vigilance and prudence. I grant that man would be more *capable* to take measures against future evils, but experience authorises me to maintain, that but very few would make such a wise use of that knowledge. Did not the holy seers of yore, did not our Saviour foretell the Jews the dire consequences of their perverseness? and yet did they not bid defiance

to

to the judgments of puniſhing Heaven? Does not every Chriſtian know that vice leads to eternal miſery hereafter? and do we not every day behold, notwithſtanding the general belief in that awful truth, thouſands and thouſands diſregard the warning voice of Heaven, and purſue the road to eternal deſtruction with unabated ardour? Is it to be expected that man, who riſks his eternal ſalvation for the gratification of his deſires during a ſhort and uncertain life, that man who does not tremble at the certainty of endleſs miſery, would be rendered more careful in the choice of his enjoyments, and in the mode of his proceedings through the foreknowledge of future temporal woe? Let us therefore, never preſume, nor even wiſh to pry into futurity, let us not revolt againſt the expreſs command of the great Ruler of the Univerſe: not regard them that have familiar ſpirits, nor ſeek after wizards, and ſuſpect every one who promiſes to remove the veil from the hidden face of futurity. Let us look upon thoſe daring mortals as the greateſt enemies to human happineſs, as rebels againſt the law of heaven, and as impoſtors who abuſe our credulity, and under the cloak of occult ſciences, make us ſubſervient to their private views. Let us not b aſtoniſhed when we now and then find ſome of their predictions realiſed; but always conſider that this is owing merely to accident, and that one truth they utter, is overbalanced by numberleſs lies. Let us act up to the beſt of our knowledge, fulfil our duties to God and men, confide in the paternal care of Providence, and he that rules the fate of the whole creation, will ſtand our friend and protector in the time of need.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

N. B. The great distance of the Translator's abode from the Printing-Office, having made it impossible he could have corrected the proofs himself, many errata have crept into the preceding Volumes, which he begs leave to point out to the Reader.

VOL I.

Page 22, line 11, from the top, read *were*, for was.
44, 10, read *lost*, for left.
71, 3, from the bottom, add, *we*, before asked.
77, 9, from the top, for and the conjuror not, read, *nor had the conjuror.*
78, 3, from the top, for relying, read *replying.*
87, 1, for the following day, read, *the subsequent day.*
93, 7, from the bottom, for In your sagacity, in, read, *to your sagacity, to*
104, 13, from the top, for shall, read, *shalt.*
106, 14, from the top, for sitting, read, *setting.*
111, 3, from the bottom, for ing, read, *weeping*
148, 10, from the top, for guelders, read, *guilders*
180, 2, from the bottom, for would, read *could*
213, 11, for disguised, read, *undisguised*
234, 11, for apparant, read, *apparent*
243, 9, from the bottom, insert *how* before what
251, 10, from the top, dele *the*, before fear

ERRATA.

VOL. II.

Page 5, line 7, from the bottom, read *prevented* for prevent.
9, 11, from the top, dele the ſemicolon after *ſufferer*.
14, 12, read *might'ſt* for might.
17, 2, from the bottom, read *he exclaimed at length, fixing* for he exclaimed, at length fixing.
26, 5, from the top, read *the* for a.
27, 8, read *wept* for went.
75, in the middle, read *wreſtling* for reſting.
76, 1, 2, from the bottom, dele *in order*.
80, 5, inſert *a* before fraud.
100, 8, from the top, read *Her* for He.
152, in the middle, read *relation* for reſolution.
153, 9, from the top, read *ſuch* for ſuc.
158, 5, read *whi* for whe.
174, 2, from the bottom, read *trembled* for rambled.
219, 6, read *principal* for principle.
231, 3, from the top, add *it* after put.
241, 7, from the bottom, read *begin* for begin.
250, 11, read *inconteſtable* for inconteſtible.
254, 7, from the top, inſert *as* after band.

ERRATA.

VOL. III.

Page 9, line 7, from the bottom, insert *to* after *trate.*
16, 10, from the top, read *were* for was.
20, 13, from the bottom, insert *and* before con.
24, 11, from the top, read *written* for writted.
50, 14, read *an* for any.
55, 11, from the bottom, read *ings* for ing.
58, 12, from the top, read *be* for are.
75, 5, read *Sp——n* for Port***l.
94, 7, read *to* for of.
103, 12, read *throes* for throbs.
128, 4, read *the* for a.
134, 12, read *my* for by.
157, 3, read *force* for fraud.
183, 8, from the bottom, dele *are* after why.
198, 1, from the top, insert *on* after impofed.
278, 13, for multifarious, read *multivarious.*
280, 12, from the top, read *fancied* for fanced.
284, 1, from the bottom, read *principal* for principle.